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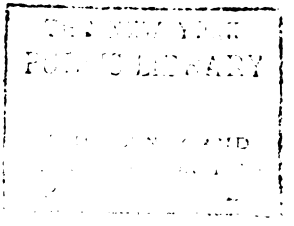

THE MIND OF ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

Vandyk, London

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

THE MIND OF ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

SELECTIONS FROM HIS NON-POLITICAL WRITINGS, SPEECHES, AND ADDRESSES
1879-1917

Including Special Sections on America and Germany

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

WILFRID M. SHORT

WITH PORTRAIT

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PREFACE

I

It was not my intention to issue this volume while the war was in progress: but it was pointed out to me that the visit of the British Mission to America had aroused a special interest in the Head of the Mission, and that many Americans would like to possess this record of Mr. Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker.

I rejoice that it is my privilege to present this collection to a people "whose national roots" (to quote Mr. Balfour) "go down into the same past as our own; who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion,—everything that makes a nation great."

II

It is worth noting that for nearly the whole of the period covered by the extracts Mr. Balfour has been an active Member of Parliament, and that nineteen years of it have been spent in discharging the duties of a Cabinet Minister. To these have been added the duties of Leader of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons for twenty consecutive years, and of Prime Minister for nearly three and a half years. The distinction of holding at one and the same time a leading position in the world of Politics and a recognised position in the world of Philosophy is not an everyday distinction, and a combination so exceptional cannot but increase in interest and in value the utterances of its possessor.

Rulo, Roman. Nov. 26, 1930

I have not drawn upon the volume[1] containing the ten "Gifford" Lectures, upon "Theism and Humanism," which Mr. Balfour delivered at Glasgow University in January, 1914. To have done so, even in a small measure, would have too appreciably increased the size of this volume. It may be of interest to mention that translations of these Lectures have been already published in France and Italy.

Neither have I included any part of Mr. Balfour's Presidential Address to the English Association in May, 1914, upon "Argument in Verse": and for the following reason. That Address was not a written Address, but was delivered from only a few notes. It was the intention of the English Association to publish it in pamphlet form after revision by Mr. Balfour of the newspaper report, but, owing to pressure of public business, that revision was delayed, and, with the advent of the war, lapsed. To quote the "Poetry Review," in which it appeared in its *un*revised form, it was considered "an important and masterly extempore contribution to the polemics of poetry." In view, however, of Mr. Balfour's intention to revise it—an intention which may perhaps be carried out at a later date, I have refrained from trenching upon it in its present form for the purpose of this volume.

III

Every effort has been made in the selections from the published writings to preserve an ordered sequence and continuity of thought and argument; but, especially in the case of such works as "Philosophic Doubt" (a volume of pure argumentative philosophy) and "Foundations of Belief," this object has not been easy of attainment. At many points the problem has been to determine, not what ought to be *in*cluded, but what might legitimately be *ex*cluded.

[1] Published by the firm responsible for the publication of this volume.

If, therefore, the reader is at any point disposed to think that the connection between some of the passages is imperfect or broken, it is hoped that he will regard the defect with a lenient eye, and will bear in mind that the volume has been compiled with the object of conveying, as far as possible, the *essence* of Mr. Balfour's views. At best, however, any such collection must be both inadequate and incomplete, for no extracts can really present all the qualities of the original; and it is, of course, eminently advisable, if more adequate acquaintance be desired, to read the volumes themselves.

It is not expected that every section in a volume dealing with so wide a variety of subjects will be of interest to the reader. But, unlike volumes relating to particular questions and studies, it treats of matters interesting to *all* classes of readers—to the general reader, as well as to the student and the philosopher; and each, it is believed, will find in it Sections other than those for which he may entertain a predilection which will also appeal to him and provide him with thought for reflection.

It will be observed that the Section dealing with Science and the supposed conflict between Science and Theology, runs to considerable length: and necessarily so, for no small part of "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt" and "The Foundations of Belief"—the volumes from which the majority of the extracts are drawn—is devoted to this absorbing question. It may be of interest to add that, within my own knowledge, the reasoning contained in this Section has completely changed the outlook of many in whom this alleged discord had created much perplexity.

It will be also noticed that in the printing of the extracts types of two sizes have been used. This course has been adopted in order clearly to differentiate between the view ex-

pressed in writing and the view expressed orally. It will not be denied that the view expressed orally often possesses an interest of its own, from the very fact that it *is* oral, often unpremeditated, and due partly to the inspiration of the moment, but that, when seen in print, it is deprived of much which originally contributed to its success, and frequently finds in the individual responsible for it its most severe critic. As Mr. Balfour himself observes in one of his volumes, "no amount of linguistic pruning can convert a mediocre speech into a tolerable essay"; and it is therefore due to the author in a record framed upon the lines of the present volume, much of which consists of extracts from *speeches*, printed as reported, that a distinction of this kind should be drawn.

In this connection, it is worth noting that Mr. Balfour speaks extempore, and does not write out any part of his speeches beforehand, but either contents himself with a few rough notes, or speaks without notes at all.

Each extract is numbered, and reference to the corresponding number in the Index at the end of the volume will enable the reader to ascertain its source, and, in the case of an extract from a speech, the occasion and place of delivery of the speech. The dates printed at the end of the extracts indicate the years in which the views they contain were expressed.

IV

In conclusion, I must add a word of explanation respecting the compilation of this collection. It is based upon a volume which I published some five years ago: but, in addition to a complete revision of that volume, considerable parts of which have been excluded, there has been added much new and important matter,—I refer especially to the Section on "Germany."

It has been my privilege to be Private Secretary to Mr. Balfour for twenty-three years. The responsibility for the compilation of the original volume rested, however, entirely with myself, and, beyond granting me permission to carry out the project, Mr. Balfour was not concerned with it in any way whatever: indeed, that permission was given on the understanding that he should neither be responsible for any of the selections, nor see them before publication. The responsibility for the present volume is therefore also mine.

V

I offer the volume in the hope that it will enable American readers to form a closer acquaintance with the mind of the British Statesman to whom America accorded so remarkable a reception, and to whom it is a source of the deepest gratification that he has lived to see the fulfilment of the aspiration so dear to his heart,—that aspiration based upon the life-long and unshakable belief that (in the memorable words of the late Mr. Choate) "our interests are so inextricably interwoven that we would not if we could, and we could not if we would, escape the necessity of an abiding and a perpetual friendship."[1]

W. M. S.

London; November, 1917.

[1] See Mr. Balfour's Speech of July 13th, 1917: Extract No. 6.

NOTE

FOR the material for this volume I am beholden to many; but to Mr. Balfour himself, of course, is my indebtedness primarily due, for without his permission the volume could not have taken shape at all.

My thanks are also due to the Editors of the Newspapers and Magazines from which the extracts have been taken (see Index at end of volume), and to the following publishers for their kind courtesy in permitting me to make extracts from the volumes and pamphlets for the publication of which they were originally responsible: Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the publishers of "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt"; Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., the publishers of "The Foundations of Belief" and "The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes"; Messrs. Douglas & Foulis, the publishers of "Essays and Addresses"; Messrs. Constable & Co., the publishers of the English translation (with Introduction by Mr. Balfour) of "Politics: by Heinrich von Treitschke"; Messrs. P. S. King & Son, the publishers of the volume of the Proceedings of the National Conference on the Prevention of Destitution; Messrs. Williams & Norgate, the publishers of the English Edition of the Articles in "Nord und Süd," containing Mr. Balfour's Letter on Anglo-German relations; the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, the publishers of the Addresses on "Decadence" and "The Nineteenth Century"; the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, the publishers of the Romanes Lecture on "Beauty, and the Criticism of Beauty"; and to Mr. Edward Marshall, of the Edward Marshall Syndicate, to whom Mr. Balfour gave the interview upon the "Freedom of the Seas."

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ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR
AS PHILOSOPHER AND THINKER

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AS PHILOSOPHER AND THINKER

AMERICA

Foreword

All the extracts in this Section are taken from Speeches, the reports of which were not revised by Mr. Balfour. Following the plan adopted throughout this volume (except as regards the Section on "Germany," and the "Tributes" at the end of the volume) of differentiating between the "written" and the "oral," they ought to be printed in the smaller type. I could not, however, help feeling that at this moment they are of a special interest, and I have therefore departed from the foregoing plan, and adopted for them the larger type.

The convictions they express are convictions not born of recent years, but convictions which have been deeply rooted in Mr. Balfour for nearly half a century. I remember a letter he wrote some twelve years ago to a great American, and a great friend, in which he made the statement that he had never concealed the strength of these convictions; that they had animated him all his life, even in the far-distant days before he entered Parliament, and was a student, not an actor, in the sphere of politics; and that he had *always* held the view that the two great co-heirs of Anglo-Saxon freedom and civilisation had a common mission.

To one of these convictions I would venture to call special attention. Speaking at a Dinner of "The Pilgrims," in 1911, Mr. Balfour gave expression to the following view:

"Surely it is predestined that in the world's history we (this country and the United States) should carry out, not by any formal alliances, not by parchments and treaties, but by something far deeper than those mere external and formal symbols, the ideals and aims in regard to self-government, order, liberty, and individuals; we are for peace, peace, peace above all! We are predestined to pray and work together for the great aim of civilisation and progress."

Little did Mr. Balfour think that within six years the two countries would be "working together" under the catastrophic conditions of a world-upheaval. It is interesting that the statesman in whom was so firmly rooted the conviction of a "predestined" co-operation for the peace of the world, for freedom, and for civilisation, should not only have been in charge of the Foreign Office in the important months immediately preceding the entry of America into the war, but should also have been entrusted with a mission at once unique and of incalculable importance, a mission which cannot fail to have contributed in no small measure to a lasting consolidation of the two great branches of the English-speaking peoples of the world.

"Peace, above all," by co-operation with America, was Mr. Balfour's hope in 1911. For peace both countries strove—and strove hard. For peace both countries work together to-day, in absolute co-operation—not, alas, in a world at peace, but in a world-crash in which both (to quote Mr. Page, the American Ambassador) "have come in because they could do no other," and because both "set the same value on freedom and on good faith,"—a co-operation which may well prove to be (again quoting the American Ambassador) "the supreme political event of all history."

[*Extract from a Speech delivered at Manchester,* 1896.]

1. To us—I speak for myself, and I think I speak for those whom I am addressing—the idea of war with the United States of America carries with it something of the unnatural horror of a civil war. War with any nation is a contingency to be avoided at almost all costs, except the cost of dishonour; but war with the United States appears to have an additional horror of its own, born of the fact that those whom we should be fighting are our own flesh and blood, speaking our own language, sharing our own civilisation. I feel, so far as I can speak for my countrymen, that our pride in the race to which we belong is a pride which includes every English-speaking community in the world. We have a domestic patriotism as Scotchmen, or as Englishmen, or as Irishmen, or what you will. We have an Imperial patriotism as citizens of the British Empire. But surely, in addition to that, we have also an Anglo-Saxon patriotism which embraces within its ample folds the whole of that great race which has done so much in every branch of human effort, and above all in that branch of human effort which has produced free institutions and free communities. . . . We may be taxed with being idealists and dreamers in the matter. I would rather be an idealist and a dreamer, and I look forward with confidence to the time when our ideals

will have become real and our dreams will be embodied in actual political fact. It cannot but be that those whose national roots go down into the same past as our own, who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion—everything that makes a nation great—and who share in substance our institutions—it cannot but be that the time will come when they will feel that they and we have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfil among the nations of the world. The time will come, the time must come, when some one, some statesman of authority, more fortunate even than President Monroe, will lay down the doctrine that between English-speaking peoples war is impossible; and then it will be seen that every man who by rash action or hasty word makes the preservation of peace difficult, or it may be impossible, has committed a crime, not only against his own country, not only against that other country to whom he has invited war, but against civilisation itself.

[*Extract from a Speech delivered in London* (1905) *at a Banquet given by "The Pilgrims" in honour of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador.*]

2. To us the Ambassador of the United States is the representative of another, but not of an alien, Power. Another Power, indeed, it is, and one of whose greatness we are proud, whose growth we watch, not with jealousy, but with sympathy, of whom we feel that it is not the least of the great products of that civilisation from which we ourselves derive everything that is valuable in our national character. I am sure Mr. Whitelaw Reid—he who has had opportunities perhaps even greater than mine of understanding both sides of the Atlantic—will agree with me, as will all who have had the opportunity of watching the growth of public opinion during the last quarter of a century, that every year as it has passed has added to the strength of that common feeling which makes the two great races of Anglo-Saxon civilisation feel how much they have in common, and that speeches which, when I first entered public life, might have seemed extravagant or fulsome, are now merely the expression of the average sentiments of the two great communities with which we are concerned.

I have no right to speak for America; but I can speak for this side of the Atlantic, and I say, without the smallest possibility of criticism or contradiction, that there is not in this country a citizen who does not feel that the whole sentiment between the two countries has changed. There has grown up a sense of solidarity, a sense of a common origin, and common objects, which,

despite certain temporary and negligible fluctuations, leaves us to contemplate a time, not far distant, when, without engagements, without treaties, without any formal declaration, there will arise between this country and the United States that community of feeling which is more powerful than any diplomatic instrument, and which will make all men who speak the English language, in whatever part of the world they dwell, feel that they do indeed belong to a community which transcends national limits, and in whose fortunes perhaps the greatest interests of civilisation are bound up.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the immemorial traditions of your country have indicated that it is the policy of the United States to keep themselves as little entangled as may be with the politics and the political relations of the Older World on this side of the Atlantic. I doubt whether in its absolute and extreme purity of form that doctrine is likely to be permanently maintained. So great a nation as you represent, owing so much, and giving so much, to the civilisation of Old Europe, sharing its learning, advancing its science, having with it the common life of those nations to whom the future of the world undoubtedly belongs, can hardly expect to be able to share all these things, and yet take no part whatever in the political life which is an element inseparable from them. It is almost inconceivable that the United States should remain in that position of ideal isolation. To think otherwise would be to contemplate the introduction of some vast planet into our solar system without any perturbing influence being exercised upon the other planets with which it is associated. But I do not think that either America or Europe need regard this inevitable contingency with any other feeling than that of gratification, and, so far as we in Great Britain are concerned, with genuine pride. If I needed an illustration to prove my case, where could I find one better than that which is afforded by your illustrious President in the recent negotiations which have taken place? America—one of the greatest, the wealthiest, and the most enterprising Powers of the world—has had this great advantage in the present crisis of history—that she has not, so far, been entangled in any of those complicated relations which have embarrassed the Western Powers. She has taken exactly the right moment, and she has used exactly the right means, for initiating negotiations which every man in this country and in the civilised world desires to see crowned with success. I rejoice to think that he has known how to use it; and I rejoice to think that the efforts which he—and perhaps he alone—among the potentates and governments of the world was able to put forward at that particular moment, may end in the termination of a contest which has al-

ready cost more lives and more treasure than any which has been waged since the great wars of a hundred years ago.

[*Extract from a Speech delivered at a meeting held in the Guildhall, City of London (April 28, 1911), in support of the proposal of the President of the United States in favour of a general Treaty of Arbitration, between the United States and the British Empire.*]

3. For my own part I rejoice to have an opportunity of taking an active part on this occasion in furthering a cause which through all my whole political life has been so near my heart—the cause, I mean, not only of arbitration as between different civilised communities in the world, but in special degree arbitration which should for ever make impossible the contingency of a war between the two great English-speaking communities of the world. We have always—both political parties, whatever their other differences in other spheres of speculation or of action—been at one in this great matter—and I do not believe there has ever been a moment, at any rate for the last quarter of a century, in which had there been any serious prospect of the great ideal which we cherish being carried into effect, your predecessor, my Lord Mayor, would not have been able to convene in this great hall an assembly to further that end. And certainly, so far as I am concerned, either in a private or public capacity, I shall leave no stone unturned to further the progress of a cause which is now more near its ultimate fruition than it has ever been in the whole history of the world.

Now, my Lord Mayor, there are those who I doubt not are most earnestly and seriously desirous of preserving peace, who look with some suspicion upon what they regard as the idealist dreams, and who think that, while it is easy to shout and hold meetings and interchange protocols in favour of peace, when the strain and stress comes of international rivalry, all these paper barriers will be swept away at once, and that the result will be not that peace will be secured, but that we shall have to part for ever with the prayer that by any international arrangements war may (to quote the Prime Minister) become as antiquated as duelling.

I do not share that view. It is quite true that it is folly to attempt to make either positive law or international law go too far in advance of public opinion, or international opinion. Laws and treaties can do good. I grant the critic they cannot do everything; I even go further and say that when a law or a treaty goes far in advance of the public opinion of the times, it may be that more harm is done than good by a well-meant attempt to embody

impossible ideals in paper provisions. I cannot imagine a greater disaster to civilisation for centuries to come than that after such a treaty as we hope for has been carried into effect, it should be broken by either of the contracting parties. That, indeed, would be a blow not merely to international faith, but to civilisation and progress, under which we should stagger for generations. And, therefore, I am quite ready to grant that if public opinion on the two sides of the Atlantic were not ripe for this great development, it would not be wise for statesmen to encourage it. As far as my observation goes—and I do not think I am too sanguine—this gloomy view of the situation by no means represents the facts.

I speak naturally with more knowledge and more confidence of my own fellow-countrymen than I can venture to do for the English-speaking people three thousand miles away. Yet I do not think I am wrong when I say that not merely the Churches, not merely those who may be driven to apply or attempt to apply what is, for the moment, an impossible ideal to the practical working of life, not only those sections of society in America, and in the United Kingdom, are in favour of this movement, but that I believe the great mass of public opinion of *all* classes is in favour of it; and if the skill of statesmen and diplomatists is indeed able to embody it in the formula of a treaty, there is no danger of either of the two great contracting parties in moments of stress and temptation and difficulty endeavouring to break away from it.

May I point out, in answer to an argument which I have sometimes heard used, how valuable a positive provision may be when made at an appropriate moment to help us to carry out any great ideal? There are critics who would put this dilemma to you: they say, if public opinion is, as to the majority on both sides of the Atlantic, in a condition which makes it easy to use arbitration, instead of war, as a method of settling difficulties, why have a treaty? And if public opinion, on the other hand, is not ripe for arbitration, your treaty will be useless, and, as I have ventured to point out, even worse.

Yes, but, my Lords and Gentlemen, these most logical dilemmas do not represent what actually happens in human nature. That is not the way human societies work. We live and are bred to think that we live in this country under the rule of law. But those laws would be useless, I admit, if they had not behind them the conscience of the community; but because they have behind them the conscience of the community, are they therefore useless? Not at all. Positive enactment, paper formulas, are useless in themselves. Granted. But if they represent the settled trend of the moral instincts of a great people, they are the most invaluable

addition to all the securities which that morality requires. Those referred to by the Prime Minister, who look with a kind of cynical despair upon the promptings of mankind, and who seem to assume that because there are so many problems still unsolved all problems are insoluble, I would respectfully ask to consider, not how war has been prevented, but how war has been conducted under the growing pressure of humanitarian feeling on the one side and the so-called laws of civilised warfare on the other.

These laws of civilised warfare have no more sanction behind them than any international treaties have: I mean, you cannot call in a policeman to enforce them. You cannot bring in the malefactor who breaks them; you cannot bring him before a Court of Criminal Jurisdiction. Notwithstanding, let anybody study what actually happens in war; let anybody study what a different view of what was permissible in law generals of successful armies might take in moments of temptation and crisis, and they will agree with me that understandings and laws have a more operative effect than if they have no sanction of force or Court behind them; that the public morality which has brought them into being is sure to support them. And if we are still obliged in certain cases to submit to the barbarous arbitrament of war, yet we have made war a far more civilised instrument, barbarous though it be, than ever it was in the past; and if you can do that where war is concerned, cannot you do it in order that war may be for ever banished?

There is one great argument I should venture to suggest, and which has been briefly, though adequately, touched upon already in the speech of the Prime Minister. I think we must be careful not to mix up this question of the morality of war and the methods of avoiding war with that other most grave and serious question, the burdens of preparation for war. I do not, of course, deny that they are connected. I do not, of course, for a moment deny that one of the reasons why statesmen and Churchmen alike welcome movements of this kind is that the time may come when these millions of pounds, and the infinite efforts of ingenuity, shall be diverted to more fertile work than that of constructing Dreadnoughts, or inventing guns, rifles, and explosives. But though that may be, and is, one of the by-products of improving civilisation, of a civilisation which will exclude war, I think, as a method of settling differences, we should approach this as far as possible not from that side, which has in it, as it were, an immediate touch of self-interest.

There is probably no assembly in the world which feels the pinch of expenditure involved in armaments more than the one which I am now addressing, but I believe that those who, like

myself, are idealists in this matter, I believe that those who, like myself, look forward to a time when war shall be regarded as a barbarous survival, I believe that those will best serve their cause if there is no confusion at all events between the two issues. We have, as the Prime Minister has pointed out, we have and shall have, if and when—I miss out "if"—when this treaty is carried out, we shall have responsibilities not less onerous than those which now weigh upon our shoulders.

We shall never be able to get rid of those by any mere treaty, any treaty, with English-speaking communities of the world. Our responsibilities for every part of our vast Empire, and the responsibilities of other great civilised nations, remain for the moment undiminished; and, among the infinite lessons which I think would follow upon carrying out a treaty of this kind, I do not regard any immediate fruit in the reduction in the burden of armaments as one which we can too confidently look forward to. I hope I am wrong; but even if I am right, that does not, and ought not to, diminish the zeal with which we should pursue this ideal, not of alliance, but of understanding, not of anything which could produce international complications, with the great English-speaking community across the Atlantic. It should not prevent us pursuing most earnestly a practical scheme by which, as I believe, we who speak the English tongue, we whose institutions are all drawn from a common source, we who all believe in a common form of freedom, we, with all these interests, all these traditions in common, should be able to join together and set an example to the world at large. Not only will it produce, as I believe, and secure for ever the absolute certainty of peace between us and the United States, but it will be the beginning of a new era. It will be the first attempt to reach that view of a common bond beween all civilised nations which shall prevent these barbarous survivals being still used among us; and if that prophecy—not too sanguine, as I hope—be fulfilled, then you, my Lord Mayor, may surely look back upon this day and this meeting as one of the most significant epochs in the progress of civilisation.

[*Extract from a Speech delivered at a Dinner of "The Pilgrims," London, June* 28, 1911.]

4. The United States also have their problems of Empire; they also have their difficulties; and their difficulties are, and must be, closely analogous to those which we have experienced and with which we are endeavouring to deal. And while the problems in those two great nations are identical, surely we may say the spirit in which we are approaching them is identical also.

There have been circumstances, familiar to all of us, dating from the very inception of the great Republic, and extending through its history, which have made difficulties between the two branches of the English-speaking people of the world; but the realities in history, the foundations of history, are still stronger, and we cannot help being considered as one nation. The bonds go too deep into the history of the people, into the thought, language, literature, and everything which gives characteristic expression to the people. The most casual observer, knowing nothing of the history, and ignorant of the common law which prevails in both countries, perfectly indifferent to the literature in which both countries share, indifferent as to the history of both countries, has only got to see, only got to travel to see, to understand. He has only got to follow the working of their institutions thoroughly to grasp the truth that they are of one stock and have to carry out one great common duty to the world. We British believe that the British Empire is synonymous in the extension of liberty and self-government in every part of the world which the men of our race and our language occupy. That is our belief, and I hope—I think—that is not a mistaken belief. I believe, and I hold, that more and more our mission in those parts of the earth where we have influence is being understood and sympathetically comprehended by our brothers across the Atlantic. They, too, have like problems, and are one with us for liberty, and have the same ideas as we cherish. And surely it is predestined that in the world's history we should carry out, not by any formal alliances, not by parchments and treaties, but by something far deeper than those mere external and formal symbols, the ideals and aims in regard to self-government, order, liberty, and individuals: we are for peace—peace—peace above all! We are predestined to pray and work together for the great aim of civilisation and progress.

Now I am going to draw two idealistic pictures of the future —and, believe me, for my own part I cannot help believing that what was recently passed in both countries, especially the treaty of arbitration, points to the inherent truth of what I have been saying. I am not going to discuss here the general question of the treaty of arbitration, nor am I going to plunge into questions which certainly do not divide us on this side of the water, and I hope and believe do not divide the Americans on the other side of the water. Still, surely I am right in saying that the very fact that such a proposal as a special treaty of arbitration—that the moment it should be suggested on the one part it should be received with such an enthusiastic echo by the other part, that even the cynic and the man of the world who know so little of the

world in which they live, that even these decriers of idealism hold their hands, abstain from epigrams, do not suggest that these are impossible aspirations of fanatical peace-at-any-price persons—the very fact that this seems the natural culmination of a natural progress is the greatest proof that all I have said with regard to the impossibility of dividing the destinies of the great nations is absolutely true and founded upon literal fact. It is no dream: it is reality. It is not a fantastic representation of what might be if the world only were constructed on different lines from what it is. Such dreams are useless. The vision that I am calling up before you is based on the realities of history—the realities of the past, the realities of the present, and the common burden thrown upon the two great nations in the future. None of us can look at the future without anxiety—not, indeed, in any pessimistic or doubting spirit, but still in a spirit of anxiety. These two great nations are democracies, and democracy is not a thing that runs by itself because it is democracy. It is not a thing whose failure is inconceivable simply because it is drawn upon judicious lines. Democracy is one of the most difficult forms of government that the world has ever devised, although it be the greatest. Although it is the culmination of all the political experiments of the past, do not believe that on that account it is an easy experiment to carry to a successful issue. It is a very hard experiment. We on this side of the water and you on the other side of the water will equally—you and your children will equally—find that the problems which democracy presents are not simple and not easy of solution, are not going to solve themselves, but require the ardent and self-sacrificing patriotism of the very best men of the community everywhere, to see that the will of the people shall indeed move along lines which are in the direction of true progress and not mere claptrap, not mere claptrap shibboleths; and though I do not for one moment suggest that the issue is doubtful, though I look forward with a convinced optimism to the result of all the work that is now being done here and elsewhere in these great free communities, I never can conceal from myself that the difficulties of carrying out that great issue successfully are growing and are not diminishing, and that unless men of light and leading will rally, throwing themselves heart and soul into the struggle, both America and the British Empire may find that, while the word "progress" is perpetually on our lips, we may yet be face to face with a danger and difficulty of which the solution may escape even the wisest. But I am not going to end on a note of doubt, the more so because I feel no doubts. I have been, in fact, betrayed into speculations of a wider character than I think perhaps appropriate.

[*Speech delivered at the "Independence Day" Dinner of the American Society in London*, 1917.]

5. The toast to which I am responding is the toast of a particular individual, but I think all of you who have listened to the noble speech which has just been made by the American Ambassador will recognise that on this occasion we have got far beyond personal considerations, and that even the kindliest reference to individuals has but little place, or bears but a small proportion to the great theme which he has so admirably treated. Ladies and gentlemen, he has told you in thrilling language how on this anniversary in every part of the world American citizens meet together, and renew, as it were, their vows of devotion to the great ideals which have animated them. All the world admires, all the world sympathises, with the vast work of the great American Republic. All the world looks back upon the 141 years which have elapsed since the Declaration of Independence, and sees in that 141 years an expansion in the way of population, in the way of wealth and of power, material and spiritual, which is unexampled in that period, so far as I know, in the history of the world.

But we of the British race, who do not fall short of the rest of the world in our admiration of this mighty work, look at it in some respects in a different way, and must look at it in a different way, from that of other people. From one point of view, we have surely the right to look at it with a special satisfaction—a satisfaction born of the fact that, after all, the thirteen colonies were British colonies; that the thirteen colonies grew up, in spite of small controversies, under the protection, broadly speaking, of England; that it was our wars—the English wars with Spain in the sixteenth century, with Holland in the seventeenth century, and with France in the eighteenth century—which gave that security from external European attack which enabled those thirteen colonies to develop into the nucleus of the great community of which they are the origin. We British may also surely, without undue vanity, pride ourselves on the fact that the men who founded the great American Republic, the men whose genius contrived its Constitution, their forefathers who, struggling in the wilderness, gradually developed the basis of all that has happened since, were men speaking the English language, obeying and believing in English law, nourished upon English literature. We may say that the originality, the power, and the endurance were theirs. They were men of our own race, born of the same stock, and that, to that extent at least, we may feel that we bore some small and not insignificant part in the great development

which the world owes to their genius, their courage, and their love of liberty. In that sense, ladies and gentlemen, we may well look with a peculiar pride and satisfaction upon this great anniversary.

There is, of course, another side to the question. The Fourth of July is the anniversary of the final separation politically—not, thank God, the final separation in sentiment, in emotion, or in ideal, but the final political separation—between the thirteen colonies and the Mother Country. And we of the Mother Country cannot look back on that event as representing one of our successes. No doubt there was something to be said, though perhaps it is not often said, for those on this side of the Atlantic who fought for unity, who desired to preserve the unity of the Empire. Unity is a cause for which the American people have sacrificed rivers of blood and infinite treasure. The mistake, as we all know—I am not going into ancient history—that we made, an almost inevitable mistake, I think, at that particular period in the development of the history of the world, was in supposing that unity was possible so long as one part of the Empire which you tried to unify, speaking the same language, having the same tradition and the same laws, having the same love of liberty, having the same ideals, was not allowed to remain part of the Empire on absolutely equal terms with the other parts. That was a profound mistake, a mistake which has produced the great schism, and which has produced all the collateral, though, I am glad to think, subordinate evils which have followed on the great schism. All I can say is, in excuse for my forefathers, that utterly defective as the Colonial policy of Great Britain in the middle of the eighteenth century undoubtedly was, it was far better than the Colonial policy of any other country, and that, imperfectly as we conceived the kind of relations which might bind, could bind, Colonies to their Mother Country, profoundly as we misconceived that, we misconceived it far less than most of our neighbours.

I went, and I think Your Excellency went, on Monday last to the ceremonial at Westminster Abbey, in which the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Constitution of Canada was celebrated. There is a great difference between 50 years and 141 years. It took us a very long time to learn the lesson that if you want to make an Empire of widely separated communities of the British race, you must do it on terms of absolute equality. We have learnt the lesson, and in our own way we are carrying out now as great and as momentous, and an even more difficult task than fell to the illustrious framers of the American Constitution: we are endeavouring to carry out by slow degrees an Imperial Con-

stitution which shall combine this absolute equality of the different units with a machinery for the perpetual attainment of common Imperial ends. But that great experiment was begun in its fullness only fifty years ago, within my lifetime, and it will take many generations of statesmen all over the world in this great and scattered Empire to bring it to a full and successful fruition. It is impossible not to speculate as to how many ills would have been spared if in 1776 those who preceded us could have foreseen the future and understood wherein the true path of political wisdom lay. Many people have plunged in endless speculations as to what would have happened if there had been no violent division between the two great sections of our people. I do not follow them in those speculations. No man can do so. No man can see what would have happened if a country which has now one hundred millions of population, infinite resources, and admirable organisation, had never been formally separated from these small Islands. But this, at all events, would have happened. The separation, if it had occurred and when it had occurred, would have been a friendly separation. There would never have been a memory of the smallest kind dividing the feelings of those every one of whose emotions should move in the same key and be directed towards the same end. That would have been a great gain. It is a loss to us in this country. I had almost ventured to say it might perhaps be in some respects a loss to the great mass of my audience! It would have been an infinite gain if there had been no memory in either of the two nations which pointed to sharp divisions, to battles lost and won, to all the evils of war, to all the evils of defeat, to the evils, almost as great, of victory if any sting or soreness remains behind. Ladies and gentlemen, if I rightly read the signs of the times, a truer perspective, a truer because a more charitable perspective, is now recognised and felt by all the heirs of these sad and ancient stories. Heaven knows I do not grudge the glories of Washington and his brother soldiers. I do not drop tears over the British defeat which ended in the triumphant establishment of the American Republic. I do not express any regrets on that subject. My only regrets are that the memory of them should carry with it the smallest trace of bitterness. I think it carries no trace of bitterness on our side. I think it may properly carry memories of triumph on your side. I entirely agree to that, but it should be a triumph seen in its true perspective; and by its true perspective I mean seen in such a way that it does not interfere with the continuity of history, with the perception of the true development of free institutions, with a consciousness of common kinship, with a consciousness of common ideals, with all the considerations which ought to bind us

together, which have bound us together, and which, day by day, year by year, generation by generation, century by century, are going to bind us still closer together in the future.

Therefore it is that I rejoice to find myself joining with my American friends in celebrating this great anniversary. Hitherto, from the necessities of history, the battles that have been waged on American soil have been battles waged between peoples of the same speech and the same traditions. In the future the ideals which even in the moment of struggle were always fundamental and essentially the same, find a sphere of action outside even the ample limits of the United States, and bind us together in a world task. That is a great thought. We are not brought together in this colossal struggle, we are not working together at the identical moment—this great unsurpassed moment in the history of the world—aiming at narrow or selfish objects, or bound together by the letter of antiquated treaties. We are working together in all the freedom of great hopes and great ideals. And those hopes and those ideals we have not learnt from each other. We have them in common from a common history and a common ancestry. We have not learnt freedom from you, nor you from us. We both spring from the same root. We both cultivate the same great ends. We both have the same hopes as regards the future of Western civilisation; and now that we have found ourselves united in this great struggle against a Power which, if it be allowed to prevail, is going to destroy the very roots of that Western civilisation from which we all draw our strength, are not we bound together for ever? Will not our descendants, when they come to look back upon this unique episode in the history of the world, say that among the incalculable consequences which it produced, the most beneficent, the most permanent, was perhaps that which brought together and united for one common purpose, in one common understanding, the two great branches of the English-speaking race?

Ladies and gentlemen, that was the theme on which the Ambassador dwelt; that is the theme which perhaps at too great length I have endeavoured to develop to-night. It is a theme that absorbs my thoughts day and night. It is a theme which moves me more, I think, than anything connected with public affairs in all my long experience. It is a theme which I hope you will dwell upon, a theme which I trust you will do your best to spread abroad in all parts of the world, so that from this date onwards, for all time, we who speak a common language and have these common ideals may feel that we are working not merely for ourselves individually, nor even for our joint interests, but are work-

ing together to the best interests of the whole of mankind, and for the civilisation not only of the Old World but of the New.

[*Extracts from a Speech delivered at the Guildhall, City of London* (*July* 13, 1917), *on the occasion of the presentation of an Address.*]

6. You will easily believe that it is with no slight emotion that I have heard read the Address which you, My Lord Mayor, have been good enough to present to me. From such a centre as the City of London, and on such an occasion as this, it would in any case move the recipient deeply and profoundly; but when I remember how long has been my connection with the City, how kindly disposed towards me they have shown themselves since the very first days in which I was introduced to them as their candidate, that which would, under any circumstances, have been of immense value to me receives a double worth.

The address describes in terms far too favourable the labours which my friends and I who constituted the mission from this country to the United States have been able to perform. We did our best—and we received the best. Never was a mission so kindly treated by those to whom it was sent. Never was hospitality offered more graciously or with a freer hand. Never was a reception given to the representatives of one country by the great people of another more cordial in its character. I hope, I believe, nay, I am well assured, that the results of that mission were good. They were good not because the members of our mission were specially endowed with this or that diplomatic gift, but because the great people of the United States realised that the mission, apart from its business character and its executive side, was itself symbolical of a great new departure in the history of the world. They knew it instinctively, and they showed their knowledge in a manner which none who witnessed it is ever likely to forget.

If something was done *by* us, how much was done *to* us by those whom we met on the other side of the Atlantic? We came to interchange ideas, feelings, hopes, aspirations. We had the advantage, or disadvantage, of coming from what I may call the war zone in Europe. We went to America, being ourselves personally and individually in touch with all the greatness of the horror of war. We crossed the Atlantic, and we found a great people who, from the very circumstances of their geographical position, could only look at these colossal events from afar off; who could not know as we know, directly and by almost immediate experience, what war meant, but who nevertheless were able imaginatively to grasp what it all meant, not merely for the present, but for the future of the world; who saw with an impartiality

perhaps impossible to us at that time what German militarism really meant, not only for those who were actually fighting it at the moment, but for every free community, wherever it might be situated, and in whatever part of the world it might look forward to develop itself upon its own lines. They saw that with a clear vision, and they entered into the war obviously and patently with no selfish object. Even German calumny has not been able to suggest that the United States of America desired territory or entered the War for the purpose of adding to their vast dominions.

The moral assistance thus given by the United States cannot be exaggerated. I do not propose to-day to dwell upon all that the United States have done, are doing, are going to do, from what I may describe as the more material aspect of warlike operations. I dwell for the moment upon the moral strength which their adhesion has given to the Allies, and that in my opinion cannot be exaggerated.

I rejoice to think that in the inevitable complications and difficulties which a world settlement necessarily presents, and always must present, we have with us such a country as the United States, and such a statesman as President Wilson.

They are as far removed from pinning their trust to undefined and in some cases unmeaning formulæ as they are removed from anything which could be described as love of aggression or love of putting one population reluctantly under the domination of another. They cherish ideals to which we can cordially subscribe, because they are our own ideals. As little as we have they entered the war with anything which any human being can describe as a selfish motive. Indeed, they have an advantage over us in the fact that, while we in the inevitable course of events have become conquerors of German territory, they have no desire to have any share in any operations except those which are taking place in the very centre and heart of this great storm.

We members of the Mission, on whose behalf I am speaking to-day as well as on my own, rejoice to think that a part, however small, should have fallen to us in bringing in with our great European and Asiatic Allies the incalculable moral and material strength of the United States. For myself I would say that, while such a gain to the world is incalculable, the results of it, to which I look forward, extend far beyond the possible duration of this War, and reach forward, as I hope, to times generations in advance of those in which we now live. This is the greatest step ever taken—I leave now the immediate area of war considerations, and travel to the wider aspects of the question—this is the

greatest step ever taken in a direction with which I know the City of London has always sympathised—close mutual co-operation and understanding between two great nations who have sometimes misunderstood each other, though of all nations they are most fitted for mutual comprehension.

I remember, my Lord Mayor, in the time of one of your predecessors, attending a banquet at the Mansion House to bid farewell and God-speed to a great Ambassador, a great American, a great friend of this country, and, if I may add a personal note, a kind friend of my own—the late Mr. Choate. He has been taken from us, taken from his friends, from his country, and from the country which next to his own was nearest to his heart, at the very moment when this new and happy spirit has brooded over our common destinies. I saw him within a few hours of his death, in the very height of that wonderful reception given to the British Mission by the City of New York. None of us could hope to die with our dearest aspirations more fully fulfilled than his were at the moment that death happened to him—an enviable end. It is not, however, to speak of Mr. Choate as a man that I refer to that banquet at the Mansion House, but it is to make a quotation from him with which I will end a speech which has already, I fear, extended too long. It is a short quotation, but it is an eloquent one, and it is one which absolutely expresses the truest convictions, the firmest beliefs, and the most unalterable hopes that I have ever entertained. These are the words he spoke in taking, as it were, leave of the British nation:—

"I have endeavoured to make the English people better acquainted with my own country, its history, its institutions, its great names, for the purpose of showing them that really the difference between the English and the American is only skin deep," (and this is the point) "that under different historical forms we pursue with equal success the same great objects of liberty, of justice, of the public welfare, and that our interests are so inextricably interwoven that we would not if we could, and we could not if we would, escape the necessity of an abiding and a perpetual friendship."

AUTHORITY AND REASON

[The extracts under this heading are taken from "The Foundations of Belief," published in 1895.]

[In a footnote to the section of "Foundations of Belief" (first edition) from which the passages under this heading are taken, the author states that he uses "Reason" "in its ordinary and popular, not in its transcendental sense," and that there is "no question here of the Logos or Absolute Reason." His use both of this word and of the word "Authority" gave rise to criticism, and to the cheap and enlarged edition of the work was therefore added the following note:—

7. Much criticism has been directed against the use to which the word "Authority" has been put in this chapter. And there can be no doubt that a terminology which draws so sharp a distinction between phrases so nearly identical as "authority" and "an authority" must be open to objection.

Yet it still seems to me difficult to find a more suitable expression. There is no word in the English language which describes what I want to describe, and yet describes nothing else. Every alternative term seems at least as much open to misconception as the one I have employed, and I do not observe that those who have most severely criticised it have suggested an unobjectionable substitute. Professor Pringle Pattison (Seth), in a most interesting and sympathetic review of this work, goes the length of saying that my use of the word is a "complete departure from ordinary usage." But I can hardly think that this is so. However else the word may be employed in common parlance, it is surely often employed exactly as it is in this chapter—namely, to describe those causes of belief which are not reasons and yet are due to the influence of mind on mind. Parental influence is typical of the species: and it would certainly be in conformity with accepted usage to describe this as "Authority." A child does not accept its mother's teaching because it regards its mother as "an authority," whom it is reasonable to believe. The process is one of non-rational (not *ir*rational) causation. Again, I do not think it would be regarded as forced to talk of the "authority of public opinion" or the "authority of custom" exactly with the meaning which such expressions would bear in the preceding chapter. "He submitted to the *authority* of a stronger will." "He never asked on what basis the claims of his Church rested; he simply bowed, as from his childhood he had always bowed, to her unchallenged *authority*." "No doubts were ever entertained, no inconvenient questions were ever asked, about the propriety of a practice which was enforced by the *authority* of unbroken custom." I think it will be admitted that in all these examples the word "authority" is used in the sense I have attributed to it, that this sense is a natural sense, and that no other single word could advantageously be substituted for it. If so, the reasons for its employment seem not inadequate.

I feel on even stronger ground in replying to the criticisms passed on my use here of the word "reason." Professor Pattison, though he does not like it, admits that it is in accordance with the practice of the older English thinkers. I submit that it is also in accordance with the usage prevalent in ordinary discourse. But I go further and say that I am

employing the word in the sense in which it is always employed when "reason" is contrasted with "authority." If a man boasts that all his opinions have been arrived at by "following reason," he is referring not to the Universal Reason or Logos but to his own faculty of discursive reason: and what he wishes the world to understand is that his beliefs are based on reasoning, not on authority or prejudice. Now this is the very individual whom I had in my mind when writing this chapter: and if I had been debarred from using the words "reason" and "reasoning" in their ordinary everyday meaning, I really do not see in what language I could have addressed myself to him at all.]

8. It would be, perhaps, an exaggeration to assert that the theory of Authority has been for three centuries the main battle-field whereon have met the opposing forces of new thoughts and old. But if so, it is only because, at this point at least, victory is commonly supposed long ago to have declared itself decisively in favour of the new. The very statement that the rival and opponent of authority is reason seems to most persons equivalent to a declaration that the latter must be in the right, and the former in the wrong; while popular discussion and speculation have driven deep the general opinion that authority serves no other purpose in the economy of Nature than to supply a refuge for all that is most bigoted and absurd.

The current theory by which these views are supported appears to be something of this kind. Every one has a "right" to adopt any opinions he pleases. It is his "duty," before exercising this "right," critically to sift the reasons by which such opinions may be supported, and so to adjust the degree of his convictions that they shall accurately correspond with the evidences adduced in their favour. Authority, therefore, has no place among the legitimate causes of belief. If it appears among them, it is as an intruder, to be jealously hunted down and mercilessly expelled. Reason, and reason only, can be safely permitted to mould the convictions of mankind. By its inward counsels alone should beings who boast that they are rational submit to be controlled.

Sentiments like these are among the commonplaces of political and social philosophy. Yet, looked at scientifically, they seem to me to be not merely erroneous, but absurd. Suppose for a moment a community of which each member should deliberately set himself to the task of throwing off so far as possible all prejudices due to education; where each should consider it his duty critically to examine the grounds whereon rest every positive enactment and every moral precept which he has been accustomed to obey; to dissect all the great loyalties which make social life possible, and all the minor conventions which help to make it easy; and to weigh out with scrupulous precision the exact degree of assent which in each particular case the results of this process

might seem to justify. To say that such a community, if it acted upon the opinions thus arrived at, would stand but a poor chance in the struggle for existence is to say far too little. It could never even begin to be; and if by a miracle it was created, it would without doubt immediately resolve itself into its constituent elements.

For consider by way of illustration the case of Morality. If the right and the duty of private judgment be universal, it must be both the privilege and the business of every man to subject the maxims of current morality to a critical examination; and unless the examination is to be a farce, every man should bring to it a mind as little warped as possible by habit and education, or the unconscious bias of foregone conclusions. Picture, then, the condition of a society in which the successive generations would thus in turn devote their energies to an impartial criticism of the "traditional" view. What qualifications, natural or acquired, for such a task we are to attribute to the members of this emancipated community I know not. But let us put them at the highest. Let us suppose that every man and woman, or rather every boy and girl (for ought Reason to be ousted from her rights in persons under twenty-one years of age?), is endowed with the aptitude and training required to deal with problems like these. Arm them with the most recent methods of criticism, and set them down to the task of estimating with open minds the claims which charity, temperance and honesty, murder, theft and adultery respectively have upon the approval or disapproval of mankind. What the result of such an experiment would be, what wild chaos of opinions would result from this fiat of the Uncreating Word, I know not. But it might well happen that even before our youthful critics got so far as a rearrangement of the Ten Commandments, they might find themselves entangled in the preliminary question whether judgments conveying moral approbation and disapprobation were of a kind which reasonable beings should be asked to entertain at all; whether "right" and "wrong" were words representing anything more permanent and important than certain likes and dislikes which happen to be rather widely disseminated, and more or less arbitrarily associated with social and legal sanctions. I conceive it to be highly probable that the conclusions at which on this point they would arrive would be of a purely negative character. The ethical systems competing for acceptance would by their very numbers and variety suggest suspicions as to their character and origin. Here, would our students explain, is a clear presumption to be found on the very face of these moralisings that they were contrived, not in the interests of truth, but in the interests of traditional

dogma. How else explain the fact that while there is no great difference of opinion as to what things are right or wrong, there is no semblance of agreement as to why they are right or why they are wrong.

9. The framers of ethical systems are either philosophers who are unable to free themselves from the unfelt bondage of customary opinion, or advocates who find it safer to exercise their liberty of speculation in respect to premises about which nobody cares, than in respect to conclusions which might bring them into conflict with the police.

10. I have already indicated some of the grounds which induce me to form a very different estimate of the part which reason plays in human affairs. Our ancestors, whose errors we palliate on account of their environment with a feeling of satisfaction, due partly to our keen appreciation of our own happier position and greater breadth of view, were not to be pitied because they reasoned little and believed much; nor should we necessarily have any particular cause for self-gratulation if it were true that we reasoned more and, it may be, believed less. Not thus has the world been fashioned. But, nevertheless, this identification of reason with all that is good among the causes of belief, and authority with all that is bad, is a delusion so gross, and yet so prevalent, that a moment's examination into the exaggerations and confusions which lie at the root of it may not be thrown away.

11. Though it be true, as I am contending, that the importance of reason among the causes which produce and maintain the beliefs, customs, and ideals which form the groundwork of life has been much exaggerated, there can yet be no doubt that reason is, or appears to be, the cause over which we have the most direct control, or rather the one which we most readily identify with our own free and personal action. We are acted on by authority. It moulds our ways of thought in spite of ourselves, and usually unknown to ourselves. But when we reason we are the authors of the effect produced. We have ourselves set the machine in motion. For its proper working we are ourselves immediately responsible; so that it is both natural and desirable that we should concentrate our attention on this particular class of causes, even though we should thus be led unduly to magnify their importance in the general scheme of things.

I have somewhere seen it stated that the steam-engine in its primitive form required a boy to work the valve by which steam

was admitted to the cylinder. It was his business at the proper period of each stroke to perform this necessary operation by pulling a string; and though the same object has long since been attained by mechanical methods far simpler and more trustworthy, yet I have little doubt that until the advent of that revolutionary youth who so tied the string to one of the moving parts of the engine that his personal supervision was no longer necessary, the boy in office greatly magnified his functions, and regarded himself with pardonable pride as the most important, because the only rational, link in the chain of causes and effects by which the energy developed in the furnace was ultimately converted into the motion of the flywheel. So do we stand as reasoning beings in the presence of the complex processes, physiological and psychical, out of which are manufactured the convictions necessary to the conduct of life. To the results attained by their co-operation reason makes its slender contribution; but in order that it may do so effectively, it is beneficently decreed that, pending the evolution of some better device, reason should appear to the reasoner the most admirable and important contrivance in the whole mechanism.

The manner in which attention and interest are thus unduly directed towards the operations, vital and social, which are under our direct control, rather than those which we are unable to modify, or can only modify by a very indirect and circuitous procedure, may be illustrated by countless examples. Take one from physiology. Of all the complex causes which co-operate for the healthy nourishment of the body, no doubt the conscious choice of the most wholesome rather than the less wholesome forms of ordinary food is far from being the least important. Yet, as it is within our immediate competence, we attend to it, moralise about it, and generally make much of it. But no man can by taking thought directly regulate his digestive secretions. We never, therefore, think of them at all until they go wrong, and then, unfortunately, to very little purpose. So it is with the body politic. A certain proportion (probably a small one) of the changes and adaptations required by altered surroundings can only be effected through the solvent action of criticism and discussion. How such discussion shall be conducted, what are the arguments on either side, how a decision shall be arrived at, and how it shall be carried out, are matters which we seem able to regulate by conscious effort and the deliberate adaptation of means to ends. We therefore unduly magnify the part they play in the furtherance of our interests. We perceive that they supply business to the practical politician, raw material to the political theorist; and we forget amid the buzzing of debate the multitude of incomparably more

important processes, by whose undesigned co-operation alone the life and growth of the State are rendered possible.

12. Few indeed are the beliefs, even among those which come under his observation, which any individual for a moment thinks himself called upon seriously to consider with a view to their possible adoption. The residue he summarily disposes of, rejects without a hearing, or rather treats as if they had not even that *primâ facie* claim to be adjudicated on which formal rejection seems to imply.

Now, can this process be described as a rational one? That it is not the immediate result of reasoning is, I think, evident enough. All would admit, for example, that when the mind is closed against the reception of any truth by "bigotry" or "inveterate prejudice," the effectual cause of the victory of error is not so much bad reasoning as something which, in its essential nature, is not reasoning at all. But there is really no ground for drawing a distinction as regards their mode of operation between the "psychological climates" which we happen to like and those of which we happen to disapprove. However various their character, all, I take it, work out their results very much in the same kind of way. For good or for evil, in ancient times and in modern, among savage folk and among civilised, it is ever by an identic process that they have sifted and selected the candidates for credence, on which reason has been afterwards called upon to pass judgment; and that process is one with which ratiocination has little or nothing directly to do.

But though these "psychological climates" do not work through reasoning, may they not themselves, in many cases, be the products of reasoning? May they not, therefore, be causes of belief which belong, though it be only at the second remove, to the domain of reason rather than that of authority? To the first of these questions the answer must doubtless be in the affirmative. Reasoning has unquestionably a great deal to do with the production of psychological climates. As "climates" are among the causes which produce beliefs, so are beliefs among the causes which produce "climates," and all reasoning, therefore, which culminates in belief may be, and indeed must be, at least indirectly concerned in the effects which belief develops. But are these results rational? Do they follow, I mean, on reason *quâ* reason; or are they, like a schoolboy's tears over a proposition of Euclid, consequences of reasoning, but not conclusions from it?

13. Natural science and historical criticism have not been built up without a vast expenditure of reasoning, and (though

for present purposes this is immaterial) very good reasoning, too. But are we on that account to say that the results of the rationalising temper are the work of reason? Surely not. The rationalist rejects miracles; and if you force him to a discussion, he may no doubt produce from the ample stores of past controversy plenty of argument in support of his belief. But do not, therefore, assume that his belief is the result of his argument. The odds are strongly in favour of argument and belief having both grown up under the fostering influence of his "psychological climate." For observe that precisely in the way in which he rejects miracles he also rejects witchcraft. Here there has been no controversy worth mentioning. The general belief in witchcraft has died a natural death, and it has not been worth anybody's while to devise arguments against it. Perhaps there are none. But, whether there be or not, no logical axe was required to cut down a plant which had not the least chance of flourishing in a mental atmosphere so rigorous and uncongenial as that of rationalism; and accordingly no logical axe has been provided.

The belief in mesmerism, however, supplies in some ways a more instructive case than the belief either in miracles or witchcraft. Like these, it found in rationalism a hostile influence. But, unlike these, it could call in almost at will the assistance of what would now be regarded as ocular demonstration. For two generations, however, this was found insufficient. For two generations the rationalistic bias proved sufficiently strong to pervert the judgment of the most distinguished observers, and to incapacitate them from accepting what under more favourable circumstances they would have called the "plain evidence of their senses." So that we are here presented with the curious spectacle of an intellectual mood or temper, whose origin was largely due to the growth of the experimental sciences, making it impossible for those affected to draw the simplest inference, even from the most conclusive experiments.

This is an interesting case of the conflict between authority and reason, because it illustrates the general truth for which I have been contending, with an emphasis that would be impossible if we took as our example some worn-out vesture of thought, threadbare from use, and strange to eyes accustomed to newer fashions.

14. The only results which reason can claim as hers by an exclusive title are of the nature of logical conclusions; and rationalism, in the sense in which I am now using the word, is not a logical conclusion, but an intellectual temper. The only instruments which reason, as such, can employ are arguments; and

rationalism is not an argument, but an impulse towards belief, or disbelief. So that, though rationalism, like other "psychological climates," is doubtless due, among other causes, to reason, it is not on that account a rational product; and though in its turn it produces beliefs it is not on that account a rational cause.

15. It is true, no doubt, that the full extent and difficulty of the problems involved have not commonly been realised by the advocates either of authority or reason, though each has usually had a sufficient sense of the strength of the other's position to induce him to borrow from it, even at the cost of some little inconsistency. The supporter of authority, for instance, may point out some of the more obvious evils by which any decrease in its influence is usually accompanied: the comminution of sects, the divisions of opinion, the weakened powers of co-operation, the increase of strife, the waste of power. Yet, so far as I am aware, no nation, party, or church has ever courted controversial disaster by admitting that, if its claims were impartially tried at the bar of Reason, the verdict would go against it. In the same way, those who have most clamorously upheld the prerogatives of individual reason have always been forced to recognise by their practice, if not by their theory, that the right of every man to judge on every question for himself is like the right of every man who possesses a balance at his bankers, to require its immediate payment in sovereigns. The right may be undoubted; but it can only be safely enjoyed on condition that too many persons do not take it into their heads to exercise it together. Perhaps, however, the most striking evidence, both of the powers of authority and the rights of reason, may be found in the fact already alluded to, that beliefs which are really the offspring of the first, when challenged, invariably claim to trace their descent from the second, although this improvised pedigree may be as imaginary as if it were the work of a college of heralds. To be sure, when this contrivance has served its purpose it is usually laid silently aside, while the belief it was intended to support remains quietly in possession, until, in the course of time, some other, and perhaps not less illusory, title has to be devised to rebut the pleas of a new claimant.

If the reader desires an illustration of this procedure, here is one taken at random from English political history. Among the results of the movement which culminated in the Great Rebellion was of necessity a marked diminution in the universality and efficacy of that mixture of feelings and beliefs which constitutes loyalty to national government. Now loyalty, in some shape or other, is necessary for the stability of any form of polity. It is

one of the most valuable products of authority, and, whether in any particular case conformable to reason or not, is essentially unreasoning. Its theoretical basis therefore excites but little interest, and is of very subordinate importance so long as it controls the hearts of men with undisputed sway. But as soon as its supremacy is challenged, men begin to cast about anxiously for reasons why it should continue to be obeyed.

Thus, to some of those who lived through the troubles which preceded and accompanied the Great Rebellion, it became suddenly apparent that it was above all things necessary to bolster up by argument the creed which authority had been found temporarily insufficient to sustain; and of the arguments thus called into existence two, both of extraordinary absurdity, have become historically famous—that contained in Hobbes's "Leviathan," and that taught for a period with much vigour by the Anglican clergy under the name of Divine right. These theories may have done their work; in any case they had their day. It was discovered that, as is the way of abstract arguments dragged in to meet a concrete difficulty, they led logically to a great many conclusions much less convenient than the one in whose defence they had been originally invoked. The crisis which called them forth passed gradually away. They were repugnant to the taste of a different age; "Leviathan" and "passive obedience" were handed over to the judgment of the historian.

This is an example of how an ancient principle, broadly based though it be on the needs and feelings of human nature, may be thought now and again to require external support to enable it to meet some special stress of circumstances. But often the stress is found to be brief; a few internal alterations meet all the necessities of the case; to a new generation the added buttresses seem useless and unsightly. They are soon demolished, to make way in due time, no doubt, for others as temporary as themselves. Nothing so quickly waxes old as apologetics, unless, perhaps, it be criticism.

16. Authority, as I have been using the term, is in all cases contrasted with Reason, and stands for that group of non-rational causes, moral, social, and educational, which produces its results by psychic processes other than reasoning. But there is a simple operation, a mere turn of phrase, by which many of these non-rational causes can, so to speak, be converted into reasons without seeming at first sight thereby to change their function as channels of Authority; and so convenient is this method of bringing these two sources of conviction on to the same plane, so perfectly does it minister to our instinctive desire to produce a rea-

son for every challenged belief, that it is constantly resorted to (without apparently any clear idea of its real import), both by those who regard themselves as upholders and those who regard themselves as opponents of Authority in matters of opinion. To say that I believe a statement because I have been taught it, or because my father believed it before me, or because everybody in the village believes it, is to announce what everyday experience informs us is a quite adequate *cause* of belief—it is not, however, *per se*, to give a *reason* for belief at all. But such statements can be turned at once into reasons by no process more elaborate than that of explicitly recognising that my teachers, my family, or my neighbours, are truthful persons, happy in the possession of adequate means of information—propositions which in their turn, of course, require argumentative support. Such a procedure may, I need hardly say, be quite legitimate; and reasons of this kind are probably the principal ground on which in mature life we accept the great mass of our subordinate scientific and historical convictions. I believe, for instance, that the moon falls in towards the earth with the exact velocity required by the force of gravitation, for no other reason than that I believe in the competence and trustworthiness of the persons who have made the necessary calculations. In this case the reason for my belief and the immediate cause of it are identical; the cause, indeed, is a cause only in virtue of its being first a reason. But in the former case this is not so. *Mere* early training, paternal authority, and public opinion, were causes of belief before they were reasons; they continued to act as non-rational causes after they became reasons; and it is not improbable that to the very end they contributed less to the resultant conviction in their capacity as reasons than they did in their capacity as non-rational causes.

Now the temptation thus to convert causes into reasons seems under certain circumstances to be almost irresistible, even when it is illegitimate. Authority, as such, is from the nature of the case dumb in the presence of argument. It is only by reasoning that reasoning can be answered. It can be, and has often been, thrust silently aside by that instinctive feeling of repulsion which we call prejudice when we happen to disagree with it. But it can only be replied to by its own kind. And so it comes about that whenever any system of belief is seriously questioned, a method of defence which is almost certain to find favour is to select one of the causes by which the belief has been produced, and forthwith to erect it into a reason why the system should continue to be accepted. Authority, as I have been using the term, is thus converted into "an authority" or into "authorities." It ceases to be the opposite or correlative of reason. It can no longer be con-

trasted with reason. It becomes a species of reason, and as a species of reason it must be judged.

17. As to the reality of an infallible guide, in whatever shape this has been accepted by various sections of Christians, I have not a word to say. As part of a creed it is quite outside the scope of my inquiry. I have to do with it only if, and in so far as, it is represented, not as part of the thing to be believed, but as one of the fundamental reasons for believing it; and in that position I think it inadmissible.

Merely as an illustration, then, let us consider for a moment the particular case of Papal Infallibility, an example which may be regarded with the greater impartiality as I am not, I suppose, likely to have among the readers of these Notes many by whom it is accepted. If I rightly understand the teaching of the Roman Catholic theologians upon this subject, the following propositions, *at least,* must be accepted before the doctrine of Infallibility can be regarded as satisfactorily proved or adequately held: (1) That the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock," etc., and, again, "Feed My sheep," were uttered by Christ; and that, being so uttered, were of Divine authorship, and cannot fail: (2) That the meaning of these words is—(*a*) that St. Peter was endowed with a primacy of jurisdiction over the other Apostles; (*b*) that he was to have a perpetual line of successors, similarly endowed with a primacy of jurisdiction; (*c*) that these successors were to be Bishops of Rome; (*d*) that the primacy of jurisdiction carries with it the certainty of Divine "assistance"; (*e*) that though this "assistance" does not ensure either the morality, or the wisdom, or the general accuracy of the Pontiff to whom it is given, it does ensure his absolute inerrancy whenever he shall, *ex cathedrâ,* define a doctrine of faith or morals; (*f*) that no pronouncement can be regarded as *ex cathedrâ* unless it relates to some matter already thoroughly sifted and considered by competent divines.

Now it is no part of my business to ask how the six sub-heads constituting the second of these contentions can by any legitimate progress of exegesis be extracted from the texts mentioned in the first; nor how, if they be accepted to the full, they can obviate the necessity for the complicated exercise of private judgment required to determine whether any particular decision has or has not been made under the conditions necessary to constitute it a pronouncement *ex cathedrâ.* These are questions to be discussed between Roman Catholic and non-Roman Catholic controversialists, and with them I have nothing here to do. My point is, that the first proposition alone is so absolutely subversive of any purely naturalistic view of the universe, involves so many fundamental

elements of Christianity (e.g. the supernatural character of Christ and the trustworthiness of the first and fourth Gospels, with all that this carries with it), that if it does not require the argument from an infallible authority for its support, it seems hard to understand where the necessity for that argument can come in at any fundamental stage of apologetic demonstration. And that this proposition does not require infallible authority for its support seems plain from the fact that it does itself supply the main ground on which the existence of infallible authority is believed.

This is not, and is not intended to be, an objection to the doctrine of Papal Infallibility; it is not, and is not intended to be, a criticism by means of example directed against other doctrines involving the existence of an unerring guide. But if the reader will attentively consider the matter he will, I think, see that whatever be the truth or the value of such doctrines, they can never be used to supply any fundamental support to the systems of which they form a part without being open to a reply like that which I have supposed in the case of Papal Infallibility. Indeed, when we reflect upon the character of the religious books and of the religious organisations through which Christianity has been built up; when we consider the variety in date, in occasion, in authorship, in context, in spiritual development, which mark the first; the stormy history and the inevitable division which mark the second; when we, further, reflect on the astonishing number of the problems, linguistic, critical, metaphysical, and historical, which must be settled, at least in some preliminary fashion, before either the books or the organisations can be supposed entitled by right of rational proof to the position of infallible guides, we can hardly suppose that we were intended to find in these the *logical* foundations of our system of religious beliefs, however important be the part (and can it be exaggerated?) which they were destined to play in producing, fostering, and directing it.

18. To Reason is largely due the growth of new and the sifting of old knowledge; the ordering, and in part the discovery, of that vast body of systematised conclusions which constitute so large a portion of scientific, philosophical, ethical, political, and theological learning. To Reason we are in some measure beholden, though not, perhaps, so much as we suppose, for hourly aid in managing so much of the trifling portion of our personal affairs entrusted to our care by Nature as we do not happen to have already surrendered to the control of habit. By Reason also is directed, or misdirected, the public policy of communities within the narrow limits of deviation permitted by accepted custom and tradition. Of its immense indirect consequences, of the

part it has played in the evolution of human affairs by the disintegration of ancient creeds, by the alteration of the external conditions of human life, by the production of new moods of thought, or, as I have termed them, psychological climates, we can in this connection say nothing. For these are no rational effects of reason; the causal nexus by which they are bound to reason has no logical aspect; and if reason produces them, as in part it certainly does, it is in a manner indistinguishable from that in which similar consequences are blindly produced by the distribution of continent and ocean, the varying fertility of different regions, and the other material surroundings by which the destinies of the race are modified.

When we turn, however, from the conscious work of Reason to that which is unconsciously performed for us by Authority, a very different spectacle arrests our attention. The effects of the first, prominent as they are through the dignity of their origin, are trifling compared with the all-pervading influences which flow from the second. At every moment of our lives, as individuals, as members of a family, of a party, of a nation, of a Church, of a universal brotherhood, the silent, continuous, unnoticed influence of Authority moulds our feelings, our aspirations, and, what we are more immediately concerned with, our beliefs. It is from Authority that Reason itself draws its most important premises. It is in unloosing or directing the forces of Authority that its most important conclusions find their principal function. And even in those cases where we may most truly say that our beliefs are the rational product of strictly intellectual processes, we have, in all probability, only got to trace back the thread of our inferences to its beginnings in order to perceive that it finally loses itself in some general principle which, describe it as we may, is in fact due to no more defensible origin than the influence of Authority.

Nor is the comparative pettiness of the rôle thus played by reasoning in human affairs a matter for regret. Not merely because we are ignorant of the data required for the solution, even of very simple problems in organic and social life, are we called on to acquiesce in an arrangement which, to be sure, we have no power to disturb; nor yet because these data, did we possess them, are too complex to be dealt with by any rational calculus we possess or are ever likely to acquire; but because, in addition to these difficulties, reasoning is a force most apt to divide and disintegrate; and though division and disintegration may often be the necessary preliminaries of social development, still more necessary are the forces which bind and stiffen, without which there would be no society to develop.

It is true, no doubt, that we can, without any great expenditure of research, accumulate instances in which Authority has perpetuated error and retarded progress, for, unluckily, none of the influences, Reason least of all, by which the history of the race has been moulded have been productive of unmixed good. The springs at which we quench our thirst are always turbid. Yet, if we are to judge with equity between these rival claimants, we must not forget that it is Authority rather than Reason to which, in the main, we owe, not religion only, but ethics and politics; that it is Authority which supplies us with essential elements in the premises of science; that it is Authority rather than Reason which lays deep the foundations of social life; that it is Authority rather than Reason which cements its superstructure. And though it may seem to savour of paradox, it is yet no exaggeration to say, that if we would find the quality in which we most notably excel the brute creation, we should look for it, not so much in our faculty of convincing and being convinced by the exercise of reasoning, as in our capacity for influencing and being influenced through the action of Authority.

BACON [1]

19. From the very moment at which I rashly undertook to take a leading part in this ceremony I have been occupied in repenting my own temerity. For, indeed, the task which the members of this Society have thrown upon me is one which I feel very ill qualified to perform; one, indeed, which has some aspects with which many present here to-day are far more fitted to deal than I.

For the great man whose introduction into Gray's Inn some three hundred years ago we have met to commemorate was a member of this Society through his whole adult life. Here he lived most of his days before he rose to the highest legal position in the country; here, after his fall, he returned again to his old friends and dwelt again among his earlier surroundings. It was to this Inn that he gave some of his most loving work, adorning it, regulating it, and taking a large share both in its pleasures and its business. It would seem, therefore, to be fitting that the man who unveils the Memorial of this great member of Gray's Inn should himself be a member of Gray's Inn, and that a man who speaks in praise of a Lord Chancellor should himself know something of the law.

I possess, alas! neither qualification. But I am told by those who are more competent to form a judgment on the subject than I am that Bacon showed, as we might expect, great mastery of legal principles, and that although he did not equal in learning that eminently disagreeable personage, Sir Edward Coke, his great rival, yet that his views upon law reform were far in advance of his time, and, according to some authorities, had even an effect upon that masterpiece of codification, the *Code Napoléon*.

However this may be, I clearly have no title to say, and do not mean to say, a single word of my own upon Bacon as a lawyer. Upon Bacon as a politician it would not be difficult, and it might be interesting, to dilate. Although I think he lacked that personal force which is a necessary element in the equipment of every successful politician, he yet possessed a breadth of view, a moderation of spirit, which, had his advice been taken, might have altered the history of this country, and even of Europe. It might be an attractive task for those who like drawing imaginary pictures of the historical "might-have-been," to conceive a man of Bacon's insight inspiring the policy of a Sovereign who had the power and the wish to act upon his advice. Had such a combination existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century we might well have seen a development of Parliamentary and constitutional institutions effected at a less cost than civil war; and all the bitterness of political and religious strife, which so greatly hindered our progress at home, and so effectually destroyed our influence abroad, might happily have been avoided.

But all this is a dream—a dream that could never have come true under a sovereign like James the First. Am I then to turn from the part which under happier circumstances Bacon might have played in public

[1] The report of this speech (delivered at the unveiling of the memorial in the gardens of Gray's Inn, June 27, 1912) was subsequently corrected and revised by Mr. Balfour for the archives of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, and it is here printed in its revised form.

affairs, and discuss the part which in fact he did play? I confess that the subject does not attract me. Anybody who goes to the study of Bacon's life, remembering how his fame has been darkened by the satire of Pope and the rhetoric of Macaulay, must naturally desire to find that these great writers have grossly exaggerated the shadows upon their hero's character. And, indeed, they have exaggerated. Bacon was not a bad man. He was not a cruel man. I believe he loved justice. I am sure he loved good government. And yet, though all this be true, I do not think his admirers can draw much satisfaction from any impartial survey of his relations either with his family, his friends, his political associates or his political rivals. Much worse men than Bacon have had more interesting characters. They may have committed crimes, both in public and in private life, from which Bacon would have shrunk in horror. We condemn them, but we are interested in them. I do not think we ever feel this about Bacon the politician. Neither his relations with Essex, nor with Salisbury, nor with Buckingham, nor with Queen Elizabeth, nor with James the First, put him, however we look at the matter, in a very attractive light. He had not a high courage. I doubt his capacity for uncalculating generosity. I could have wished him a little more pride. I suspect, indeed, that his deficiencies in these respects militated even against his worldly fortunes. Such men are used in public life, but they are not greatly loved nor greatly trusted.

But do not let us talk of Bacon as though his career were a great tragedy. It was nothing of the sort. He was a successful man, tried by any worldly standard you choose. He was a philosopher, and he was a statesman; and in the age in which he lived there were no two professions which promised the certainty of a more uneasy life or the chance of a more disagreeable death. His first patron, Essex, died on the scaffold. His second patron, Buckingham, was stabbed by Felton; and if you turn from statesmen to philosophers, how uneasy was the life of Descartes, how unhappy the career of Galileo, how tragic the end of Giordano Bruno. Well, these were Bacon's contemporaries—these were the politicians with whom he was most closely connected, and the philosophers who made his age illustrious. How much more fortunate was his career than theirs! He had not to fly from place to place for fear of persecution, like Descartes. He suffered no long imprisonment, like Galileo. He was never threatened with the executioner's axe, or the assassin's dagger. Nor did he go to the stake, like Bruno. And however dark be the view we take of hereditary honours, everybody will, I think, admit that it is better to be made a viscount than to be burnt.

If I now pass from those aspects of Bacon's life, with which, for one reason or another I am either unqualified or unwilling to deal, I am left by a process of exhaustion to consider Bacon as a man of letters, an historian, or a philosopher. He was all three—a writer of most noble prose, one of the men most happily gifted for history that this country has produced, and in the character of a philosopher marking the beginning of a great epoch. As a philosopher his fate has been mixed. He has been magnificently praised, both in this country and abroad, by men whose praise is worth much; he has been violently abused by men whose abuse cannot be neglected; and—worst fate of all—his achievements have been vulgarised by some of his most ardent admirers. I do not think this is the occasion—perhaps even this is not the audience—appropriate to the delivery of a full and balanced judgment on the precise position which Bacon occupies in the history of European philosophy. He has been regarded both by enemies and by friends as the first father of that great empirical school of which we in this country have produced perhaps the

most illustrious members, but which flourished splendidly in France during the eighteenth century. If this claim be good (I am not sure that it is) Bacon's philosophic position is, for that reason if for no other, a proud one. For whatever we may think of Locke and his successors, the mark they have made on the course of speculation is indelible.

I do not, however, propose to deal with these niceties of philosophic history. I shall probably better meet your wishes if I try to say in a very few words what I think was the real nature of the debt which the world owes to Bacon; and why it is that, amid universal approval, we are met here to-day to pay this tribute to his memory.

We shall make (I think) a great mistake if we try to prove that Bacon was, what he always said he was not, a maker of systems. He had neither the desire, nor I believe the gifts, which would have qualified him to be the architect of one of those great speculative systems which exist for the wonder, and sometimes for the instruction of mankind. But if he was not a system-maker, what was he? He was a prophet, and a seer. No doubt he aimed at more. He spent much time in attacking his philosophical predecessors, and took endless trouble with the details of his inductive method. Of his criticisms it is easy to say, and true, that they were often violent and not always fair. Of his inductive logic it is easy to say, and true, that he did not produce, as he hoped, an instrument of discovery so happily contrived that even mediocrity could work wonders by the use of it. It is also true that he over-rated its coherence, and its cogency. But this is a small matter. I do not believe that formal logic has ever made a reasoner nor inductive logic a discoverer. And however highly we rate Bacon as an inductive logician, and the fore-runner of those recent thinkers who have developed and perfected the inductive theory, it is not as a logician, it is not as the inventor of a machine for discovery, that Bacon lives.

It is, however, quite as easy to under-rate as to over-rate Bacon's contribution to the theory of discovery. There are critics who suppose him guilty of believing that by the mere accumulation of observed facts the secrets of Nature can be unlocked; that the exercise of the imagination without which you can no more make new science than you can make new poetry, is useless or dangerous, and that hypothesis is no legitimate aid to experimental investigation. I believe this to be an error. I do not think that anybody who really tries to make out what Bacon meant by his Prerogative Instances and his Analogies will either deny that he believed in the unity of nature, and in our power of co-ordinating its multitudinous details, or will suppose that he under-rated the helps which the imagination, and only the imagination, can give to him who is absorbed in the great task.

I return from this digression on Baconian method to the larger question on which we were engaged. I called Bacon a seer. What then was it that he saw? What he saw in the first place were the evil results which followed on the disdainful refusal of philosophers to adopt the patient and childlike attitude which befits those who come to Nature, not to impose upon Nature their own ideas, but to learn from her what it is that she has to teach them. Bacon is never tired of telling us that the kingdom of Nature, like the Kingdom of God, can only be entered by those who approach it in the spirit of a child. And there, surely, he was right. There, surely, his eloquence and his authority did much to correct the insolent futility of those verbal disputants who thought they could impose upon Nature their crude and hasty theories born of unsifted observations, interpreted by an unbridled fancy.

I do not mean to trouble you with many extracts. But there is one

which so vividly represents Bacon, at least as I see him, that I believe you will thank me for reading it to you.

"Train yourselves," he says, "to understand the real subtlety of things, and you will learn to despise the fictitious and disputatious subtleties of words, and, freeing yourselves from such follies, you will give yourselves to the task of facilitating—under the auspices of divine compassion—the lawful wedlock between the Mind and Nature. Be not like the empiric ant, which merely collects; nor like the cobweb-weaving theorists, who do but spin webs from their own intestines; but imitate the bees, which both collect and fashion. Against the 'Nought-beyond' and the ancients, raise your cry of 'More-beyond.' When they speak of the 'Not-imitable-thunderbolt' let us reply that the thunderbolt is imitable. Let the discovery of the new terrestrial world encourage you to expect the discovery of a new intellectual world. The fate of Alexander the Great will be ours. The conquests which his contemporaries thought marvellous, and likely to surpass the belief of posterity, were described by later writers as nothing more than the natural successes of one who justly dared to despise imaginary perils. Even so, our triumphs (for we shall triumph) will be lightly esteemed by those who come after us; justly, when they compare our trifling gains with theirs; unjustly, if they attribute our victory to audacity rather than to humility, and to freedom from that fatal human pride which has lost us everything, and has hallowed the fluttering fancies of men, in place of the imprint stamped upon things by the Divine seal."

There surely speaks the seer. There you have expressed in burning words the vehement faith which makes Bacon the passionate philosopher so singular a contrast to Bacon the cold and somewhat poor-spirited politician. There is the vision of man's conquest over Nature, seen in its fullness by none before him, and not perhaps by many since. There is recognised with proud humility the little that could be accomplished by one individual and one generation towards its consummation: yet how great that little was if measured by its final results.

It is no doubt easy to praise this ideal vulgarly, as it is easy to belittle it stupidly. It can be made to seem as if the Baconian ideal was to add something to the material conveniences of life, and to ignore the aspirations of the intellect. But this is a profound error. It is true that (to use his own phrase) he looked with "pity on the estate of man." It is true that he saw in science a powerful instrument for raising it. But he put his trust in no petty device for attaining that great end. He had no faith in the chance harvests of empirical invention. His was not an imagination that crawled upon the ground, that shrank from wide horizons, that could not look up to Heaven. He saw, as none had seen before, that if you would effectually subdue Nature to your ends, you must master her laws. You must laboriously climb to a knowledge of great principles before you can descend to their practical employment. There must be pure science before there is applied science. And though these may now appear truisms, in Bacon's time they were the prophecies of genius made long before the event. I should like to ask those more competent than myself to decide the question, when it was that this prophecy of Bacon began in any large measure to be accomplished. I believe myself it will be found that it is relatively recently, say within the last three or four generations, that scientific research has greatly promoted industrial invention. Great discoveries were made by Bacon's contemporaries, by his immediate successors, and by men of science in every generation which has followed. But the effective application of pure knowledge to the augmentation of man's power over Nature is, I believe, of comparatively recent growth. You may find early examples here and there;

but, broadly speaking, the effect which science has had, and is now having, and in increasing measure is predestined to have, upon the fortunes of mankind, did not declare itself by unmistakable signs until a century and a half or two centuries had passed since the death of the great man who so eloquently proclaimed the approach of the new era.

You may say to me—Grant that all this is true, grant that Bacon, in Cowley's famous metaphor, looked from Pisgah over the Promised Land, but did not enter therein; or, as he said himself, that he sounded the clarion, but joined not in the battle;—what then? Did he do anything for science except make phrases about it? Are we after all so greatly in his debt? I answer that he created, or greatly helped to create, the atmosphere in which scientific discovery flourishes. If you consider how slightly science was in his day esteemed; if you remember the fears of the orthodox, the contempt of the learned, the indifference of the great, the ignorance of the many, you will perhaps agree that no greater work could be performed in its interest than that to which Bacon set his hand. "He entered not the promised land." True; but was it nothing to proclaim in the hearing of an indifferent generation that there *is* a promised land? "He joined not in the battle." True; but was it nothing to blow so loud a call that the notes of his clarion urging men to the fray are still ringing in our ears? Let us not be ungrateful.

This is a theme on which much more could be said, but I am sure that this is not the time to say it. There was a magnificent compliment paid to Bacon's powers of speaking by Ben Jonson—a compliment so magnificent that, in my private conviction, neither Bacon nor any other speaker has ever deserved it. The poet alleges that the chief anxiety of those who heard the orator was lest his oratory should come to an end. This is not praise which in these degenerate days any of us are likely to deserve. But we need not rush into the other extreme: we need not compel our audience to forget all else in their desire that we should promptly sit down. That trial, at all events, I hope to spare you. I will not therefore dwell, as I partly intended, on such tempting subjects as the criticisms passed on Bacon, and I may add, on Bacon's countrymen, by a great metaphysician of the last century. It may be enough to say that if Hegel thought little of Bacon, Bacon had he known Hegel would assuredly have regarded him as displaying the most complete example of what he most detested—the *intellectus sibi permissus*. Assuredly these great men were not made to understand each other: though for us the very magnitude of their differences, by making them incomparable, may allow us to admire both. However this may be, I shall have played my part if I have succeeded in showing reason why all who love science for its own sake, all who "looking with pity on the estate of man," believe that in science is to be found the most powerful engine for its material improvement, should join with this ancient Society in doing honour to the greatest among its members.

BEAUTY, AND THE CRITICISM OF BEAUTY

20. The variations of opinion on the subject of beauty are notorious. Discordant pronouncements are made by different races, different ages, different individuals, the same individual at different times. Nor does it seem possible to devise any scheme by which an authoritative verdict can be extracted from this chaos of contradiction. An appeal, indeed, is sometimes made from the opinion of the vulgar to the decision of persons of "trained sensibility"; and there is no doubt that, as a matter of fact, through the action of those who profess to belong to this class, an orthodox tradition has grown up which may seem at first sight almost to provide some faint approximation to the "objective" standard of which we are in search. Yet it will be evident on consideration that it is not simply on their "trained sensibility" that experts rely in forming their opinion. The ordinary critical estimate of a work of art is the result of a highly complicated set of antecedents, and by no means consists in a simple and naked valuation of the "æsthetic thrill" which the aforesaid work produces in the critic, now and here. If it were so, clearly it could not be of any importance to the art critic when and by whom any particular work of art was produced. Problems of age and questions of authorship would be left entirely to the historian, and the student of the beautiful would, as such, ask himself no question but this: How and why are my æsthetic sensibilities affected by this statue, poem, picture, as it is in itself? or (to put the same thing in a form less open to metaphysical disputation), What would my feelings towards it be if I were totally ignorant of its date, its author, and the circumstances of its production? [1895.]

21. It seems plain that the opinions of critical experts represent, not an objective standard, if such a thing there be, but an historical compromise. The agreement among them, so far as such a thing is to be found, is not due solely to the fact that with their own eyes they all see the same things, and therefore say the same things; it is not wholly the result of a common experience:

it arises in no small measure from their sympathetic endeavours to see as others have seen, to feel as others have felt, to judge as others have judged. This may be, and I suppose is, the fairest way of comparing the merits of deceased artists. But, at the same time, it makes it impossible for us to attach much weight to the assumed consensus of the ages, or to suppose that this, so far as it exists, implies the reality of a standard independent of the varying whims and fancies of individual critics. In truth, however, the consensus of the ages, even about the greatest works of creative genius, is not only in part due to the process of critical manufacture indicated above, but its whole scope and magnitude are absurdly exaggerated in the phrases which pass current on the subject. This is not a question, be it observed, of æsthetic right and wrong, of good taste or bad taste; it is a question of statistics. We are not here concerned with what the mass of mankind, even of educated mankind, ought to feel, but with what as a matter of fact they do feel, about the works of literature and art which they have inherited from the past. And I believe that every impartial observer will admit that, of the æsthetic emotion actually experienced by any generation, the merest fraction is due to the "immortal" productions of the generations which have long preceded it. Their immortality is largely an immortality of libraries and museums; they supply material to critics and historians, rather than enjoyment to mankind; and if it were to be maintained that one music-hall song gives more æsthetic pleasure in a night than the most exquisite compositions of Palestrina in a decade, I know not how the proposition could be refuted.

The ancient Norsemen supposed that besides the soul of the dead, which went to the region of departed spirits, there survived a ghost, haunting, though not for ever, the scenes of his earthly labours. At first vivid and almost life-like, it slowly waned and faded, until at length it vanished, leaving behind it no trace or memory of its spectral presence amidst the throng of living men. So, it seems to me, is the immortality we glibly predicate of departed artists. If they survive at all, it is but a shadowy life they live, moving on through the gradations of slow decay to distant but inevitable death. They can no longer, as heretofore, speak directly to the hearts of their fellow-men, evoking their tears or laughter, and all the pleasures, be they sad or merry, of which imagination holds the secret. Driven from the market-place, they become first the companions of the student, then the victims of the specialist. He who would still hold familiar intercourse with them must train himself to penetrate the veil which, in ever-thickening folds, conceals them from the ordinary gaze; he must

catch the tone of a vanished society, he must move in a circle of alien associations, he must think in a language not his own. Need we, then, wonder that under such conditions the outfit of a critic is as much intellectual as emotional, or that if from off the complex sentiments with which they regard the "immortal legacies of the past" we strip all that is due to interests connected with history, with biography, with critical analysis, with scholarship, and with technique, but a small modicum will, as a rule, remain which can with justice be attributed to pure æsthetic sensibility. [1895.]

22. By whatever means conformity to a particular pattern may have been brought about, those who conform are not, as a rule, conscious of coercion by an external and arbitrary authority. They do not act under penalty; they yield no unwilling obedience. On the contrary, their admiration for a "well-dressed person," *quâ* well-dressed, is at least as genuine an æsthetic approval as any they are in the habit of expressing for other forms of beauty; just as their objection to an out-worn fashion is based on a perfectly genuine æsthetic dislike. They are repelled by the unaccustomed sight, as a reader of discrimination is repelled by turgidity or false pathos. It appears to them ugly, even grotesque, and they turn from it with an aversion as disinterested, as unperturbed by personal or "society" considerations, as if they were critics contemplating the production of some pretender in the region of Great Art. [1895.]

23. It will be convenient to distinguish between the mode in which the public who enjoy, and the artists who produce, respectively promote æsthetic change. That the public are often weary and expectant—weary of what is provided for them, and expectant of some good thing to come—will hardly be denied. Yet I do not think they can be usually credited with the conscious demand for a fresh artistic development. For though they often want some new thing, they do not often want a *new kind* of thing; and, accordingly, it commonly, though not invariably, happens that, when the new thing appears, it is welcomed at first by the few, and only gradually—by the force of fashion and otherwise—conquers the genuine admiration of the many.

The artist, on the other hand, is moved in no small measure by a desire that his work should be his own, no pale reflection of another's methods, but an expression of himself in his own language. He will vary for the better if he can, yet, rather than be conscious of repetition, he will vary for the worse; for vary he must, either in substance or in form, unless he is to be in his

own eyes, not a creator, but an imitator; not an artist, but a copyist. [1895.]

24. That which is beautiful is not the object as we know it to be—the vibrating molecule and the undulating ether—but the object as we know it not to be—glorious with qualities of colour or of sound. Nor can its beauty be supposed to last any longer than the transient reaction between it and our special senses, which are assuredly not permanent or important elements in the constitution of the world in which we live. [1895.]

25. The agreement between critics, in so far as it exists, is to no small extent an agreement in statement and in analysis, rather than an agreement in feeling; they have the same opinion as to the cooking of the dinner, but they by no means all eat it with the same relish. In few cases, indeed, do their estimates of excellence correspond with the living facts of æsthetic emotion as shown either in themselves or in anybody else. Their whole procedure, necessary though it may be for the comparative estimate of the worth of individual artists, unduly conceals the vast and arbitrary[1] changes by which the taste of one generation is divided from that of another. And when we turn from critical tradition to the æsthetic likes and dislikes of men and women; when we leave the admirations which are professed for the emotions which are felt, we find in vast multitudes of cases that these are not connected with the object which happens to excite them by any permanent æsthetic bond at all. Their true determining cause is to be sought in fashion, in that "tendency to agreement" which plays so large and beneficent a part in social economy. [1895.]

[*The remaining extracts under this heading are taken from the "Romanes Lecture," delivered at Oxford University in November,* 1909.]

26. From prehistoric times men have occupied themselves in producing works of Art: since the time of Aristotle they have spent learned energy in commenting on them. How much are we the wiser? What real insight do the commentaries give us into the qualities which produce æsthetic pleasure, or into the marks which distinguish good art from bad?

Any man desirous of obtaining answers to questions like these would naturally turn in the first place to the history of criticism, and if he did so he would certainly be well rewarded. It may be

[1] "Arbitrary," i.e., not due to any causes which point to the existence of objective beauty.

doubted, however, whether the reward would consist in the satisfaction of his curiosity. For in proportion as criticism has endeavoured to establish principles of composition, to lay down laws of Beauty, to fix criterions of excellence, so it seems to me to have failed: its triumphs, and they are great, have been won on a different field. The critics who have dealt most successfully with theory have dealt with it destructively. They have demolished the dogmas of their predecessors, but have advanced few dogmas of their own. So that, after some twenty-three centuries of æsthetic speculation, we are still without any accepted body of æsthetic doctrine.

27. The criticism of music and painting shows the same weaknesses as the criticism of literature. Theory has lagged behind practice; and the procedure of the dead has too often been embodied in rules which serve no other purpose than to embarrass the living.

Criticism, however, of this kind has had its day. It is no longer in demand. The attempt to limit æsthetic expression by rules is seen to be futile. The attempt to find formulæ for the creation of new works of beauty by taking old works of beauty to pieces and noting how they were made is seen to be more futile still. But if these kinds of criticism are obsolete, what is the criticism which now occupies their place?

It is abundant, and, I think, admirable. The modern commentator is concerned rather to point out beauties than to theorise about them. He does not measure merit by rule, nor crowd his pages with judgments based on precedent. His procedure is very different. He takes his reader, as it were, by the hand, wanders with him through some chosen field of Literature or Art, guides him to its fairest scenes, dwells on what he deems to be its beauties, indicates its defects, and invites him to share his pleasures. His commentary on Art is often itself a work of art; he deals with literature in what is in itself literature. And he so uses the apparatus of learned research that the least sympathetic reader, though he need not admire, can scarcely fail to understand the author criticised, the ends he aimed at, the models that swayed him, the conventions within which he worked, the nature of the successes which it was his fortune to achieve.

Of criticism like this we cannot have too much. Yet it has its difficulties; or rather it suggests difficulties which it scarcely attempts to solve. For its æsthetic judgments are, in spite of appearances, for the most part immediate, and, so to speak, intuitive. "Lo, here!" "Lo, there!" "This is good!" "That is less good!" "What subtle charm in this stanza!" "What masterly orchestra-

tion in that symphony!" "What admirable realism!" "What delicate fancy!" The critic tells you what he likes or dislikes. He may even seem to tell you why. But the "why" is really more than a statement of personal preferences. For these preferences he may quote authority. He may classify them. He may frame general propositions about them, which have all the air of embodying critical principles on which particular æsthetic judgments may securely rest. But, in fact, these general propositions only summarise a multitude of separate valuations of æsthetic merit, each of which is either self-sustaining or is worthless.

28. In the case of games, the pleasures which the sympathetic observation of great skill produces in a competent spectator are unaffected by the result; for, beyond itself, true sport has, properly speaking, no result. Victory and defeat are subordinate incidents. The final cause of games is the playing of them. In Art, on the other hand, skill is a means to an end; and if the end be not attained there is apt to arise a certain feeling of dissatisfaction. Dexterous versification which does not result in poetry, admirable brush-work expressing a mean design, may in their degree give pleasure; but it is pleasure marred by the reflection that the purpose for which versification and painting exist has not, in these cases, been accomplished.

However this may be, my contention is that the pleasure given by the contemplation of technical dexterity is æsthetic, and that technical dexterity itself is capable of objective estimation. In games of pure skill it is certainly so. He plays best who wins. The scorer is an infallible critic; and his standard of excellence is as "objective" as any man could desire. In other cases, no doubt, the measure of technical merit may not be so precise. It may be hard, for example, to decide which member of a hunt rides best across country, or which composer shows the greatest mastery of counterpoint and fugue. Yet these also are questions more or less capable of "objective" estimation. The trained critic, be it in the art of riding or in contrapuntal conventions, may, by the application of purely impersonal tests, make a tolerably fair comparison. Familiar with the difficulties which have to be met, he can judge of the success with which they have been surmounted. Basing his estimate, not on feeling but on knowledge, he can measure æsthetic qualities by a scale which is not the less "objective" because it may often be uncertain in its application.

29. When we say that a tune is melodious, or an image sublime, or a scene pathetic, the adjectives may seem to be predi-

cated of these objects, in precisely the same way as redness is predicated of a geranium. But it is not so. As I have already observed, we are merely naming the sentiments they produce, not the qualities by which they produce them. We cannot describe the higher beauties of beautiful objects except in terms of æsthetic feeling—and *ex vi termini* such descriptions are subjective.

It may, however, be admitted that if there were a general agreement about things that are beautiful, only philosophers would disquiet themselves in order to discover in what precisely their beauty consisted. But notoriously there is no such agreement. Difference of race, difference of age, different degrees of culture among men of the same race and the same age, individual idiosyncrasy and collective fashion occasion, or accompany, the widest possible divergence of æsthetic feeling. The same work of art which moves one man to admiration, moves another to disgust; what rouses the enthusiasm of one generation, leaves another hostile or indifferent. These things are undeniable, and are not denied.

30. The unfelt pressure of general opinion produces not merely sham professions, but genuine sentiments. Fashion, whether in clothes or operas, whether in manners or in morals (as I have shown elsewhere), is an influence which, though it may produce some hypocrites, most certainly produces many true believers. And tradition, though infinitely more than mere fashion, is fashion still.

These considerations require us largely to discount the agreement prevalent in current estimates of literature and art. But there is a more important point still to be noted, which yet further diminishes the value of any conclusions which that agreement may seem to support. For we are bound to ask how deep the agreement goes even in the cases where in some measure it may be truly said to exist. Do critics who would approximately agree in their lists of great artists, agree as to the order of their excellence? Do men of "trained sensibility" feel alike in the presence of the same masterpiece? I do not believe it. The mood of admiration aroused by style, by technical skill, by the command of material and instruments, may well form a common ground where competent critics will find themselves in decent agreement. But as the quality of æsthetic emotion rises, as we approach the level where the sentiment of beauty becomes intense, and the passion of admiration incommunicable, there is not—and, I believe, cannot be—any real unanimity of personal valuation. On these high peaks men never wander in crowds: they whose paths

lie close together on the slopes below perforce divide into diminishing companies, as each moves upwards towards his chosen ideals of excellence.

If any man doubt that the agreement among experts is in some degree artificial, and in some degree imaginary, let him turn for a moment from the critics who have created our literary and artistic tradition to the men of genius who have created Literature and Art. No one will deny that they were men of "trained sensibility": no one will maintain that they were agreed. So little, indeed, have they been agreed, that the law of change prevailing through certain important periods of artistic history seems to be based on their disagreement. Successive epochs, which show little difference in other elements of culture, yet often differ vehemently in their æsthetic judgments. Action is followed by reaction. A school, at one moment dominant, gradually decays, and is succeeded by another of sharply contrasted characteristics. The art-producing fields get wearied, as it were, of a crop too often sown; their harvests dwindle; until in the fullness of time a new vegetation, drawing upon fresh sources of nourishment, springs suddenly into vigorous and aggressive life.

31. All that my argument requires is proof that the judgments of great writers and artists, especially when they are untamed by the orthodoxies of tradition, show none of that agreement of which we are in search. Wordsworth on the eighteenth century, Boileau on the sixteenth, Voltaire on Shakespeare, the French romantics on the French classics, the Renaissance on the Middle Ages, are familiar illustrations of the point. And if further evidence be required, note how rarely eminent critics endeavour to lead opinion upon new artistic developments, and how rarely, when they do, they succeed in anticipating the verdict of posterity—so hesitating is their tread, so wandering their course, when they cannot lean on a tried tradition.

32. Music, however, is the art which perhaps most clearly shows how futile is the search for agreement among men of "trained sensibility." It is indeed an art which, I may parenthetically observe, has many peculiar merits as a subject of æsthetic study. It makes no assertions; so its claims on our admiration can have nothing to do with "the True." It serves no purpose; so it raises no question as to the relation between "the beautiful" and "the useful." It copies nothing; so the æsthetic worth of imitation and the proper relation of Art to Nature are problems which it never even suggests. From the endless controversies about Realism, Idealism, and Impressionism, with

which the criticism of other arts has been encumbered, musical criticism is thus happily free: while the immense changes which have revolutionised both the artistic methods and the material resources of the musician—changes without a parallel either in literature, in painting, in sculpture, or even in architecture—have hindered the growth of an orthodox tradition. Music thus occupies in some respects a place apart: but its theoretic importance cannot on that account be ignored. On the contrary, it becomes all the more imperative to remember that no æsthetic principle which fails to apply to it can be other than partial and provincial. It can never claim to be a law governing the whole empire of artistic beauty.

33. What title has the opinion of experts to authority in matters æsthetic? Even if it showed that agreement in which it is so conspicuously lacking, why should men endeavour to mould their feelings into the patterns it prescribes? In the practical affairs of life we follow those who have made a special study of some particular problem, only because they have greater knowledge than ourselves of the relevant facts. But in the region of Æsthetics, what are the relevant facts? If the worth of beauty lie in the emotion which it occasions, special knowledge can only be of importance when it heightens that emotion. It may be a stimulus, but how can it be a guide?

34. Does not the direct appeal made to uncultivated receptivity by what critics would describe as very indifferent art, sometimes produce æsthetic emotion which, measured by its intensity, might be envied by the most delicate connoisseur? Who shall deny that the schoolboy, absorbed in some tale of impossible adventure, incurious about its author, indifferent to its style, interested only in the breathless succession of heroic endeavours and perilous escapes, is happy in the enjoyment of what is Art, and nothing but Art? If to those of riper years and different tastes the art seems poor, does that make it poor? Does such a judgment condemn either writer or reader? Surely not. The writer, to be sure, may be something less than Homer: but the spirit of the reader, simple, credulous, enjoying, is the spirit in which, of old, before criticism was born, some Greek king and his high-born guests listened to the tale of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses.

I do not, of course, either say or think that the pleasures of Art diminish as the knowledge of Art augments. Some loss there commonly is, as men grow old and learned, yet we may hope that in most cases it is compensated a hundred-fold. But it is not

always so. In popular usage the very word "criticism" suggests the detection of faults and the ignoring of merits; in popular esteem the refusal to admire marks the man of taste. This singular view, which suggests the inference that artistic education is an instrument for making men fastidious and preventing them being happy, derives, it may be, some faint support from facts. Are there not persons to be found who have sharpened the delicacy of their æsthetic discrimination to the finest edge, yet take but small pleasure in beauty—who are the oracles of artistic societies, the terror (or perhaps the Providence) of rich collectors, whom no copy can deceive, nor any original delight? Surely the worst taste in the world is better than taste so good as this!

35. There have been in Literature—indeed, I think in all Arts—men of delicate or peculiar genius, whose works make little appeal to the crowd, yet find at intervals through many generations a few devoted lovers. Their names may have an established place in history, and their writings be read for purposes of study or examination. But the number of those who really feel their charm is small. Count them, and they would not in a century equal the audiences which in six months are moved to tears or laughter by some popular play. Which, then, of these two, contributes most to the æsthetic pleasures of the world—the play which, in its brief moment of favour, gives widespread delight, or the poem (if poem it be) which is long remembered but little read?

No one would give his verdict for the play. Yet why not? It is, I suppose, because we rate the delicate pleasure given by the poem as higher in "quality," though it be smaller in "quantity" than the commoner joys supplied wholesale by its rival. And this may be perfectly right. Beyond doubt, there are real distinctions, corresponding to such words as "higher" and "lower," "refined" and "commonplace"; beyond doubt, we cannot regard æsthetic emotion as a homogeneous entity, undifferentiated in quality, simply to be measured as "more" or "less." This makes it hard enough for a man to determine a scale of values which shall honestly represent his own æsthetic experience. But does it not make it absolutely hopeless to find a scale which shall represent, even in the roughest approximation, the experiences of mankind? The task is inherently impossible; and it is made doubly impossible by the difficulty we all find in excluding irrelevant considerations. The thing to be discovered being what men *do* feel, we are always considering what, if their taste was good, they *ought* to feel; what, if they were properly trained, they *would* feel; what it is best for their spiritual well-being that they *should*

feel, and so forth. None of which questions, important and interesting as they are, assist us to discover or to apply a scale of values based merely on the æsthetic emotions actually experienced.

36. For myself I admit that I require a mystical supplement to that strictly critical view of beauty and art with which alone I am now concerned. But nothing is gained by pretending that we have reached the point where the two can be blended in a one harmonious system. So far as I can see, we are not near it. In particular I can find no justification in experience for associating great art with penetrating insight, or good art with good morals. Optimism and pessimism; materialism and spiritualism; theism, pantheism, atheism; morality and immorality; religion and irreligion; lofty resignation and passionate revolt—each and all have inspired or helped to inspire the creators of artistic beauty. It would even (I suppose) be rash confidently to assert that the "everlasting Yea" provides material more easily moulded to the uses of high imagination than the "everlasting Nay"; while it is certain that cheap cynicism and petty spite have supplied the substance of literary achievements which we could ill afford to lose.

37. The result, then, of this concise survey of a great subject is negative. Apart from transcendental metaphysics, I have said enough (in my belief at least) to show that neither considered in themselves, nor in their relation to any wider outlook, can our valuations of beauty claim "objective" validity. We can say of a work of art or a scene in nature—"this moves me"; we may partially distinguish the elements which produce the total result and attempt some estimate of their worth separately as well as in combination; we may compare æsthetic merit in respect of quality as well as quantity, saying, for example, of one thing—"this is great";[1] of another—"this is exquisite"; of a third—"this is merely pretty," and so on. But beyond statements embodying personal valuations like these we can rarely go. We cannot devise a code of criticism. We cannot define the dogmas of æsthetic orthodoxy. We can appeal neither to reason, nor experience, nor authority. Ideals of beauty change from generation to generation. Those who produce works of art disagree; those who comment on works of art disagree; while the multitude, anxious to admire where they "ought," and pathetically reluctant to admire where they "ought not," disagree like their teachers.

38. There are other kinds of feeling which are closely associated with the practical side of life. These always look beyond themselves; if not prompting some action they are always

[1] "Great" in criticism commonly expresses quality, not mere quantity.

on the edge of prompting it. Action is their fitting and characteristic issue. Like the feelings which I have loosely described as contemplative, they are often intrinsically worthless, or worse than worthless. Thus the sentiment of fear, though presumably it has its uses, can never in itself be either agreeable or noble. But some emotions there are belonging to the active class which possess the highest intrinsic value of which we have any knowledge. Such is love—love of God, of country, of family, of friends. These emotions, like those of fear or appetite, will, on fit occasions, inevitably result in deeds; nor can they be considered genuine, if in this respect they fail. But they have an inherent value apart from their practical effects. We cannot measure their worth solely by their external consequences: if we attempt it, we fall inevitably into the gravest error.

The distinction, it should be observed, between these two classes of feelings does not necessarily imply that they are excited by two classes of objects. On the contrary, the same object may, and constantly does, excite feelings of both kinds. The splendours of a tempestuous sunset seen from a sheltered balcony give contemplative delight of a high order. The same spectacle, seen by a footsore traveller across a naked moor, may be only a spur to painful effort. A trumpet heard in a concert-room merely heightens an orchestral effect; heard in camp, it imperiously calls to arms. And (to give one more illustration) wars and revolutions, the struggles of nations and of creeds, are one thing to a man who shares them, quite another to the man who reads of them in history. While history itself is to those who study it for sheer interest in the doings of mankind, an art, and one of the greatest;—to those who study it that they may "learn its lessons," refute a political opponent, or pass a competitive examination, no more than a branch of useful knowledge.

Here, then, we have two great divisions of feelings—the one self-sufficing, contemplative, not looking beyond its own boundaries, nor essentially prompting to any action; the other lying at the root of conduct, always having some external reference, supplying the immediate motive for all the actions of mankind. Of highest value in the contemplative division is the feeling of beauty; of highest value in the active division is the feeling of love.

39. Does the destruction of æsthetic orthodoxy carry with it, as an indirect but inevitable consequence, the diminution of æsthetic values? I think not. And I think not, because no such consequences follow from a like state of things in the great class of feelings which I have described as active or "practical." Love is governed by no abstract principles. It obeys no universal

rules. It knows no objective standard. It is obstinately recalcitrant to logic. Why should we be impatient because we can give no account of the characteristics common to all that is beautiful, when we can give no account of the characteristics common to all that is lovable? It may be easy enough for the sociologist to explain in general terms how necessary it is for the well-being of any community that there should be found among its members a widespread capacity for disinterested affection. And it is not hard to show that, in the general interests, it is highly desirable that this affection should flow, in the main, along certain well-defined channels. It is better, for example, that a man should love his own country and his own family than some one else's country and some one else's family. But though ethical, religious, and utilitarian considerations are thus bound up more closely with our practical emotions than with our contemplative ones, we can make abstraction of them in the one case as in the other. And if we do, will it be found easier to fix a measure of the "lovable" than we have found it to fix a measure of the beautiful? I do not believe it. We talk indeed of some person or some collection of persons possessing qualities which *deserve* our love. And the phrase is not unmeaning. It has, as we have seen, its parallel in the region of æsthetics. But love in its intensest quality does not go by deserts, any more than æsthetic feeling in its intensest quality depends on any measurable excellence. That is for every man most lovable which he most dearly loves. That is for every man most beautiful which he most deeply admires. Nor is this merely a reiteration of the old adage that there is no disputing about tastes. It goes far deeper; for it implies that, in the most important cases of all, a dispute about either love or beauty would not merely be useless; it would be wholly unmeaning.

Let us, then, be content, since we can do no better, that our admirations should be even as our loves. I do not offer this advice as a theory of æsthetics, nor even as a substitute for such a theory. I must repeat, indeed, that, so far as I am concerned, it represents a point of view which is not tolerable, even provisionally, unless there be added to it some mystical reference to first and final causes. This, however, opens a train of thought far outside the scope of the present lecture; far outside the scope of any lecture that I am qualified to deliver. For us, here and now, it must suffice, that however clearly we may recognise the failure of critical theory to establish the "objective" reality of beauty, the failure finds a parallel in other regions of speculation, and that nevertheless, with or without theoretical support, admiration and love are the best and greatest possessions which we have it in our power to enjoy.

BERGSON

[See also "A DEFENCE OF PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT," Extract 85]

[*The extracts under this heading are taken from the article contributed to the "Hibbert Journal," October,* 1911.]

40. With the arguments of "Foundations of Belief" I do not propose to trouble the reader. But it may make clearer what I have to say about "L'Evolution créatrice" if I mention that (among other conclusions) I arrive at the conviction that in accepting science, as we all do, we are moved by "values" not by logic. That if we examine fearlessly the grounds on which judgments about the material world are founded, we shall find that they rest on postulates about which it is equally impossible to say that we can theoretically regard them as self-evident, or practically treat them as doubtful. We can neither prove them nor give them up. "Concede" (I argued) the same philosophic weight to values in departments of speculation which look beyond the material world, and naturalism will have to be abandoned. But the philosophy of science would not lose thereby. On the contrary, an extension of view beyond phenomena diminishes rather than increases the theoretical difficulties with which bare naturalism is beset. It is not by a mere reduction in the area of our beliefs that, in the present state of our knowledge, certainty and consistency are to be reached. Such a reduction could not be justified by philosophy. But, justifiable or not, it would be quite impracticable. "Values" refuse to be ignored.

A scheme of thought so obviously provisional has no claim to be a system, and the question therefore arises—at least, it arises for me—whether the fruitful philosophic labours of the last twenty years have found answers to the problem which I find most perplexing? I cannot pretend to have followed as closely as I should have desired the recent developments of speculation in Britain and America—still less in Germany, France, or Italy. Even were it otherwise, I could not profitably discuss them within the compass of an article. But the invitation to consider from this point of view a work so important as "L'Evolution créatrice," by an author so distinguished as M. Bergson, I have found irresistible.

41. There cannot be a topic which provides a more fitting text for what I have to say in this connection than Freedom. To the idealist, Absolute spirit is free; though when we come to the individual soul I am not sure that its share of freedom amounts (in most systems) to very much. To the naturalistic thinker there is, of course, no Absolute, and no soul. Psychic phenomena are a function of the nervous system. The nervous system is material, and obeys the laws of matter. Its behaviour is as rigidly determined as the planetary orbits, and might be accurately deduced by a being sufficiently endowed with powers of calculation, from the distribution of matter, motion, and force, when the solar system was still nebular. To me, who am neither idealist nor naturalist, freedom is a reality; partly because, on ethical grounds, I am not prepared to give it up; partly because any theory which, like "naturalism," requires reason to be mechanically determined, is (I believe) essentially incoherent; and if we abandon mechanical determinism in the case of reason, it seems absurd to retain it in the case of will; partly because it seems impossible to find room for the self and its psychic states in the interstices of a rigid sequence of material causes and effects. Yet the material sequence is there; the self and its states are there; and I do not pretend to have arrived at a satisfactory view of their reciprocal relations. I keep them both, conscious of their incompatibilities.

A bolder line is taken by M. Bergson, and his point of view, be it right or wrong, is certainly far more interesting. He is not content with refusing to allow mechanical or any other form of determinism to dominate life. He makes freedom the very corner-stone of his system—freedom in its most aggressive shape. Life is free, life is spontaneous, life is incalculable. It is not indeed out of relation to matter, for matter clogs and hampers it. But not by matter is its direction wholly determined, not from matter is its forward impulse derived.

As we know it upon this earth, organic life resembles some great river system, pouring in many channels across the plain. One stream dies away sluggishly in the sand, another loses itself in some inland lake, while a third, more powerful or more fortunate, drives its tortuous and arbitrary windings further and yet further from the snows that gave it birth.

42. M. Bergson objects to teleology only less than to mechanical determinism. And, if I understand him aright, the vital impulse has no goal more definite than that of acquiring an ever fuller volume of free creative activity.

But what in M. Bergson's theory corresponds to the sources of

these multitudinous streams of life? Whence come they? The life we see—the life of plants, of animals, of men—have their origin in the single life which he calls super-consciousness, above matter and beyond it; which divides, like the snow-fields of our simile, into various lines of flow, corresponding to the lines of organic development, described by evolutionary biology. But as the original source of organic life is free, indeterminate, and incalculable, so this quality never utterly disappears from its derivative streams, entangled and thwarted though they be by matter. Life, even the humblest life, does not wholly lose its original birthright, nor does it succumb completely to its mechanical environment.

Now it is evident that if the ultimate reality is this free creative activity, *time* must occupy a position in M. Bergson's philosophy quite other than that which it holds in any of the great metaphysical systems. For in these, time and temporal relation are but elements within an Absolute, itself conceived as timeless; whereas, M. Bergson's Absolute almost resolves itself into time—evolving, as it were, by a free effort, new forms at each instant of a continuous flow. A true account of the Absolute would therefore take the form of history. It would tell us of the Absolute that has been and is, the Absolute "up to date." Of the Absolute that is to be, no account can be given; its essential contingency puts its future beyond the reach of any powers of calculation, even were those powers infinite in their grasp.

Now this view of reality, expounded by its author with a wealth of scientific as well as of philosophical knowledge which must make his writings fascinating and instructive to those who least agree with them, suggests far more questions than it would be possible merely to catalogue, much less to discuss, within the limits of this paper. But there is one aspect of the theory from my point of view of fundamental interest, on which something must be said—I mean the relation of M. Bergson's free creative consciousness to organised life and to unorganised matter—to that physical Universe with which biology, chemistry, and physics are concerned.

43. M. Bergson, while denying that life—will—consciousness, as we know them on this earth of ours, are mere functions of the material organism, does not, as we have seen, deny that they, in a sense, depend on it. They depend on it as a workman depends on a tool. It limits him, though he uses it.

Now the way in which life uses the organism in which it is embodied is by releasing at will the energy which the organism has obtained directly or indirectly from the sun—directly in the

case of plants, indirectly in the case of animals. The plants hoard much but use little. The animals appropriate their savings.

To M. Bergson, therefore, organised life essentially shows itself in the sudden and quasi-explosive release of these accumulations. Indeed, he carries this idea so far as to suggest that any material system which should store energy by arresting its degradation to some lower level,[1] and should produce effects by its sudden liberation, would exhibit something in the nature of life. But this is surely going too far. There are plenty of machines used for manufacturing or domestic purposes which do just this; while in the realm of nature there seems no essential physical distinction between (on the one hand) the storing up of solar radiation by plants and its discharge in muscular action, and (on the other) the slow production of aqueous vapour, and its discharge during a thunderstorm in torrential rain. Yet all would admit that the first is life, while the second is but mechanism.

It is rash to suggest that a thinker like M. Bergson has wrongly emphasised his own doctrines. Yet I venture, with great diffidence, to suggest that the really important point in this part of his theory, the point where his philosophy breaks finally with "mechanism," the point where freedom and indeterminism are really introduced into the world of space and matter, is only indirectly connected with the bare fact that in organic life accumulated energy is released. What is really essential is the *manner* of its release. If the release be effected by pure mechanism, fate still reigns supreme. If, on the other hand, there be anything in the mode of release, however trifling, which could not be exhaustively accounted for by the laws of matter and motion, then freedom gains a foothold in the very citadel of necessity. Make the hair trigger which is to cause the discharge as delicate as you please, yet if it be pulled by forces dependent wholly upon the configuration and energy of the material universe at the moment, you are nothing advanced. Determinism still holds you firmly in its grip. But if there be introduced into the system a new force—in other words, a new creation—though it be far too minute for any instrument to register, then, if it either pull the trigger or direct the explosion, the reality of contingency is established, and our whole conception of the physical world is radically transformed.

This, I conceive, must be M. Bergson's view. But his theory of the relation between life—freedom—will, on the one side, and matter on the other, goes much further than the mere assertion that there is in fact an element of contingency in the movements of

[1] This refers to the second law of thermo-dynamics. It is interesting to observe that M. Bergson regards this as philosophically more important than the first law.

living organisms. For he regards this both as a consequence and as a sign of an effort made by creative will to bring mechanism more and more under the control of freedom. Such efforts have, as biology tells us, often proved abortive. Some successes that have been won have had again to be surrendered. Advance, as in the case of many parasites, has been followed by retrogression. By comparing the molluscs, whose torpid lives have been repeating themselves without sensible variation through all our geological records, with man, in whom is embodied the best we know of consciousness and will, we may measure the success which has so far attended the efforts of super-consciousness in this portion of the Universe.

I say, in this portion of the Universe, because M. Bergson thinks it not only possible but probable that elsewhere in space the struggle between freedom and necessity, between life and matter, may be carried on through the sudden liberation of other forms of energy than those which plants accumulate by forcibly divorcing the oxygen and the carbon atoms combined in our atmosphere. The speculation is interesting, though, from the point of view of science, somewhat hazardous. From the point of view of M. Bergson's metaphysic, however, it is almost a necessity. For his metaphysic, like every metaphysic, aims at embracing all reality; and as the relation between life and matter is an essential part of it, the matter with which he deals cannot be restricted to that which constitutes our negligible fraction of the physical world.

But what, according to his metaphysic, *is* the relation of life, consciousness, in general, to matter in general? His theory of *organic* life cannot stand alone. For it does not get us beyond individual living things, struggling freely, but separately, with their own organisms, with each other, and with the inert mass of the physical world which lies around them. But what the history of all this may be, whence comes individual life, and whence comes matter, and what may be the fundamental relation between the two, this has still to be explained.

And, frankly, the task of explanation for any one less gifted than M. Bergson himself is not an easy one. The first stage, indeed, whether easy or not, is at least familiar. M. Bergson thinks, with other great masters of speculation, that consciousness, life, spirit is the *prius* of all that is, be it physical or mental. But let me repeat that the *prius* is, in his view, no all-inclusive absolute, of which our world, the world evolving in time, is but an aspect or phase. His theory, whatever its subsequent difficulties may be, is less remote from common-sense. For duration with him is, as we have seen, something pre-eminently real. It is

not to be separated from the creative consciousness. It is no abstract emptiness, filled up by successive happenings, placed (as it were) end to end. It must rather be regarded as an agent in that continuous process of free creation which is life itself.

Since, then, consciousness and matter are not to be regarded as entities of independent origin, ranged against one another from eternity, like the good and evil principles of Zoroaster, what is the relation between them? If I understand M. Bergson aright, matter must be regarded as a by-product of the evolutionary process. The primordial consciousness falls, as it were, asunder. On the one side it rises to an ever fuller measure of creative freedom; on the other, it lapses into matter, determinism, mechanical adjustment, space. Space with him, therefore, is not, as with most other philosophers, a correlative of Time. It has not the same rank (whatever that may be) in the hierarchy of being. For, while Time is of the essential of primordial activity, Space is but the limiting term of those material elements which are no more than its backwash.

I do not, of course, for a moment delude myself into the belief that I have made these high speculations clear and easy. The reader, justly incensed by my rendering of M. Bergson's doctrine, must find his remedy in M. Bergson's own admirable exposition. I may, however, have done enough to enable me to make intelligible certain difficulties which press upon me, and may, perhaps, press also upon others.

44. M. Bergson holds that events which, because they are contingent, even infinite powers of calculation could not foresee, may yet be accounted for, even by our very modest powers of thought, after they have occurred. I own this somewhat surprises me. And my difficulty is increased by the reflection that free consciousness pursues no final end, it follows no predetermined design. It struggles, it expends itself in effort, it stretches ever towards completer freedom, but it has no plans.

45. Of primordial consciousness, however, we know neither the objects nor the opportunities. It follows no designs, it obeys no laws. The sort of explanation, therefore, which satisfies us when we are dealing with one of its organic embodiments, seems hard of attainment in the case of primordial consciousness itself. I cannot, at least, persuade myself that M. Bergson has attained it. Why should free consciousness first produce, and then, as it were, shed, mechanically determined matter? Why, having done so, should it set to work to permeate this same matter with contingency? Why should it allow itself to be split up by matter

into separate individualities? Why, in short, should it ever have engaged in that long and doubtful battle between freedom and necessity which we call organic evolution?

46. Yet fully granting that, in the present state of our knowledge, every metaphysic must be defective, we cannot accept any particular metaphysic without some grounds of belief, be they speculative, empirical, or practical; and the question therefore arises—On what grounds are we asked to accept the metaphysic of M. Bergson?

This brings us to what is perhaps the most suggestive, and is certainly the most difficult, portion of his whole doctrine—I mean his theory of knowledge. The magnitude of that difficulty will be at once realised when I say that in M. Bergson's view not reason, but instinct, brings us into the closest touch, the directest relation with what is most real in the Universe. For reason is at home, not with life and freedom, but with matter, mechanism, and space—the waste products of the creative impulse. We need not wonder, then, that reason should feel at home in the realm of matter; that it should successfully cut up the undivided flow of material change into particular sequences which are repeated, or are capable of repetition, and which exemplify "natural laws"; that it should manipulate long trains of abstract mathematical inference, and find that their remotest conclusion fits closely to observed fact. For matter and reason own, according to M. Bergson, a common origin; and the second was evolved in order that we might cope successfully with the first.

Instinct, which finds its greatest development among bees and ants, though incomparably inferior to reason in its range, is yet in touch with a higher order of truth, for it is in touch with life itself. In the perennial struggle between freedom and necessity which began when life first sought to introduce contingency into matter, everything, it seems, could not be carried along the same line of advance. Super-consciousness was like an army suddenly involved in a new and difficult country. If the infantry took one route, the artillery must travel by another. The powers of creation would have been overtasked had it been attempted to develop the instinct of the bee along the same evolutionary track as the reason of the man. But man is not, therefore, wholly without instinct, nor does he completely lack the powers of directly apprehending life. In rare moments of tension, when his whole being is wound up for action, when memory seems fused with will and desire into a single impulse to *do*,—*then* he knows freedom, *then* he touches reality, *then* he consciously sweeps along with the advancing wave of Time, which, as it moves, creates.

However obscure to reflective thought such mystic utterances may seem, many will read them with a secret sympathy. But, from the point of view occupied by M. Bergson's own philosophy, do they not suggest questions of difficulty? How comes it that if instinct be the appropriate organ for apprehending free reality, bees and ants, whose range of freedom is so small, should have so much of it? How comes it that man, the freest animal of them all, should specially delight himself in the exercise of reason, the faculty brought into existence to deal with matter and necessity? M. Bergson is quite aware of the paradox, but does he anywhere fully explain it?

This is, however, comparatively speaking, a small matter. The difficulties which many will find in the system, as I have just described it, lie deeper. Their first inclination will be to regard it as a fantastic construction, in many parts difficult of comprehension, in no part capable of proof. They will attach no evidential value to the unverified visions attributed to the Hymenoptera, and little to the flashes of illumination enjoyed by man. The whole scheme will seem to them arbitrary and unreal, owing more to poetical imagination than to scientific knowledge or philosophic insight.

Such a judgment would certainly be wrong; and if made at all, will, I fear, be due in no small measure to my imperfect summary. The difficulties of such a summary are indeed very great, not through the defects, but the merits, of the author summarised. The original picture is so rich in suggestive detail that adequate reproduction on a smaller scale is barely possible. Moreover, M. Bergson's "Evolution créatrice" is not merely a philosophic treatise, it has all the charms and all the audacities of a work of Art, and as such defies adequate reproduction. Yet let no man regard it as an unsubstantial vision. One of its peculiarities is the intimate, and, at first sight, the singular, mingling of minute scientific statement with the boldest metaphysical speculation. This is not accidental; it is of the essence of M. Bergson's method. For his metaphysic may, in a sense, be called empirical. It is no *a priori* construction, any more than it is a branch of physics or biology. It is a philosophy, but a philosophy which never wearies in its appeals to concrete science.

47. Even the most abstruse and subtle parts of his system make appeal to natural science. Consider, for example, the sharp distinction which he draws between the operations of mechanism and reason on the one side, creation and instinct on the other. Reason, analysing some very complex organ like the eye and its complementary nervous structure, perceives that it is compounded

of innumerable minute elements, each of which requires the nicest adjustment if it is to serve its purpose, and all of which are mutually interdependent. It tries to imagine external and mechanical methods by which this intricate puzzle could have been put together—e.g. selection out of chance variations. In M. Bergson's opinion, all such theories—true, no doubt, as far as they go—are inadequate. He supplements or replaces them by quite a different view. From the external and mechanical standpoint necessarily adopted by reason, the complexity seems infinite, the task of co-ordination impossible. But looked at from the inside, from the position which creation occupies and instinct comprehends, there is no such complexity and no such difficulty. Observe how certain kinds of wasp, when paralysing their victim, show a knowledge of anatomy which no morphologist could surpass, and a skill which few surgeons could equal. Are we to suppose these dexterities to be the result of innumerable experiments somehow bred into the race? Or are we to suppose it the result, e.g., of natural selection working upon minute variation? Or are we to suppose it due to some important mutation? No, says M. Bergson; none of these explanations, nor any like them, are admissible. If the problem was one of mechanism, if it were as complicated as reason, contemplating it from without, necessarily supposes, then it would be insoluble. But to the wasp it is not insoluble; for the wasp looks at it from within, and is in touch, through instinct, with life itself.

This enumeration is far from exhausting the biological arguments which M. Bergson draws from his ample stores in favour of his views on the beginnings of organic life. Yet I cannot feel that even he succeeds in quarrying out of natural science foundations strong enough to support the full weight of his metaphysic. Even if it be granted (and by naturalistic thinkers it will not be granted) that life always carries with it a trace of freedom or contingency, and that this grows greater as organisms develop, why should we therefore suppose that life existed before its first humble beginnings on this earth, why should we call in superconsciousness? M. Bergson regards matter as the dam which keeps back the rush of life. Organise it a little (as in the Protozoa)—i.e. slightly raise the sluice—and a little life will squeeze through. Organise it elaborately (as in man)—i.e. raise the sluice a good deal—and much life will squeeze through. Now this may be a very plausible opinion if the flood of life be really there, beating against matter till it forces an entry through the narrow slit of undifferentiated protoplasm. But is it there? Science, modestly professing ignorance, can stumble along without it; and I

question whether philosophy, with only scientific data to work upon, can establish its reality.

In truth, when we consider the manner in which M. Bergson uses his science to support his metaphysic, we are reminded of the familiar theistic argument from design, save that most of the design is left out.

48. What has happened before may happen again. The apparently inexplicable may find an explanation within the narrowest limits of natural science. Mechanism may be equal to playing the part which a spiritual philosophy had assigned to consciousness. When, therefore, M. Bergson tells us that the appearance of an organ so peculiar as the eye in lines of evolution so widely separated as the molluscs and the vertebrates implies not only a common ancestral origin, but a common *pre*-ancestral origin; or when he points out how hard it is to account for certain most complicated cases of adaptation by any known theory of heredity, we may admit the difficulty, yet hesitate to accept the solution. We feel the peril of basing our beliefs upon a kind of ignorance which may at any moment be diminished or removed.

Now, I do not suggest that M. Bergson's system, looked at as a whole, suffers from this kind of weakness. On the contrary, I think that if the implications of his system be carefully studied, it will be seen that he draws support from sources of a very different kind, and in particular from two which *must* be drawn upon (as I think) if the inadequacy of naturalism is to be fully revealed.

The first is the theory of knowledge. If naturalism be accepted, then our whole apparatus for arriving at truth, all the beliefs in which that truth is embodied, reason, instinct, and their legitimate results, are the product of irrational forces. If they are the product of irrational forces, whence comes their authority? If to this it be replied that the principles of evolution, which naturalism accepts from science, would tend to produce faculties adapted to the discovery of truth, I reply, in the first place, that this is no solution of the difficulty, and wholly fails to extricate us from the logical circle. I reply, in the second place, that the only faculties which evolution, acting through natural selection, would tend to produce, are those which enable individuals, or herds, or societies to survive. Speculative capacity—the capacity, for example, to frame a naturalistic theory of the Universe—if we have it at all, must be a by-product. What nature is really concerned with is that we should eat, breed, and bring up our young. The rest is accident.

Now M. Bergson does not directly interest himself in this

negative argument, on which I have dwelt elsewhere. But I think his whole constructive theory of reason and instinct is really based on the impossibility of accepting blind mechanism as the source—the efficient cause—of all our knowledge of reality. His theory is difficult. I am not sure that I am competent either to explain or to criticise it. But it seems to me clear that, great as is the width of scientific detail with which it is illustrated and enforced, its foundations lie far deeper than the natural sciences can dig.

But it is not only in his theory of knowledge that he shows himself to be moved by considerations with which science has nothing to do. Though the point is not explicitly pressed, it is plain that he takes account of "values," and is content with no philosophy which wholly ignores them. Were it otherwise, could he speak as he does of "freedom," of "creative will," of the "joy" (as distinguished from the pleasure) which fittingly accompanies it? Could he represent the Universe as the battle-ground between the opposing forces of freedom and necessity? Could he look on matter as "the enemy"? Could he regard mechanism, determinateness, all that matter stands for, as not merely in process of subjugation, but as things that *ought* to be subdued by the penetrating energies of free consciousness?

This quasi-ethical ideal is infinitely removed from pure naturalism. It is almost as far removed from any ideal which could be manufactured out of empirical science alone, even granting what naturalism refuses to grant, that organised life exhibits traces of contingency. M. Bergson, if I correctly read his mind, refuses—I think, rightly refuses—to tolerate conceptions so ruinous to "values" as these must inevitably prove. But can his own conception of the universe stand where he has placed it? By introducing creative will behind development, he has no doubt profoundly modified the whole evolutionary drama. Matter and mechanism have lost their pride of place. Consciousness has replaced them. The change seems great; nay, it is great. But if things remain exactly where M. Bergson leaves them, is the substantial difference so important as we might at first suppose? What is it that consciousness strives for? What does it accomplish? It strives to penetrate matter with contingency. Why, I do not know. But concede the worth of the enterprise. What measure of success can it possibly attain? A certain number of organic molecules develop into more or less plastic instruments of consciousness and will; consciousness and will, thus armed, inflict a few trifling scratches on the outer crust of our world, and perhaps of worlds elsewhere; but the huge mass of matter remains, and must remain, what it has always been—the undisputed realm of lifeless determinism. Freedom,

when all has happened that can happen, creeps humbly on its fringe.

I suggest, with great respect, that in so far as M. Bergson has devised his imposing scheme of metaphysic in order to avoid the impotent conclusions of Naturalism, he has done well. As the reader knows, I most earnestly insist that no philosophy can at present be other than provisional; and that, in framing a provisional philosophy, "values" may be, and must be, taken into account. My complaint, if I have one, is not that M. Bergson goes too far in this direction, but that he does not go far enough. He somewhat mars his scheme by what is, from *this* point of view, too hesitating and uncertain a treatment.

It is true that he has left naturalism far behind. His theory of a primordial super-consciousness, not less than his theory of freedom, separates him from this school of thought as decisively as his theory of duration, with its corollary of an ever-growing and developing reality, divides him from the great idealists. It is true also that, according to my view, his metaphysic is religious: since I deem the important philosophic distinction between religious and non-religious metaphysic to be that God, or whatever in the system corresponds to God, does in the former *take sides* in a moving drama, while, with more consistency, but far less truth, he is, in the non-religious system, represented as indifferently related to all the multiplicity of which he constitutes the unity.

Now, M. Bergson's super-consciousness does certainly take sides, and, as we have seen, his system suffers to the full from the familiar difficulty to which, in one shape or another, all religious systems (as defined) are liable, namely, that the evils or the defects against which the Creator is waging war are evils and defects in a world of His own creating. But as M. Bergson has gone thus far in opposition both to naturalistic and to metaphysical orthodoxies, would not his scheme gain if he went yet further? Are there no other "values" which he would do well to consider? His super-consciousness has already some quasi-æsthetic and quasi-moral qualities. We must attribute to it joy in full creative effort, and a corresponding alienation from those branches of the evolutionary stem which, preferring ease to risk and effort, have remained stationary, or even descended, in the organic scale. It may be that other values are difficult to include in his scheme, especially if he too rigorously banishes teleology. But why should he banish teleology? In his philosophy super-consciousness is so indeterminate that it is not permitted to hamper itself with any purpose more definite than that of self-augmentation. It is ignorant not only of its course but *of its* goal;

and for the sufficient reason that, in M. Bergson's view, these things are not only unknown, but unknowable. But is there not a certain incongruity between the substance of such a philosophy and the sentiments associated with it by its author? Creation, freedom, will—these doubtless are great things; but we cannot lastingly admire them unless we know their drift. We cannot, I submit, rest satisfied with what differs so little from the haphazard; joy is no fitting consequent of efforts which are so nearly aimless. If values are to be taken into account, it is surely better to invoke God with a purpose than supra-consciousness with none.

Yet these deficiencies, if deficiencies they be, do little to diminish the debt of gratitude we owe to M. Bergson. Apart altogether from his admirable criticisms, his psychological insight, his charms of style, there is permanent value in his theories. And those who, like myself, find little satisfaction in the all-inclusive unification of the idealist systems, who cannot, either on rational or any other grounds, accept naturalism as a creed, will always turn with interest and admiration to this brilliant experiment in philosophic construction, so far removed from both.

BERKELEY

[*The extracts under this heading are taken from the article "Bishop Berkeley's Life and Letters," contributed to the "National Review," March and April,* 1883.]

49. Berkeley's chief title to fame must always rest on his philosophy. It is as a descendant in the true line of succession from Locke to the modern schools of thought, which are either a development of Locke's principles or a reaction against that development, that he is, and that he deserves to be, chiefly remembered. Yet his life and character had for his contemporaries, and may have for us, an interest quite apart from the details of metaphysical discussion. We may look at him, as they looked at him, not principally as the successor of Locke and the predecessor of Hume, as the almost impersonal author of a subtle philosophical theory, but as the worthy associate of the men who rendered the first fifty years of the eighteenth century illustrious in English literature, as an Irish patriot, as an American philanthropist, as a religious controversialist, as a man of delightful character and converse, simple, devoted, and unworldly. Though it be true, therefore, that—philosophy apart—Berkeley effected little; though he did not write enough to rank in the first class among men of letters, nor perform enough to be counted a successful man of action; though he was neither a great social power, nor a great missionary, nor a great ecclesiastic, it is also true that scarce any man of his generation touched contemporary life at so many points. In reading his not very voluminous works we find ourselves not only in the thick of every great controversy —theological, mathematical, and philosophical—which raged in England during the first half of the eighteenth century, but we get glimpses of life in the most diverse conditions; in the seclusion of Trinity College, Dublin, in the best literary and fashionable society in London, among the prosperous colonists of Rhode Island, among the very far from prosperous peasants and squireens of Cork. And all this in the company of a man endowed with the subtlest of intellects, lit up with a humour the most delicate and urbane.

50. It must never be forgotten that, in his opposition to the new ideas, he did not represent the age that was going out,

but (though in a peculiar manner) the age that was coming in. He was not engaged in the last desperate stand made along the old lines, with the old argumentative weapons, against invading innovations. In so far as he opposed the new conclusions, it was in the spirit of the new premises. If he attacked Locke, it was not as a disciple of the schoolmen. If he criticised Newton, it was not as a disciple of Descartes. And, though his orthodoxy was beyond suspicion, we may look through his theological writings in vain for that learned discussion of dogmatic subtleties which was dear to the seventeenth century, of which his own contemporaries produced more than one admirable example, but which was on the whole alien to the taste of the eighteenth century, whether believing or sceptical, whether lay or clerical. It would be a more natural, but not a less important error, to suppose that Berkeley's habits of thought[1] anticipated something of the spirit of the nineteenth century. He is, as every one knows, an "idealist"; and it might be concluded that his speculations had something of the imaginative vagueness which characterised the idealistic reaction against the shallow rationalism of the pre-revolutionary period. But it is not so. Berkeley emphatically belonged to his age. The same impatience of authority in matters of speculation, the same passion for clearness and simplicity, the same dislike of what was either pedantic on the one side or rhetorical on the other, the same desire to clothe his thoughts in an agreeable literary dress, is found in him as in any French philosopher who undertook to acquaint admiring *salons* with the latest phases in the emancipation of reason. His creed, indeed, was different, as were his aims, but he belonged to the same century, intellectually as well as chronologically.

51. Philosophy is nearly as likely to be done well in early as in later life. It needs neither profound knowledge of human nature, nor that superficial acquaintance with the ways of mankind which goes by the name of "knowledge of the world." It is wholly independent of experience, and nearly independent even of book learning. It scarcely requires, therefore, for its successful cultivation any of the accomplishments for the full development of which Time is a necessary condition. What it demands from its successful votaries is the instinct which tells them where, along the line of contemporary speculation, that point is to be found from which the next advance may best be made, and that speculative faculty which is as much a natural gift as an aptitude for mathematics or a genius for poetry. Should they lack the first of these requisites, they will be left, whatever their

[1] From all these remarks I exclude the "Siris," the work of his last years.

ability, like Berkeley's contemporaries, Clarke and Malebranche, out of the main current of thought in a kind of philosophical back-water; should they lack the second, they have made a mistake as to their true calling, which neither industry nor learning will do anything to remedy. Berkeley possessed both gifts. We need not wonder, therefore, that like many other philosophers—like Hume, Fichte, Schelling, and Schopenhauer—he produced valuable original work at an early age. That he produced so little in his maturer years is doubtless due in part to temperament, and to the distractions of an unsettled and wandering life; but it must also be largely attributed to the almost total absence of intelligent criticism, either from friends or foes, under which Berkeley suffered throughout the whole period during which such criticism might have roused him to make some serious effort to develop or to defend the work of his youth.

52. Berkeley's early work is distinguished not only by the admirable qualities of originality, lucidity, and subtlety, but by a less excellent characteristic, which I can only describe as a certain *thinness* of treatment. At the time when he produced these immortal speculations he had read little, and felt little. No experience of the weary entanglement of concrete facts had yet suggested to him that a perfect solution of the problem of the universe is beyond our reach. He easily exaggerated, therefore, the scope of his discovery, and his youthful self-confidence found no difficulty in believing that, by a simple correction in our theory of perception, all puzzles would be unravelled and all mysteries made plain. Very different was his attitude of mind when, richer by thirty years of experience and study, he gave to the world the fragments of his later Philosophy; and the difference is perceptible on the most cursory comparison of his works at the two dates.

THE BIBLE

53. It is unnecessary—it is almost an empty form—to argue to such an assembly as this the benefit which religion is to mankind, and the benefit which the Bible is to religion. Those are the commonplaces of the creed, probably, I should imagine, of every man and every woman whom I am addressing here to-day. But we have to remember that that is not the universal view even of those who are in no sense to be described as hostile to the religion which we profess, and I should like for a moment —it will only be for a moment—to imagine myself addressing an audience not composed like the present one, but composed of persons differing in many important particulars from those to whom I speak at the present moment. Supposing my objector were to say: This Society, whose philanthropic objects are not to be doubted, whose enthusiasm and whose growth are shown by the magnitude of its work, was founded under very different conditions from those which prevail at the present time. It was founded a hundred years ago, at a period when it can hardly be said that the religion and civilisation of Europe had really come into direct, permanent, political, dominant intercourse with the great literary religions of the world. Missionary effort, I suppose, in the eighteenth century chiefly had in view the uncivilised aborigines of America. China was then a field for missionary enterprise which hardly came within the European ken, in the sense in which it has at the present time; and India was a field for more or less successful commercial speculation and incipient conquest. Since then (the imaginary objector may say) you have had to deal with great religions going back into a past far antecedent to the Christian era, with a literature of their own, with a philosophy of their own, with a very learned, and, in some cases, a very cultivated priesthood, and with systems of metaphysics which rival, if they do not surpass in their subtlety, the systems that have prevailed in the West. How do you expect that any great effect is to be produced upon these religions by the mere distribution of the Old and New Testaments?

Well, this is really more a missionary problem connected with the propagation of the Bible over the areas to which I am alluding, and it is a problem to which, I feel convinced, those who have to deal with missionary effort are devoting their minds. I think we have to realise, and I am sure the leaders of missionary effort more and more do realise, that you must have differentiation and division of labour in these cases as you have in other departments of activity, and that a different kind of culture, a different kind of training, is required for those missionaries who have to deal with the ancient literary and cultivated religions of which I have been speaking, than for those whose efforts may be exerted, and are most fruitful among the less advanced and more savage tribes of America or of Africa.

But perhaps my imaginary objector would raise another point. He would say: If you put yourselves back into the position of the founders of this Society, they started their efforts at a time when Biblical criticism was in its infancy. In the hundred years which have elapsed since, within half a mile of where I am speaking, this Society came to birth, our col-

lection of sacred books has been subjected to an examination so minute, to a criticism so learned, to such a comparison with other literatures of similar dates, that no doubt the scholar of to-day looks at the Bible in a somewhat different setting from that in which a scholar of 1804 did, or could, look at it. And my critic would ask: Does not this, in some respects, chill your enthusiasm? Does not this diminish the ardour with which you desire to spread the knowledge of the Bible?

I think the fact is to be admitted; the conclusion is to be repudiated with all the strength that we possess. In my view—whatever that view may be worth—the ever-increasing knowledge which we have not only of Israel, but of all the nations who influenced or were influenced by the Jewish people, our knowledge of the texts, our studies in the history of the Roman Empire immediately subsequent to the beginning of the Christian era, these things, so far from rendering the Bible less valuable to us or less interesting to us from a religious point of view, greatly augment in every respect the value which it must have for an educated community. These researches make it far more a living record of the Revelation of God to mankind than it ever was or ever could be to those who, from the nature of the case, had no adequate conception of the circumstances under which that Revelation occurred, or the peoples to whom it was revealed. And I most truly think that not only is the Bible now, what it has always been to the unlearned, a source of consolation, of hope, of instruction, but it is to those who are more learned—but not probably nearer the kingdom of heaven—it is to them augmented in interest, and not diminished, a more valuable source of spiritual life now than it could ever have been in the precritical days. [1903.]

ROBERT BURNS

54. It is a singular fact that within a comparatively brief number of months I have had my attention directed to no less than four ceremonials connected with great literary men, and all these men were Scotchmen. There was the Burns celebration of last July; there was the most interesting ceremony which took place in London, at which I was present, in which the memory of Carlyle was the subject dealt with, in connection with the acquisition of the house in which he lived, in perpetual memory of the work which he did for literature; there was the Stevenson meeting in Glasgow—at which, unluckily, I could not be present, although I earnestly desired to be; and there was the meeting connected with the memorial put up to Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey, a meeting in which I had the great honour of taking part. Now these four men whose names have thus within a very brief space come up in this public manner for public recognition before different audiences in the United Kingdom, were, as I have said, all Scotchmen, were in a manner all men who were not only Scotchmen by birth, but Scotchmen to the core—by training, by education, by love of their country. I do not suppose that four such men of common origin, and in a sense of common training, I do not suppose that four more different geniuses could be found in the literature of any other country.

Of all these four men without doubt the one who I will not say is the greatest—for these comparisons are impossible—but the one who is nearest to the hearts of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen is Robert Burns. . . . Of the four great Scotchmen thus recently celebrated, all of whom wrote and lived within little more than the last hundred years, Burns, the first in time of the four, is the one who at this moment holds the first place in the hearts of the great mass of Scotchmen. I suppose that if we all set to work to account for this phenomenon we should find that like most other phenomena more than one cause contributes to it. It seems to me, indeed, that not only does Robert Burns hold a peculiar and unique position in the minds of Scotchmen, and among Scotchmen of letters, but that he holds a unique position, so far as I understand the matter, if we survey the whole field of modern literature; for I know no other case—I do not speak dogmatically upon the point—I do not recall any other case in which we can say with the same confidence that a poet has occupied a place, and a great place, in universal literature, and that he is also the daily companion of hundreds of thousands of men and women who cannot be described as belonging to a class who make an occupation of literary study. I imagine that this unique fact, if unique fact it be, is in part due to the circumstance that Burns dealt so largely with those great elementary feelings, passions, and experiences which are common to every human being, whether he be literary or whether he be not literary, whatever his occupation in life may be, whatever be the labours which engross his time. For his best poems after all—not all his poems, but the bulk of his best poems—deal with such things as love and friend-

ship, the joys of family life, the sorrows of parting—all things which come within the circle of our daily experience. And he dealt with them simply as they are, in a manner which comes home to every man and every woman, which readily falls in with, which readily echoes, their own intimate sense of reality, which speaks to them, therefore, in tones of sympathy and of consolation, and which is present with them in all the experiences of their daily life. And while this is the character of the subjects of which Burns treated, he treated them at a time and in a manner which gives him an absolutely unique position in the development of British literature, for he was unconscious of his mission—he was unconscious of the great work which he was to initiate and foreshadow. He was the first of those great revolutionary writers—revolutionary I mean in the literary sense of the word—who made the early years of the present century so rich in instruction and so rich in genius. He was the precursor of Wordsworth and Scott, of Byron, Shelley, and Keats: but while he was their precursor, while he heralded this great change in the literary fashions of his country, he spoke in tones which have deeply sunk into the popular mind, which appeal to people to whom the names of Wordsworth and Shelley, of Byron and Keats are names, but little else.

I suppose I ought to add, in estimating this double quality of Burns' fame—I mean the popular quality and the universal literary quality—one fact which is obvious enough, but which has doubtless had its influence—namely, that he wrote in our Scotch vernacular. Now, it is necessary in a poet who is to occupy the position which Burns occupied among his countrymen, that he should speak the language of his countrymen; it is necessary that every man should feel not that he is reading a mere literary construction, but that the words which the poet uses are familiar words which he immediately understands, and which carry with them a wealth of association without which poetry is but a vague and empty sound. But the misfortune of popular poets has often been that while they spoke the vernacular of their country, this vernacular was so restricted in its area that the great literary heart, the great literary world which is confined to no country and to no people, was incapable of appreciating what they said, except through the imperfect medium of translation; and, as we all know, translation, however admirable, and however excellent, and however painstaking, never has preserved, never can, and never will, preserve, the inmost life and essence of the work of art with which it deals. The fate of Robert Burns, however, was happier than the fate of those of whom I speak, for though he spoke and wrote in our Scotch vernacular, that vernacular is itself but a form of the great language which is now the birth-tongue of more people born into the world than any other literary language whatever. But while appealing, therefore, as only one writing the Scotch vernacular could appeal to the mind and feelings of Scotchmen, the great mass of the English-speaking world do not feel towards him as a foreigner must feel towards a language which he has not spoken from his youth. Rather do they feel, though here and there there may be words which are strange to them, that the language is after all the language of their own childhood, and they can cherish Robert Burns as a poet of their own language, a poet speaking their own tongue. One other cause may perhaps have done something to add to the universal character and world-wide fame which our poet enjoys, and seems likely in ever-increasing measure to enjoy in the future. That cause is that in every part of the world you will find Scotchmen, and that wherever you do find Scotchmen you will find people who are making their presence felt in the communities in which they live. And, wherever you find a Scotchman, you will, I am glad to think, also find people who are by no means

prepared to allow a careless or unthinking world to forget the glories of their native land. Therefore it is that the fame of Burns has spread wherever Scotchmen have spread, and that there is a kind and degree of worship paid to his genius such as I believe is paid to the genius of no other poet of any kind or of any country. [1897.]

CHRISTIANITY

[See also "POSITIVISM," and "SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY."]

55. The history of the Christian Church for all these hundreds of years has been too much a history of perpetual divisions not to give occasion to every Christian man to rejoice when we have, as an almost unique case, to chronicle and rejoice over a change which is not in the direction of division but of union. I am not one of those who think it possible, or even desirable, that there should be one single ecclesiastical polity, one single form of ritual, governing and prevalent throughout the whole of Christendom. That was, indeed, the ideal of many great men in past times, just as they entertained the ideal of a great single empire, in which all Christian nations should be embraced. We know that this latter ideal is but a dream and a vision, though a noble one; and I fear, or at least I am driven to conclude, that the other ideal is probably not one which we, as reasonable men, can hope to see accomplished.

But there is a unity which we can strive for—there is a unity which, I believe, can be reached; and it is because I regard this as a step in the direction of that unity—so far as Scotland is concerned, a great step; so far as Christendom at large is concerned, an important step—that I am here among you to express our rejoicings to-night. No doubt as the differences between nations, and the constitutions and forms of government of different nations, give room for flexibility, for individual development, for variety which may, and is, I believe, on the whole a gain to civilisation—so it may be that some degree of division and difference in the polity and ritual of the Christian Church, of the universal and catholic Church, may be desirable or may be necessary: but surely up to the present time we have bought those advantages at too high a price. If it had not been for the divisions in Christendom, the Crescent would not now be floating over Constantinople. If it had not been that that calamity was due to the division between East and West—had it not been for the later divisions, which we may roughly call the divisions between North and South, how many bloody wars would have been avoided, how much bitterness of spirit, how much narrowness and loss on both sides, how much imperilling of Christian charity, how much embittering of theological discussion!

I admit, I freely and gladly acknowledge, that of late years—even, I think, within my own lifetime—I have seen a far greater increase of charity between different denominations, a much greater desire to work harmoniously for common ends, much less jealousy, much less bitterness. But even now, with all this improvement that has gone on, how much we lose by the division of Christendom. There is infinite waste of material resources—material resources none too great, as all my friends on this platform know, to help the Churches to carry out the great work entrusted to them. There is not only great waste of material resources, there is inevitable friction and jealousy—that friction and jealousy which seem absolutely inseparable from divided organisation, even if behind that

organisation there be no deep-seated or substantial division of opinion. And in addition to those two great disadvantages of which I have spoken, there is the disadvantage that the ground of division between different denominations is always, and necessarily and by the very nature of the case, exaggerated out of all proportion to its real importance. These dividing frontiers, these dividing lines between different denominations are like the frontier separating two co-terminous but hostile States, and, as you see in the case of these two States, one fortress frowning against another fortress on the opposite side of the frontier, so do you see one definition of dogma erected into a great barrier on the right, and another and an opposite definition of dogma erected into a great barrier on the left; and it is to these great and costly fortresses that the attention of the two States is directed, forgetting that both States have interests which are not hostile interests, that they have common interests of civilisation and production in which each will gain by everything which the other is able to produce and to do.

We know by what course of history this unhappy state of things has been brought about. I fear that in all periods, in all ages of ecclesiastical history, theologians have been too much given to these hostile definitions. But certainly the period of Church history in which this passion for definition raged with the most uncontrollable and the most disastrous force was in that great period of religious awakening, otherwise so glorious and so beneficial, which we know in broad outline as the period of the Reformation. There appears to have been an absolute determination in theologians of every country and of every denomination—Lutheran, Calvinist, Romanist, Anglican—you may go through the whole list—and you will find that one and all, agreeing in nothing else, have agreed in this, that there should be no such thing as an open question among Christian men. These symbols of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are masterpieces of accurate and refined definitions. They are witnesses certainly to the ability, and, I well believe, to the earnestness and the piety of the great theologians of all schools who framed them. But they have been a source of bitter division among men who ought to have been agreed, and—the worst thing they have done—they have brought into prominence matters of division between Christian men which were as nothing, as mere dust in the balance, compared with those great truths upon which all Christian men are agreed. [1901.]

56. Do not suppose I am an advocate for that colourless thing known as an undenominational creed—a creed, as I understand those who desire it, which shall be framed by excluding from the beliefs of a certain number of people everything in which they differ, and representing the result as that which constitutes, and ought to constitute, the true beliefs of every Christian man. I do not plead for that. I do not believe that is possible. What I do plead for is that Christian men should understand that there is a permission to differ without these differences carrying with them into ecclesiastical life, into political life, or into private life, any other difference which should make common work for a common object impossible. After all, let us remember that whatever else the Church is, it is, among other things, a practical organisation to carry out a great practical work. It is something more than an organisation to produce a body of school divinity. It is a body in which Christian men are asked to join together and work together for great religious and moral objects, and no difference of opinion which makes that co-operation impossible ought, in my opinion, to prevent Christian men from belonging to the same Church and considering that they are united ecclesiastically with their brethren. [1901.]

57. There was a time when religion, like education, or like public health at the present time, could call upon the civil power in some shape or another to support its efforts for the public good. Those times have long gone by. They will never reappear, and it is well, I think, for the cause of religion that they should never reappear. That fact throws upon us an even greater responsibility; it throws upon us the responsibility not merely of providing the means, the religious means, the religious machinery, of which these populations for whom I plead may avail themselves if they so desire it, but of creating that desire to take advantage of these methods without which no expenditure, no provision of opportunities for public worship, no teaching, no preaching, can be of any avail. We want churches, we want ministers; but besides churches and besides ministers we want congregations. We want the population, the growing populations of these great urban districts, to feel, as their fathers living in the thinly populated rural districts of Scotland felt before them, that a part, and a necessary part, of civilisation, nay, the most important part of the machinery of civilisation, are those means, those religious advantages, which it is the object of this meeting, if possible, to secure.

I believe that in every great city of the world, in every Christian Church, the difficulty that I have last spoken of, the difficulty I mean not so much of providing churches and ministers, but congregations anxious to take advantage of the churches, and what churches can do for them, that difficulty I say is universally felt. I believe it to be less felt on the whole in Scotland than elsewhere, for I believe that the need for religion has for century after century, and for generation after generation, sunk perhaps more deeply in the minds and consciences of the Scottish people than it has into those of most Christian populations. But the difficulty, if it be less here, is still great. I am sure if I were to ask those whom I see in abundance on the platform around me, and who are far more qualified than I am to speak upon this subject, they would say that there is necessarily, certainly—I will not say necessarily—but at all events there is a difficulty found in towns not found in our country districts equally of practically bringing within the folds of the Church those populations to whom it is the business of the Church to preach religion. No doubt many causes contribute to this lamentable and deplorable result. Partly it is no doubt the want of churches, but not wholly the want of churches. It may be, it perhaps is, the fact that from the circumstance that in a great city we are surrounded so wholly by the work of man's hands, that almost everything that we look at from the hour at which we rise to the hour at which we go to rest, from the last new practical institution downwards, is contrived by men to meet the material needs of men. We are not, those of us who dwell in cities, we are not, cannot be, from day to day, brought into direct contact with those great processes of nature which speak to us of things far beyond the immediate personal, material comfort and needs of the population. These great teachers are not always at our doors. And this, it may be, is one of the reasons, this and the hurry and competition of modern life, may perhaps be counted among the reasons, which produce the result of which I have spoken, and which, I fear, is to be found in every great city of the world.

But I do not wholly conceal from myself, and I do not think that with absolute candour I should conceal from you, that there are perhaps at the present time special difficulties with which the Church has had to contend in dealing with this great religious problem. For it is impossible that religion should not be intertwined and touched at many points with the general views, the general conception of the world and the history of the world. It must so touch it, and there has taken place a revolution

in those views during the last hundred years which I believe has had no parallel in the recorded traditions of mankind. I think on a very different occasion, dealing with a very different subject, I once pointed out to a public meeting that we differ from the educated man of to-day, and in Scotland the educated man means men drawn from every class of society —the educated man of to-day differs in his estimate of the history of the world—the universe—I must use the larger word as you will directly see —differs in his view of the history of the universe from his grandfather or his great-grandfather, just as his grandfather or his great-grandfather differed from the remotest philosopher or speculator upon things of which they have not the remotest tradition. Just think for a moment of the change that has taken place in the last hundred years in this regard. Think of the change that has taken place in our view of the history of the starry heavens which we see above us, of the solar system of which we form a fragmentary and insignificant part, of the earth on which we live, of the organised beings which for millions of years have occupied that earth, of man, of the history of man and of his origin, of the history of religions, of the history of the Semitic religions, of the history of the Hebrews, and in a less degree of the history of our own religion, of the history of Christianity—think of the change that has taken place.

I have gone through the whole scale, and I say to that great change in our views of the history of the world every science has contributed—astronomy, geology, physics, anthropology—I will not go through the whole list, but they all, starting each from its own individual and separate data, they all have contributed their quota to what constitutes, as I have said, the greatest revolutions in secular and scientific thought of which, we believe, any record remains to us. Now, it is impossible that such a change as that which I have, in rough and general outlines, endeavoured to indicate to you—it is impossible that such a change as that will not carry with it the need and necessity, not of any change in Christian doctrine, not of any change of religion, but of a change of statement of the thought and setting in which religion is from age to age presented to the people. You say, repeating the words which I have just used, that there is no change required in the essence, and that the change is but a change, and an insignificant change, of setting. I agree with you. But, then, how important it is that in your statement you should not make it appear as if that was an essential, one of the essential jewels in this splendid religion which is, after all, only its temporary setting; and every one of you who has had any experience of these things, either personally or by reading, must be aware—I am sure are aware—of the great harm, in some cases the incalculable harm, and the immeasurable loss which has occurred through that being represented as integral and essential which was, after all, temporary and accidental. And mark you, the danger which I have endeavoured to point out, and which I have touched on in general but I hope sufficiently clear terms, is a danger which cannot be measured by mere statistics. It does not show itself before the public eye like some great and melancholy schism rending an ancient ecclesiastical organisation. It does not show itself as, for instance, the augmentation of the population of Glasgow shows itself, by annual censuses. The people who suffer say little about it. They make no abjuration of churchmanship, it may be; they slide, by unnoticed and insensible degrees, from religion to irreligion, and the change is accompanied neither by public nor by domestic division or revolution. They simply say to themselves —"The Christian religion may have been, probably was, a useful instrument of enlightenment and progress in times gone by, but evidently it depended upon a view of the world which science has rejected. We need

not throw it roughly aside, but intellectual honesty requires us, if we have to choose, to choose science rather than religion." And with regret—possibly without regret—they insensibly leave the faith of their fathers, misled not as to the substance or the essence of religion, but by the mistaken statement of those whose business it was to teach it.

And if that is the state of things, believe me, the preaching of morality is not the remedy. There are now, there has been at every epoch of intellectual difficulty in the Church, those who have taken refuge from the difficulties of positive religious teaching in what they consider, in my opinion improperly consider, the perfectly safe ground of political moralising. That is not the business of a Christian Church. [1901.]

58. There are some who think that the days when religion was a necessity, the first necessity of a civilised community, that these days have passed away, or are in process of passing away. So say not I. I hold precisely the opposite doctrine. To me it seems that growth of science, the enormous augmentation to our knowledge of the physical world, the growth of industry, the accumulation of wealth which exists generally in our material surroundings, the preoccupations and struggles of a great civilised community, so far from rendering religion less necessary, make it doubly imperative upon us. [1901.]

59. A Church is something more than a body of more or less qualified persons engaged more or less successfully in the study of theology. It requires a very different equipment from that which is sufficient for a learned society. Something more is asked of it than independent research. It is an organisation charged with a great practical work. For the successful promotion of this work, unity, discipline, and self-devotion are the principal requisites, and, as in the case of every other such organisation, the most powerful source of these qualities is to be found in the feelings aroused by common memories, common hopes, common loyalties; by professions in which all agree; by a ceremonial which all share; by customs and commands which all obey. He, therefore, who would wish to expel such influences either from Church or State, on the ground that they may alter (as alter they most certainly will) the opinions which, in their absence, the members of the community, left to follow at will their own speculative devices, would otherwise form, may know something of science or philosophy, but assuredly knows little of human nature. [1905.]

60. If Christianity is to be what we all think it ought to be, and will be—the world religion—if it is really going successfully to attack those great populations in the Far East which have behind them a great tradition, a long civilisation, a philosophic mode of regarding the world, which is their own—I believe if that ideal is carried out it will be, and must be, by the help of teachers of their own race who are going to lead them, and, in leading them, will probably add something to the apparent divisions of the Christian world, although they will add, I trust, greatly to that universal Church to which every one of us, whatever be the immediate object of his ecclesiastical allegiance, belongs. And remember that

while those are, as I think, dreamers of dreams who think we can return to a single ecclesiastical organisation, those are not less in error, as I believe, who suppose that we can do without ecclesiastical organisation. It seems easy, simple, obvious, to say that the relation of every soul to its Maker is a matter between its Maker and the soul, and that the aid of these organisations is superfluous, that it is of little assistance, that it may be a cause of discord, and cannot be of assistance in the spiritual path. I believe that to be a profound error. We are all human beings, and we must work under the conditions under which human beings alone can work, or, at all events, alone can work effectively—the conditions of being organised. And, therefore, I have for myself to face the fact, and I do face it, that Christendom is and must remain ecclesiastically divided, that the Churches into which it is divided are necessary for the spiritual welfare of the world, and that what we have to do is to be able to see, beyond the separate organisation to which we all belong, the greater whole of which we are all members.

Has there ever been a time when the efforts of the Churches were more needed? I think not. I think that when the ecclesiastical history, or the religious history, of the generation in which we are living comes to be written by our descendants, they will say, and say with truth, that Christendom has been passing through a great revolution in the last thirty years —a revolution of which we do not yet see the end; that it is due to the insight and culture of those who lead in the various Churches that that revolution is a peaceable revolution; that Christendom has absorbed all the results of science, of criticism, of investigation, in every field of thought; that it is showing gradually, without the ostentation of apologetic polemics, but showing by practice, that it can assimilate all those new elements of enlightenment and progress; and that the teaching of Christianity need not be, and ought not to be, either a collision between religion and science, or even of a character which leaves science and knowledge on one side, and goes its own way, ignoring all that may be done in other departments of human learning and human effort. The task of carrying out this great change is that there shall be no loss to the spiritual efficiency of the Churches, so that the difficulties of individual believers may be smoothed away, and that all may feel that the knowledge of God's world never can be inconsistent with the knowledge of God's word. That task is one which falls not upon this Church or that Church, but upon the leaders in every Church, and I believe the leaders in every Church feel the great responsibility thrown upon them and are proving themselves not unequal to the height of that great endeavour. But after all, if I have rightly indicated the character of the difficulties and of the problems which lie before the Churches, I have to ask you to remember that no organisation which has a human side at all can do without the adventitious assistance which buildings, which endowments, which subscriptions, which all the material skeleton of organisation call for from the members of the various communities. You cannot have a church and say that money is a matter of indifference to you. Money, material though it be, does lie at the base of much of the most useful work you do. In itself nothing, it is the basis of much of the best effort which can be made for spiritual purposes. [1906.]

61. I am deeply convinced that it is quite impossible for the Church, for any Church to mix itself up, even with the best intentions, in the secular controversies of the day without losing more for itself than it can gain for the community. That seems to me a truth to which all history attests, and I should say that even in those ages when the Church

monopolised all education, all administrative ability, and all legal ability, and when therefore it was materially impossible that she should keep herself free from intermixture in the affairs of the State, such intermixture never took place without inflicting serious and sometimes permanent injury upon religion. [1908.]

62. It is this direct appeal to the individual soul which is the proper business of the Christian Churches, and that direct appeal is not limited, of course, to the mere teaching or inculcation of religion. Beyond the broader efforts which fall to the politician it is the business of the Church, as I conceive it, to appeal to the individual, to search out his particular weakness, to remedy his particular misfortunes, to raise him from his own particular quagmire, and not to put him on one side simply because he has brought by his own weakness, by his own fault if you will, by his own crime, social punishments upon himself. [1908.]

CO-PARTNERSHIP

63. We recognise that the industrial system of modern societies is an extremely complex whole, having its roots deep in an immemorial past; bound, therefore, by all the ties which hamper the present in its relation to the future because of the past: and we also recognise that the different industries, co-related as they necessarily are, and yet carried on under different conditions, may require different organisations, having to deal with persons of different degrees of knowledge, experience, and culture, and that it is equally impossible—it would be the worst form of doctrinarianism—to lay down any absolute rule of industrial organisation to which every industry must conform, or else be regarded as utterly wanting in those qualities which bring it within a favourable view of those who rule this Society. It is quite true our ideal is complete co-partnership; and by complete co-partnership I mean that those who carry on the work shall be associated as partners in all that the work brings in. That, broadly speaking, is the way I should advocate what is meant by complete co-partnership. But we recognise as an approach to that ideal many arrangements which are far less complete or theoretically perfect. We applaud every arrangement which softens or obliterates the division between employer and employed, between owner and occupier. Everything that is a step in that direction is to us welcome. Everything that helps along the road I have indicated is a step we desire to encourage, and, speaking for myself, I am certainly not one of those who believe that the ideal scheme can necessarily be carried out to advantage in every industry, in every department of productive effort. Certainly I cannot see that it can be carried out in the present development of society, and I am too disinclined to prophesy, or to lay down dogmatically the proposition that the time ever will come, or indeed ought to come, in which the whole industrial effort of the world will be framed upon one single idea or model. [1908.]

64. Let me say one more word in order to remove what I think is a misconception attaching to the movement in which we are all interested. People talk as if it were simply a movement to avoid contests between Capital and Labour, or as if, on the other hand, it was simply a movement to induce workmen to be more energetic and less wasteful in carrying out the work for which they are paid. Those are both excellent objects; but I do not—and I say it frankly—recognise this movement because it is immediately going to show results in the balance-sheets of employers or companies. I recommend it on much profounder grounds—grounds which go much deeper into the heart of things. After all, I think that in our ordinary speech we lose a great deal by talking as if the labour of a man whose life is devoted to labour was, in itself, an evil, but which becomes tolerable because he is paid for his labour and the payment he receives for his labour can be used to amuse him, or support his family, or in some other way, when the hours of labour are over. There is, of course, an element of truth in that; but I am quite certain that that element of truth is grossly exaggerated in ordinary speech. I

do not say that labour is a pleasure, but I do emphatically say that unless the work we do in life can be made inherently interesting—I do not say pleasurable—we have not yet got at the root of any social problem. The art of life is to make uninteresting parts into an interesting whole. No man's work—I do not care what he works on—is in itself, take it bit by bit, of an exhilarating character. [1908.]

65. The uninteresting parts do make an interesting whole, and I am perfectly convinced from observation that many of those who are engaged in what is called less elevating work than that of the House of Commons —perhaps not rightly called less elevating—I am sure that many of those, unknown to themselves, really get most of their satisfaction in life not from their pleasures, but from their labours. And I think we often exaggerate the extent to which at present society fails in that ideal. Talk to an agricultural labourer working on a large well-managed farm, talk to an artisan engaged in some great industry, and you will find—at least I have found—that it is a great mistake to suppose that all they care for is the amount of wages they get per week, and what they can do with that wage. They are interested in the concern. They feel instinctively that they are part of a great machine, of a great industry involving the expenditure of much brains, organised power, capital, which uses the latest machinery, and which is up-to-date. They are glad to be parts of that machine. It gives them, or many of them, a certain satisfaction, and they take an intelligent interest in it, although, under our existing system, all that they can get out of it is the actual industrial weekly wage, irrespective of the prosperity or of the adversity of the business, so long as the business continues.

Now I am right in saying that the introduction of machinery has undoubtedly made in many industries the work of individual operatives extremely monotonous. A man or a woman has got to do one thing, and one thing only, all day and every day. They have got to look after one bit of machinery which contributes its own small quota to one complete result, and they have got to do that and nothing else. That is a worse position than what it was when machinery was much less developed than now, and when the individual workman had to do a great many different stages in the same ultimate production; and when, therefore, he had grounds for interest in his work which seem almost removed from the modern operative who has got to deal with the most advanced form of machinery. But, on the other hand, there is a set-off to that in the sense of the extraordinary beauty and complexity of the total mechanism of which he individually manipulates a fragment. I do not believe that the consciousness of that great complex mechanism is absent from the mind of the intelligent workman, although he be dealing only with a small portion of it. If what I have said is true, or is in some near relation to the truth, is it not of enormous importance to us to try and increase this interest in a man's work, which I believe is the chief interest of his life outside the family affections? The music-halls, public-houses, and so forth, the clubs—whatever it may be—may be, if properly used, a not illegitimate addition to the sum total of the felicity of those who use them. But I am certain that it is the work a man does which is the real thing in life. What you have to do is to increase the interest of the workman in the work he is doing, and that you can do more by furthering the Co-partnership system than by any other possible means. You then make him feel he is part of a great organised mechanism of production, that he is a unit in the great army which is producing the goods the world consumes. You not only make him feel that he is doing his share of the

world's work in that way, and getting a fixed wage for it, but you make him feel that he is a shareholder in the particular department of co-operative work in which he is engaged. That feeling must increase a man's interest. It must make him feel that he will gain by everything that is being done well, while he will lose by everything that is being done ill, and his own personal fortune is more or less bound up in the success of the industrial concern of which he is a member. I venture to suggest that that is a very valuable asset, and that it goes deeper than the balance-sheet or the conflict between Capital and Labour.

There is one other consideration which, to my mind at all events, ought never to be absent from the thoughts of those who desire to develop industrial organisation on the line which commends itself to us who are on this platform. Modern industry is an extraordinarily complex and difficult organism. It is an organism all interconnected; it is all one business, but it is a business of the most extraordinary complexity. Some of it involves an expenditure of brains, of intellect, the exercise of courage, and rapid appreciation of a difficult situation, of which I do not suppose the outside public have the smallest conception. Even those who are engaged on a work have probably not any really intimate acquaintance with the difficulties which the owners of that work have got to face. It is because they do not fully appreciate them that some of the difficulties between Capital and Labour arise. The quarrels of mankind are not due to the fact that mankind are bad; they are due to the fact that mankind are ignorant. The more you can encourage mutual knowledge of each other's affairs by those who have to guide the enterprise, and the workmen on whom they depend for carrying out their plans—the more you bring these two classes together, and especially the more you make the workmen understand the difficulties of the employer—I am certain you will produce a class of men in this country who are fitted to deal with all questions, be they industrial or political or social, who do not exist at the present time. I speak in the presence of some of the Labour members of the House of Commons, who do not agree with me on many points—I dare say they do not agree with each other on many points—but we all agree on this, that nothing can be better for the community as a whole than that the great artisan classes should have the closest possible knowledge, the most intimate knowledge possible, of business methods, difficulties, and risks, as well as of business profits. That great result you will get by Co-partnership, and I doubt if you will get it in any other way. But if Co-partnership, either in its complex form, or any of its less developed shapes becomes general, my firm conviction is that you will have done an enormous benefit for the social advantage of your country, not merely or chiefly because in the industries where Co-partnership exists there will not be strikes, not chiefly because there will be more energy shown on the part of the workmen, and a better balance-sheet of profits at the annual meeting of the concern, but because, in addition to those advantages, and quite apart from and above them, there is the additional interest in the great industrial work which will be instilled into the mind of every worker in the country, and that greater knowledge of all the complexities and difficulties of industrial life which is the true secret of the sympathy between one producer and another, and which is the great guarantee of social peace and the great hope of social progress. [1908.]

CROMWELL

66. I am the last person to deny that he was a very great Englishman, and a man whom—whether we be Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen—we should have no objection to seeing honoured by some permanent memorial. But I do not agree either with the violent attacks on him or with the laudations, which I conceive to be extravagantly worded, expressed by those who have spoken in this debate. I believe that Cromwell was neither the fiend represented by one set of critics nor the man of super-eminent greatness represented by others. His reputation has, as we all know, gone through strange vicissitudes. Cursed after his death by the violence of party faction, his ashes scattered to the winds, his name scarcely to be mentioned in respectable society as of one possessing any virtues at all, he has now for more than a generation—largely through the labour of Mr. Carlyle—been raised on a pedestal which, in my opinion at all events, is too high. Thomas Carlyle is largely responsible for what I cannot help regarding as something in the nature of an historic legend. Nobody would for a moment deny Cromwell was a great soldier. But remember he never was brought into conflict with any of the really great commanders of his time. He never had to fight Condé or Turenne; and those whom he had to fight, though of eminent bravery and average capacity, have not left in military history any great name. Then Cromwell is sometimes described to us as the one heaven-born Foreign Minister whom England possessed during the whole of the seventeenth century. I think that that view of his character is altogether beside the truth. I am no great admirer of the kings of the House of Stuart, but from the very nature of their position it was absolutely impossible for them to have what is called a "vigorous foreign policy." They were in constant conflict with their Parliament. They never had at their command what Cromwell had—a standing army. If they had had at their command that standing army, able to do for them what Cromwell's did for him—make them superior to all laws and absolute masters of the resources of the country, whether the people were desirous of supporting their policy or not—then, though I do not contend for a moment that Charles the First or Charles the Second was equal to Cromwell in capacity, they would certainly have had a foreign policy different from that which circumstances obliged them to pursue.

And when we hear of the vigour of Cromwell's foreign policy, let me remind the House that he exercised that policy at a most opportune moment in the history of Europe for his purposes. Cromwell came between the strong rule of Richelieu on the one side and of Louis the Fourteenth on the other; and we should have heard very little, probably, of the story of the Pope hearing the sound of his cannon at the Vatican if his period of power had coincided with the height of power enjoyed by Louis the Fourteenth. Let me say, further, with regard to that foreign policy, that, as far as we can judge after the event, he took the wrong side. While the coming danger to Europe was from the French, he supported the French against the dying monarchy of Spain. I, at all events, cannot join in the somewhat extravagant eulogies passed upon his foreign policy.

What are we to say about his domestic policy? I believe Cromwell was a sincere lover of men, that he was sincerely desirous of seeing con-

stitutional Government carried on in this country, and that he was no enemy of Parliamentary institutions. I entirely agree that Cromwell would have been anxious to govern according to constitutional means had it been possible for him to do so. It was not possible for him to do so. By his ill-fortune rather than his bad management he found himself Governor of England against the will of the country and the people. One honourable Member described Oliver Cromwell as "a good democrat." He may have been a good democrat. . . . At all events, that was the position in which Cromwell found himself through all the years of his reign; and every attempt which he made—and they were perfectly genuine and honest attempts—to substitute some form of constitutional government for the military despotism which was, in fact, the framework of English Government at the time, was thwarted by the House of Commons. Are we to describe in these terms of eulogy a man who, so far as I know, has left behind him not one single permanent trace of creative ability, and not one single mark upon our constitutional history? I am not aware of any, except perhaps that prejudice against standing armies which had been burnt into the English mind for generation after generation, and which was one of the greatest difficulties that successive English Governments had to contend with in carrying out a great constitutional policy at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries.

It appears to me that while it would be folly to deny to Cromwell the epithet of "great," he was, on the whole, through no fault of his own, a somewhat ineffectual, and certainly a most pathetic, figure in our history. But, Sir, holding those views—and we are all at liberty to form our own estimate of historic characters—is there anything in what has been said which should induce this House to take down the statue from the place where it is, and either destroy it or erect it elsewhere? Sir, I say there is nothing. . . . It is my good fortune to live near the battle-field of Dunbar, where Cromwell defeated my countrymen, gaining one of the greatest victories ever won by Englishmen over Scotchmen. Does any Scotchman on that account think he has a blood feud with Cromwell which no time can work out? Surely that is neither a generous nor a wise point of view. When communities are bound to live together, when peoples are placed under circumstances where a common life is absolutely necessary, surely it is not only Christian charity but the height of wisdom to forget those old injuries, those ancient far-off wrongs, which are being perpetually brought before the mind by memories of that kind—embittering differences, and perpetuating racial hostilities. I have been accused of inconsistency because I resisted public money being given to erect a statue to Cromwell in the year 1895, while assenting now to some one else giving a statue out of his private means to be erected in the precincts of the House. I believe there is not one shilling of public money expended on the statue, and I confess I do think it would be carrying these ancient political feuds very much too far if we were to forbid private generosity to erect a statue to a great Englishman. There is hardly any action for which the Restoration Government has been more bitterly, and perhaps more justly, attacked than that of desecrating Cromwell's grave, taking up his ashes, and scattering them to the winds. They did that deed under the bitter memories of wrongs scarcely healed over, and of wounds which were still green and fresh. Are we to do something parallel two hundred and fifty years after Cromwell passed away? Are we to be so mindful of any error he may have committed that even now we cannot tolerate within fifty yards of this House the statue of a man who was supreme Governor of this country for many years, a man who showed great ability, and a man to whom, how-

ever we place him in the hierarchy of English worthies, no one denies the title of "a great man"? [1900.]

67. Your Worshipful Master has reminded us that to-day is the Commemoration Feast of this Company, the emblem of which we all wear in our button-holes. It is the Commemoration Feast which calls to our mind the universal enthusiasm—broadly speaking, irrespective of party, or religion, or civil differences—which welcomed back Charles the Second after his exile, to resume the ancient traditions of the country. Why was it that at that time there was an almost unbroken feeling of satisfaction that those traditions were resumed? It was not because Oliver Cromwell was a statesman indifferent to tradition. If anything is clear about that eminent, though rather tragic, figure in British history, it is that when the force of circumstances compelled him to deal as supreme ruler with the destinies of his country, he did his very best. He did his very best under the new circumstances to continue what he had found. He was no *doctrinaire* of the character of some few of his contemporaries, no *doctrinaire* of the type of which hundreds and thousands of the best educated men in all countries were at the time preceding and during the French Revolution. His was a very different, a very British type of mind; and, if he failed—and, with all his genius, it is manifest that he did fail—it was not because he was indifferent to the traditions of his country, not because he had some cut-and-dried theory as to how men in the abstract, or how Englishmen in particular, should be governed,—it was because, by the force of circumstances, for which he may have been in part responsible, for which certainly he was not alone responsible, he found himself compelled to break with the traditions of the past, and because he broke with those traditions formally and absolutely. It was no use his trying to put up under different names with a broken continuity institutions similar to those of the past, perhaps on paper even better in some respects, but which nevertheless were in no continuous unity with that history to which the English people were profoundly and deeply attached.

I read a very interesting article in the *Times* to-day quoting from the great statesman and historian, Lord Clarendon, something which was half a prophecy and half a prayer, that the condition of things resumed at the Restoration might last in perpetuity; and the writer of that article said Lord Clarendon's prophecy and his hopes were disappointed, and his prayers were unfulfilled, because at no very great distance from the time when he died the Revolution of 1688 occurred. I think I am not misrepresenting what the writer said, but with great respect I dissent from that judgment. I think that since the Restoration there has been no break in the continuity. We are misled by the terms the "Great Rebellion" and the "Revolution." The truth is that the Great Rebellion failed because it was not a rebellion, but because it was a revolution; and the Revolution succeeded, because it was not a revolution but was a rebellion. Undoubtedly legally, technically, by every law of the country, the exclusion of James the Second was a rebellion. It was a success because it was not a revolution, and the continuity has gone on from the Restoration which we celebrate to-day to the very moment at which I am now speaking. It surely is no party sentiment to say that the failure of one of the greatest men England has ever produced, namely, Oliver Cromwell, successfully to break the continuity of English evolution and development, and the success which has followed upon what in many respects seems to the historian to have been but a poor triumph, the triumph of the Restoration,—the lesson to be drawn from that, a lesson which I believe all parties in this country would accept, is that if you really are to make the best of the future you must never ignore the past. [1912.]

DARWIN

68. I have been requested, by those who are responsible for the organisation of this celebration, to take that part in it which has been announced in no uncertain tone. I am conscious of but two qualifications which I possess for the task. The one is the deepest personal affection and the most unstinted admiration for the subject with which I am asked to deal; the second is that I yield to no man in my loyal devotion to the University of which Charles Darwin was one of the greatest ornaments. I think it may well thrill the minds of every son of Cambridge to reflect on the part which his University has played in leading great movements, those great cosmic movements whose effects are never obliterated by the progress of science, or the development of discovery, but which remain as perpetual landmarks in the intellectual history of mankind. This day and on preceding days we are concerned with Charles Darwin. Charles Darwin, though one of the greatest of men of science the world has seen, has, even in Cambridge, great rivals. Will it be erroneous to say that much of the best scientific thought of the eighteenth century was devoted to developing those great mechanical ideas which the world owes to Newton? During that century men largely spent their time in developing ideas the origin of which we can with perfect certainty trace to the greatest ornament of our University, and perhaps the greatest man the world has ever seen. Is it not true that the greatest scientific minds of the nineteenth century were largely occupied with another allied set of problems, those connected with the character of the ether and the energies of which ether is the vehicle; and that in Cambridge we may claim to have educated Young, Kelvin, Maxwell, Stokes—I do not carry the catalogue into the realm of the living—men whose names will for ever be associated with that vast expansion of our knowledge of the material universe, associated with the theory of the ether, the theory of electricity, of light, and that great group of allied subjects? If we have not in that department a clear and undoubted lead, which Cambridge men may surely claim that Newton gave in another department, at least we have borne our fair share, and more than our fair share, of the heat and burden of scientific investigation. And we are now occupied with pardonable pride in turning our attention to one who in another wholly different sphere of scientific investigation has for all time imprinted in unmistakable lines his unmistakable signature upon the whole development of future thought.

I do not wish to exaggerate on such an occasion, because, of all crimes, Charles Darwin would have disliked exaggeration in anything connected with science, and most of all in anything connected with his own claims. Yet the fact remains that Charles Darwin has become part of the common intellectual heritage of every man of education, wheresoever he may live, or whatsoever be his occupation in life. The fact remains that we trace, perhaps not to him alone, but to him in the main, a view which has affected not merely our ideas of the development of living organisms, but ideas of politics, ideas upon sociology, ideas which cover the whole domain of human terrestrial activity. He is the fount, he is

the origin, and he will stand to all time as the man who made this great —as I think—beneficent revolution in the mode in which educated mankind conceive the history, not merely of their own institutions, not merely of their own race, but of everything which has that unexplained attribute of life, everything which lives on the surface of the globe, or even in the depths of its oceans. After all, Darwin was the Newton of this great department of human research; and to him we may look, as we look to Newton, to measure the heavens or to weigh suns and their attendant planets. The branch of research which he has initiated is surely the most difficult of all. I talk of measuring the heavens and weighing suns; but those are tasks surely incomparably easy compared with the problem which taxes the physiologist, the morphologist, in dealing with the living cell, be it of plant or be it of animal or man. That problem, the problem of life, is the one which it is impossible for us to evade, which it may be impossible for us ultimately to solve; but in dealing with it in its larger manifestations Charles Darwin made greater strides than any man in the history of the world had made before him, or that any man so far has made since that great anniversary of the publication of the "Origin of Species," which we have met this week to celebrate. We have heard this morning, from lips far more expert than mine, some estimate of the genius of that great man in whose honour we have met, and I feel it would be impertinent to add to anything which has been said.

One aspect, and one aspect alone, of Darwin's scientific genius seems to me to be insufficiently appreciated, at all events by the general public, of which I am one, and on whose behalf I may be supposed to speak. I mean the great achievement which Darwin made in science quite apart from—I may not say quite apart, but distinct from—that great generalisation with which his name is immortally connected. Let us assume that Darwin was not the author of the theory of the "Origin of Species"; let us assume that the great work which he did in connection with the ideas of the evolution of human beings had never taken place. Would he not still rank as one of the most remarkable investigators we have ever seen? I am, of course, not qualified to speak as an expert upon this subject, but I appeal to those—and there are many in this room—who are experts. Is it not true, quite apart from his theories of evolution, that in zoology, in botany, in geology, in anthropology, in the whole sphere of these great allied sciences, Charles Darwin showed himself one of the most masterly investigators, proved himself to have the power of the loving investigation of natural phenomena; showed himself to be able to cast a new and an original light upon facts the most commonplace and the most familiar, and to elicit from them lessons which men of science must always value quite apart from the great uses to which his genius was able to put them? It is, I think, satisfactory to see that in order to gain a place second to none in the growing list of great men of science, it is not merely necessary to have the power of ingenious generalisation which is given to many, to some who have not other powers. Darwin's great achievement was due to the fact that with this power of generalisation, and ancillary to it, he had the power of investigation, the power of seeing the problems that required solution in the world in which he lived, which, so far as I know, has seldom been equalled, and certainly has never been surpassed, in the biography of great men of science.

I cannot conclude without saying something about Charles Darwin, the man, as well as Charles Darwin, the great man of science. Some of us—I am proud to think I am one among many in this room—knew Charles Darwin personally. Those who had not that great honour and

that great pleasure have the next best thing to it in the biography, which reveals the man as clearly as printed matter can reveal living human personality. I am sure I am not in the least going beyond the bare and naked truth when I say that, quite apart from his great scientific achievement, there never lived a man more worthy of respect and more worthy of love than this great naturalist. From the very nature of the case, his great generalisation, from the very fact of its magnitude, produced, as was inevitable, violent controversy; and human nature in 1859 and 1860 was not different from human nature in 1909, and violent controversy then, as now, was prolific, and must be prolific, in misrepresentation. So far as I am aware, no misrepresentation moved that equable temperament. Darwin never was betrayed into uncharitable observations; he never was embittered by any controversy, however unfair; but he pursued the even tenor of the man whose business it was to investigate the truths of nature and to state fact as he saw fact, to proceed irrespective of all the storm of indignation and of misplaced antagonism to which his speculations at the moment inevitably led. That is a great quality. It is a quality which few men of science have possessed in equal measure. Most scientific discoveries are so remote from the knowledge and immediate interest of uninstructed mankind that the man of science may pursue his way tolerably secure of escaping abuse from any but his scientific rivals. That was not Charles Darwin's fortune. He, through no fault of his—and, let me add, through no fault of the community to which he gave his discoveries—inevitably produced general controversy, for those discoveries attacked the conception which every man had formed of the world in which he lived and of the race to which he belonged. On the whole I think it is creditable to every one concerned that that controversy went on with so little bitterness and so little misrepresentation. But though there was bitterness and misrepresentation, yet never did it deflect for one instant, so far as I am aware, the strict path of scientific rectitude and of admirable charity which always characterised that great man. When we remember under what circumstances of ill-health Darwin pursued, decade after decade, these immortal investigations, I think our admiration for his temper, for his moral character, is augmented by a feeling of further admiration for the heroism with which he fought against these untoward physical conditions. Never did he lose his interest in his work, never was he discouraged. He went on from discovery to discovery, and from truth to truth, unwearied and unfatigued, leaving behind him the immortal reputation which we are here to celebrate.

I do not think that all the history of science has produced a genius whose memory a great University could more fitly celebrate, or one whose contributions to knowledge the representatives of other great centres of learning would more gladly assemble to honour. I have ventured, perhaps too boldly, to praise Cambridge and those whom Cambridge has produced, but our guests will forgive in a son of Cambridge a momentary excess of emotion, if not of statement; and if you think I have exaggerated the fame of my own University, you will at all events agree that I have not exaggerated the merits of the man to whom we have met to do honour. For he was a man whose performances have become part of the common intellectual heritage of mankind, through whose ideas we look at every problem, not merely those connected with the lower organisms, but those connected with society, as an evolutionary question; and he was above all a man whose heroic disposition and whose lovable qualities would, even if he had not otherwise gained that immortal niche in the temple of fame, still commend him to every man who either knew him personally, or who by tradition has been able to form some estimate of

the rare qualities which he exhibited. There is another speech to be delivered on this great theme by one incomparably more qualified than I can pretend to be to deal with Charles Darwin on the scientific side, and I will leave to him the grateful task of asking you to drink to the memory of Charles Darwin. [1909.]

DECADENCE

[*The extracts under this heading are taken from the Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture delivered at Newnham College, January,* 1908.]

69. It is curious how deeply embedded in ordinary discourse are traces of the conviction that childhood, maturity, and old age are stages in the corporate, as they are in the individual life. "A young and vigorous nation," "a decrepit and moribund civilisation"—phrases like these, and scores of others containing the same implication, come as trippingly from the tongue as if they suggested no difficulty and called for no explanation. To Macaulay (unless I am pressing his famous metaphor too far) it seemed natural that ages hence a young country like New Zealand should be flourishing, but not less natural that an old country like England should have decayed. Berkeley, in a well-known stanza, tells how the drama of civilisation has slowly travelled westward to find its loftiest development, but also its final catastrophe, in the New World: while every man who is weary, hopeless, or disillusioned talks as if he had caught these various diseases from the decadent epoch in which he was born.

But why *should* civilisations thus wear out and great communities decay? and what evidence is there that in fact they do? These questions, though I cannot give to them any conclusive answers, are of much more than a merely theoretic interest. For if current modes of speech take Decadence more or less for granted, with still greater confidence do they speak of Progress as assured. Yet, if both are real, they can hardly be studied apart; they must evidently limit and qualify each other in actual experience, and they cannot be isolated in speculation.

70. We must not consider a diminution of national power, whether relative or absolute, as constituting by itself a proof of national decadence. Holland is not decadent because her place in the hierarchy of European Powers is less exalted than it was two hundred and fifty years ago. Spain was not necessarily decadent at the end of the seventeenth century because she had exhausted herself in a contest far beyond her resources either

in money or men. It would, I think, be rash even to say that Venice was decadent at the end of the eighteenth century, though the growth of other Powers, and the diversion of the great trade routes, had shorn her of wealth and international influence. These are misfortunes which in the sphere of sociology correspond to accident or disease in the sphere of biology. And what we are concerned to know is whether in the sphere of sociology there is also anything corresponding to the decay of old age—a decay which may be hastened by accident or disease, which must be ended by accident or disease, but is certainly to be distinguished from both.

However this question should be answered, the cases I have cited are sufficient to show where the chief difficulty of the inquiry lies. Decadence, even if it be a reality, never acts in isolation. It is always complicated with, and often acts through, other more obvious causes. It is always therefore possible to argue that to these causes, and not to the more subtle and elusive influences collectively described as "decadence," the decline and fall of great communities is really due.

Yet there are historic tragedies which (as it seems to me) do most obstinately refuse to be thus simply explained. It is in vain that historians enumerate the public calamities which preceded, and no doubt contributed to, the final catastrophe. Civil dissensions, military disasters, pestilences, famines, tyrants, tax-gatherers, growing burdens, and waning wealth—the gloomy catalogue is unrolled before our eyes, yet somehow it does not in all cases wholly satisfy us: we feel that some of these diseases are of a kind which a vigorous body politic should easily be able to survive, that others are secondary symptoms of some obscurer malady, and that in neither case do they supply us with the full explanations of which we are in search.

Consider, for instance, the long agony and final destruction of Roman Imperialism in the West, the most momentous catastrophe of which we have historic record. It has deeply stirred the imagination of mankind, it has been the theme of great historians, it has been much explained by political philosophers, yet who feels that either historians or philosophers have laid bare the inner workings of the drama? Rome fell, and great was the fall of it. But why it fell, by what secret mines its defences were breached, and what made its garrison so faint-hearted and ineffectual—this is not so clear.

71. Rome had thus unique sources of strength. What sources of weakness would our observer be likely to detect behind her imposing exterior? The diminution of population is the one

which has (rightly, I think) most impressed historians: and it is difficult to resist the evidence, either of the fact, or of its disastrous consequences. I hesitate indeed to accept without qualification the accounts given us of the progressive decay of the native Italian stock from the days of the Gracchi to the disintegration of the Empire in the West; and when we read how the dearth of men was made good (in so far as it was made good) by the increasing inflow of slaves and adventurers from every corner of the known world, one wonders *whose* sons they were who, for three centuries and more, so brilliantly led the van of modern European culture, as it emerged from the darkness of the early Middle Ages. Passing by such collateral issues, however, and admitting depopulation to have been both real and serious, we may well ask whether it was not the result of Roman decadence rather than its cause, the symptom of some deep-seated social malady, not its origin. We are not concerned here with the aristocracy of Rome, nor even with the people of Italy. We are concerned with the Empire. We are not concerned with a passing phase or fashion, but with a process which seems to have gone on with increasing rapidity, through good times as well as bad, till the final cataclysm. A local disease might have a local explanation, a transient one might be due to a chance coincidence. But what can we say of a disease which was apparently coextensive with Imperial civilisation in area, and which exceeded it in duration?

I find it hard to believe that either a selfish aversion to matrimony or a mystical admiration for celibacy, though at certain periods the one was common in Pagan and the other in Christian circles, were more than elements in the complex of causes by which the result was brought about. Like the plagues which devastated Europe in the second and third centuries, they must have greatly aggravated the evil, but they are hardly sufficient to account for it. Nor yet can we find an explanation of it in the discouragement, the sense of impending doom, by which men's spirits were oppressed long before the Imperial power began visibly to wane, for this is one of the things which, if historically true, does itself most urgently require explanation.

72. The Romans were brutal while they were conquering the world; its conquest enabled them to be brutal with ostentation; but we must not measure the ill consequences of their barbaric tastes by the depth of our own disgusts, nor assume the Gothic invasions to be the natural and fitting Nemesis of so much spectacular shedding of innocent blood.

As for the public distributions of corn, one would wish to

have more evidence as to its social effects. But even without fully accepting the theory of the latest Roman historian, who believes that, under the then prevailing conditions of transport, no very large city could exist in Antiquity if the supply of its food were left to private enterprise, we cannot seriously regard this practice, strange as it seems to us, as an important element in the problem. Granting for the sake of argument that it demoralised the mob of Rome, it must be remembered that Rome was not the Empire, nor did the mob of Rome govern the Empire, as once it had governed the Republic.

Slavery is a far more important matter. The magnitude of its effects on ancient societies, difficult as these are to disentangle, can hardly be exaggerated. But with what plausibility can we find in it the cause of Rome's decline, seeing that it was the concomitant also of its rise? How can that which in Antiquity was common to every state have this exceptional and malign influence upon one? It would not in any case be easy to accept such a theory; but surely it becomes impossible when we bear in mind the enormous improvement effected under the Empire both in the law and the practice of slavery. Great as were its evils, they were diminishing evils—less ruinous as time went on to the character of the master, less painful and degrading to the slave. Who can believe that this immemorial custom could, in its decline, destroy a civilisation, which, in its vigour, it had helped to create?

73. In a few generations from the time of which I am speaking the Empire lost its extraordinary power of assimilating alien and barbaric elements. It became too feeble either to absorb or to expel them: and the immigrants who in happier times might have bestowed renewed vigour on the commonwealth, became, in the hour of its decline, a weakness and a peril. Poverty grew as population shrank. Municipal office, once so eagerly desired, became the most cruel of burdens. Associations connected with industry or commerce, which began by freely exchanging public service for public privilege, found their members subjected to ever-increasing obligations, for the due performance of which they and their children were liable in person and in property. Thus while Christianity, and the other forces that made for mercy, were diminishing the slavery of the slave, the needs of the Bureaucracy compelled it to trench ever more and more upon the freedom of the free. It was each man's duty (so ran the argument) to serve the commonwealth: he could best serve the commonwealth by devoting himself to his calling if it were one of public necessity: this duty he should be required under penalties to perform, and to devote, if necessary to its performance,

labour to the limits of endurance, fortune to the last shilling, and family to the remotest generation. Through this crude experiment in socialism, the civilised world seemed to be rapidly moving towards a system of universal caste, imposed by no immemorial custom, supported by no religious scruple, but forced on an unwilling people by the Emperor's edict and the executioner's lash.

74. If there be indeed subtle changes in the social tissues of old communities which make them, as time goes on, less resistant to the external attacks and the internal disturbances by which all communities are threatened, overt recognition of the fact is a step in advance. We have not an idea of what "life" consists in, but if on that account we were to abstain from using the term, we should not be better but worse equipped for dealing with the problems of physiology; while on the other hand if we could translate life into terms of matter and motion to-morrow, we should still be obliged to use the word in order to distinguish the material movements which constitute life, or exhibit it, from those which do not. In like manner we are ignorant of the inner character of the cell changes which produce senescence. But should we be better fitted to form a correct conception of the life-history of complex organisms if we refused to recognise any cause of death but accident or disease? I admit, of course, that the term "decadence" is less precise than "old age"; as sociology deals with organisms far less definite than biology. I admit also that it explains nothing. If its use is to be justified at all, the justification must depend not on the fact that it supplies an explanation, but on the fact that it rules out explanations which are obvious but inadequate. And this may be a service of some importance. The facile generalisations with which we so often season the study of dry historic fact; the habits of political discussion which induce us to catalogue for purposes of debate the outward signs that distinguish (as we are prone to think) the standing from the falling state, hide the obscurer, but more potent, forces which silently prepare the fate of empires. National character is subtle and elusive; not to be expressed in statistics, nor measured by the rough methods which suffice the practical moralist or statesman. And when through an ancient and still powerful state there spreads a mood of deep discouragement, when the reaction against recurring ills grows feebler and the ship rises less buoyantly to each succeeding wave, when learning languishes, enterprise slackens, and vigour ebbs away, then, as I think, there is present some process of social degeneration, which we must perforce recognise, and which, pending a satisfactory analysis, may conveniently be distinguished by the name of "decadence."

75. We may crystallise and re-crystallise a soluble salt as often as we please, the new crystals will always resemble the old ones. The crystals, indeed, may be of different sizes, their component molecules may occupy different positions within the crystalline structure, but the structure itself will be of one immutable pattern. So it is, or seems to be, with these Oriental states. They rise, in turn, upon the ruins of their predecessors, themselves predestined to perish by a like fate. But whatever their origin or history, they are always either autocracies or aggregations of autocracies; and no differences of race, of creed, or of language seem sufficient to vary the violent monotony of their internal history.

76. The fact remains that over large and relatively civilised portions of the world popular government is profoundly unpopular, in the sense that it is no natural or spontaneous social growth. Political absolutism, not political freedom, is the familiar weed of the country. Despots change, but despotism remains: and if through alien influences, like those exercised by Greek cities in Asia, or by British rule in India, the type is modified, it may well be doubted whether the modification could long survive the moment when its sustaining cause was withdrawn.

Now it would almost seem as if in lands where this political type was normal a certain level of culture (not of course the same in each case) could not permanently be overpassed. If under the excitement of religion or conquest, or else through causes more complicated and more obscure, this limit has sometimes been left behind, reaction has always followed, and decadence set in. Many people indeed, as I have already observed, take this as a matter of course. It seems to them the most natural thing in the world that the glories of the Eastern Khalifate should decay, and that the Moors in Morocco should lose even the memory of the learning and the arts possessed but three centuries ago by the Moors in Spain. To me it seems mysterious. But whether it be easy of comprehension or difficult, if only it be true, does it not furnish food for disquieting reflection? If there are whole groups of nations capable on their own initiative of a certain measure of civilisation, but capable apparently of no more, and if below them again there are (as I suppose) other races who seem incapable of either creating a civilisation of their own, or of preserving unaided a civilisation impressed upon them from without, by what right do we assume that no impassable limits bar the path of Western progress? Those limits may not yet be in sight. Surely they are not. But does not a survey

of history suggest that somewhere in the dim future they await our approach?

77. There is no spectacle indeed in all history more impressive than the thick darkness settling down over Western Europe, blotting out all but a faint and distorted vision of Græco-Roman culture, and then, as it slowly rises, unveiling the variety and rich promise of the modern world. But I do not think we should make this unique phenomenon support too weighty a load of theory. I should not infer from it that when some wave of civilisation has apparently spent its force, we have a right to regard its withdrawing sweep as but the prelude to a new advance. I should rather conjecture that in this particular case we should find, among other subtle causes of decadence, some obscure disharmony between the Imperial system and the temperament of the West, undetected even by those who suffered from it. That system, though accepted with contentment and even with pride, though in the days of its greatness it brought civilisation, commerce, and security in its train, must surely have lacked some elements which are needed to foster among Teutons, Celts, and Iberians the qualities, whatever these may be, on which sustained progress depends. It was perhaps too oriental for the Occident, and it certainly became more oriental as time went on. In the East it was, comparatively speaking, successful. If there was no progress, decadence was slow; and but for what Western Europe did, and what it failed to do, during the long struggle with militant Mohammedanism, there might still be an Empire in the East, largely Asiatic in population, Christian in religion, Greek in culture, Roman by political descent.

78. I assume that the factors which combine to make each generation what it is at the moment of its entrance into adult life are in the main twofold. The one produces the raw material of society, the process of manufacture is effected by the other. The first is physiological inheritance, the second is the inheritance partly of external conditions of life, partly of beliefs, traditions, sentiments, customs, laws and organisation—all that constitute the social surroundings in which men grow up to maturity.

I hazard no conjecture as to the share borne respectively by these two kinds of cause in producing their joint result. Nor are we likely to obtain satisfactory evidence on the subject till, in the interests of science, two communities of different blood and different traditions consent to exchange their children at birth by a universal process of reciprocal adoption. But even in the absence of so heroic an experiment, it seems safe to say that the mobility

which makes possible either progress or decadence, resides rather in the causes grouped under the second head than in the physiological material on which education, in the widest sense of that ambiguous term, has got to work. If, as I suppose, acquired qualities are not inherited, the only causes which could fundamentally modify the physiological character of any particular community are its intermixture with alien races through slavery, conquest, or immigration; or else new conditions which varied the relative proportion in which different sections of the population contributed to its total numbers. If, for example, the more successful members of the community had smaller families than the less successful; or if medical administration succeeded in extinguishing maladies to which persons of a particular constitution were specially liable; or if one strain in a mixed race had a larger birth-rate than another—in these cases, and in others like them, there would doubtless be a change in the physiological factor of national character. But such changes are not likely, I suppose, to be considerable, except, perhaps, those due to the mixture of races;—and that only in new countries whose economic opportunities tempt immigrants widely differing in culture, and in capacity for culture, from those whose citizenship they propose to share.

79. I at least find it quite impossible to believe that any attempt to provide widely different races with an identical environment, political, religious, educational, what you will, can ever make them alike. They have been different and unequal since history began; different and unequal they are destined to remain through future periods of comparable duration.

But though the advance of each community is thus limited by its inherited aptitudes, I do not suppose that those limits have ever been reached by its unaided efforts. In the cases where a forward movement has died away, the pause must in part be due to arrested development in the variable, not to a fixed resistance in the unchanging factor of national character. Either external conditions are unfavourable; or the sentiments, customs and beliefs which make society possible have hardened into shapes which make its further self-development impossible; or through mere weariness of spirit the community resigns itself to a contented, or perhaps a discontented, stagnation; or it shatters itself in pursuit of impossible ideals, or, for other and obscurer reasons, flags in its endeavours, and falls short of possible achievement.

Now I am quite unable to offer any such general analysis of the causes by which these hindrances to progress are produced or removed as would furnish a reply to my question. But it may be worth noting that a social force has come into being, new in

magnitude if not in kind, which must favourably modify such hindrances as come under all but the last of the divisions in which I have roughly arranged them. This force is the modern alliance between pure science and industry. That on this we must mainly rely for the improvement of the material conditions under which societies live is in my opinion obvious, although no one would conjecture it from a historic survey of political controversy.

80. Are we to ignore what religion has done for the world because it has been the fruitful excuse for the narrowest bigotries and the most cruel persecutions? Are we to underrate the worth of politics because politics may mean no more than the mindless clash of factions, or the barren exchange of one set of tyrants or jobbers for another? Is patriotism to be despised because its manifestations have been sometimes vulgar, sometimes selfish, sometimes brutal, sometimes criminal? Estimates like these seem to me worse than useless. All great social forces are not merely capable of perversion, they are constantly perverted. Yet were they eliminated from our social system, were each man, acting on the advice, which Voltaire gave but never followed, to disinterest himself of all that goes on beyond the limits of his own cabbage garden, decadence, I take it, would have already far advanced.

81. I do not myself believe that this age is either less spiritual or more sordid than its predecessors. I believe, indeed, precisely the reverse. But however this may be, is it not plain that, if a society is to be moved by the remote speculations of isolated thinkers, it can only be on condition that their isolation is not complete? Some point of contact they must have with the world in which they live, and if their influence is to be based on widespread sympathy, the contact must be in a region where there can be, if not full mutual comprehension, at least a large measure of practical agreement and willing co-operation. Philosophy has never touched the mass of men except through religion. And, though the parallel is not complete, it is safe to say that science will never touch them unaided by its practical applications. Its wonders may be catalogued for purposes of education, they may be illustrated by arresting experiments, by numbers and magnitudes which startle or fatigue the imagination; but they will form no familiar portion of the intellectual furniture of ordinary men unless they be connected, however remotely, with the conduct of ordinary life. Critics have made merry over the naïve self-importance which represented man as the centre and final cause of the universe, and conceived the stupendous mechanism of na-

ture as primarily designed to satisfy his wants and minister to his entertainment. But there is another, and an opposite, danger into which it is possible to fall. The material world, howsoever it may have gained in sublimity, has, under the touch of science, lost (so to speak) in domestic charm. Except where it affects the immediate needs of organic life, it may seem so remote from the concerns of men that in the majority it will rouse no curiosity, while of those who are fascinated by its marvels, not a few will be chilled by its impersonal and indifferent immensity.

For this latter mood only religion or religious philosophy can supply a cure. But, for the former, the appropriate remedy is the perpetual stimulus which the influence of science on the business of mankind offers to their sluggish curiosity. And even now I believe this influence to be underrated. If in the last hundred years the whole material setting of civilised life has altered, we owe it neither to politicians nor to political institutions. We owe it to the combined efforts of those who have advanced science and those who have applied it. If our outlook upon the Universe has suffered modifications in detail so great and so numerous that they amount collectively to a revolution, it is to men of science we owe it, not to theologians or philosophers. On these indeed new and weighty responsibilities are being cast. They have to harmonise and to co-ordinate, to prevent the new from being one-sided, to preserve the valuable essence of what is old. But science is the great instrument of social change, all the greater because its object is not change but knowledge; and its silent appropriation of this dominant function, amid the din of political and religious strife, is the most vital of all the revolutions which have marked the development of modern civilisation.

82. The conclusions at which I provisionally arrive are that we cannot regard decadence and arrested development as less normal in human communities than progress; though the point at which the energy of advance is exhausted (if, and when, it is reached) varies in different races and civilisations: that the internal causes by which progress is encouraged, hindered, or reversed, lie to a great extent beyond the field of ordinary political discussion, and are not easily expressed in current political terminology: that the influence which a superior civilisation, whether acting by example or imposed by force, may have in advancing an inferior one, though often beneficent, is not likely to be self-supporting; its withdrawal will be followed by decadence, unless the character of the civilisation be in harmony both with the acquired temperament and the innate capacities of those who have been induced to accept it: that as regards those nations which

still advance in virtue of their own inherent energies, though time has brought perhaps new causes of disquiet, it has brought also new grounds of hope; and that whatever be the perils in front of us, there are so far no symptoms either of pause or of regression in the onward movement which for more than a thousand years has been characteristic of Western civilisation.

"A DEFENCE OF PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT,"

BEING

"AN ESSAY ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF"

[*The volume which bears this title was the first of the three works which have been written by Mr. Balfour dealing with Philosophy, Science and Religion. It appeared in the year* 1879, *Mr. Balfour being then thirty-one years of age. The second volume—"The Foundations of Belief, being Notes introductory to the Study of Theology"—appeared in* 1895; *and the third—"Theism and Humanism"—in* 1916.

"A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," the sub-title of which, it is interesting to note, is the primary title of the second volume, necessarily treated of matters more profoundly and fundamentally philosophic than the two subsequent volumes. Having been out of print for many years, it seemed to me that a useful purpose might be served if its essence were made accessible to students of philosophy of the present generation. In my larger volume on "Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker" I therefore drew upon it extensively, and eighty pages of that volume consist of extracts from it. For the present abridged edition, however, I have found it necessary to make considerable expurgations; and I have only included (1) *the following extracts from the Author's "Summary" of the work,* (2) *an extract from an Article contributed to the "Hibbert Journal," and* (3) *the extracts which appear in the Sections "Naturalism," and "Science: and Science and Theology."*]

SUMMARY.

83. I pointed out that our knowledge of past events was entirely founded upon reasoning from effect to cause; and that there was a *primâ facie* difficulty attaching to all reasoning of this kind, arising from the circumstance that more than one cause might possibly produce a given effect. The problem, therefore, which required consideration was, how to distinguish from among the causes which are merely possible the one which was actual or probable. For this problem I could find no solution. The

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ordinary procedure which is followed by men of science is to estimate the comparative probabilities of the rival hypotheses, on the basis of some theory respecting the condition of things at the time of which they are treating. Now this theory, if it is not a mere figment of their own imagination, must, like any other historical proposition, be itself in the first instance founded upon an inference from effect to cause. But this process of resting successive inferences from effect to cause on historical hypotheses which can only be justified by other inferences from effect to cause, must evidently have a limit. When that limit is reached, what is to be our next ground of belief? On this point Scientific Philosophy is silent, and we are driven to the conclusion, that if two or more explanations of the universe are barely possible, they must, for anything we can say to the contrary, be equally probable; which is as much as to say that one version of history need not be less likely than another, merely because it seems in comparison unnatural and extravagant.

These remarks, of course, only hold good as between causes which are *possible*. If a cause *could* not produce the effects which are our sole premises for inferring the existence and character of any cause at all, *cadit quæstio*. Supposing, therefore, it could be shown that at any given time only one set of facts could result in the world as we now see it, we should know the history of that time with a perfect assurance. Can this ever be shown? It cannot. It cannot be shown, I imagine, even if we restrict our attention to those phenomena with whose laws we are acquainted. But, besides these, there may be countless powers with the laws of whose operations we are entirely unacquainted, and by which all that we see may have been produced. If we once admit the possibility of their existence (and I do not know by what authority we are to deny it), all historical inference is thrown into confusion. We can have no ground for supposing these hypothetical powers to begin acting at one time rather than at another, whether they be powers which should be described as metaphysical, theological, or merely unknown. In order, therefore, that a man may have any rational confidence in the history of the Cosmos as revealed in the teachings of Science, he must be something more than an Agnostic. He must have very solid grounds for believing, not only that through the infinite past only one series of phenomena can be assigned capable of having produced the actual universe, but that nothing besides phenomena capable of acting on phenomena has ever existed at all—and these solid grounds of belief or disbelief must *not* be drawn from history; but, if derived from experience at all, must be derived from his own immediate observations.

Here terminated the first part of our inquiry. Its general result is to show (1) that from the particular knowledge obtained by observing the phenomena of a world assumed throughout this part of the Essay to be *persistent*, no scientific conclusions could be drawn: and (2) that even if we suppose these phenomena to be part of a world governed by causation, we were not much advanced, and that therefore (3) some further principles or modes of inference have need to be discovered before Science is placed on a rational foundation. Of these "further principles," since their nature is altogether unknown, no more notice has been taken.

84. Now every belief, without exception, has according to Science got a cause. But every belief has by no means got a reason, and there are some beliefs which cannot possibly have reasons, namely, those ultimate ones on which all others depend; these, it is evident, must be products, but cannot be conclusions.

Confining our attention, then, to ultimate beliefs considered merely as products, it becomes evident that, *as products*, they are in no way to be distinguished from the infinite multitude of beliefs which rise into notice, become the fashion, fall out of favour, and are forgotten by all but the historians of opinion. Like them, they are the effects of material antecedents, the necessary results of a primeval arrangement of atoms. But these, the reader must note, are causes which unquestionably produce much error, and which it might be plausibly maintained have produced more error than truth. There is consequently a distinct probability—though, of course, one uncertain in its amount—that any belief, and therefore any ultimate belief, which results from their operation will be erroneous.

But if now, from looking at the question exclusively from the causal side, we turn round and look at it from the cognitive or logical side as well, we become conscious of a difficulty. For in so far as Science conforms to the ideal of a rational system, it consists of conclusions certainly inferred from certain premises. But one of the conclusions thus certainly inferred is (as we have just seen) that the premises of all science are doubtful; so that the more certain we choose to consider our inferences, the more we diminish the only ultimate assurance we have for believing them at all.

If it be replied that this consequence may be avoided by considering the scientific system—as all reasonable men do actually consider it—to be merely probable, I answer that we cannot consider any system to be even probable which, if it were suddenly to become certain, would be self-contradictory, and therefore im-

possible. Such a supposition is absurd. No conclusion less than the recognition of the fact that there is some fundamental error or omission in the account given by Science, and more especially by the doctrine of Evolution, of the genesis of our ultimate beliefs, will satisfy the argument; though how this error or omission is to be corrected or supplied without entirely altering our ordinary theories about the history of the universe, I am unable to say.

This discussion in the thirteenth chapter concludes the speculative inquiry into the nature and validity of the evidence which can be produced in favour of the current scientific creed. At every point, the results arrived at have been unfavourable to Science. It fails in its premises, in its inferences, and in its conclusions. The first, so far as they are known, are unproved; the second are inconclusive; the third are incoherent. Nor am I acquainted with any kind of defect to which systems of belief are liable under which the scientific system of belief may not properly be said to suffer.

If the reader, in the interests of speculation, feels inclined to complain of the purely destructive nature of the criticism contained in the preceding pages, I reply that speculation seems sadly in want of destructive criticism just at the present time. Whenever any faith is held strongly and universally, there is a constant and overpowering tendency to convert Philosophy, which should be its judge, into its servant. It was so formerly, when Theology ruled supreme; it is so now that Science has usurped its place: and I assert with some confidence that the bias given to thought in the days of the Schoolmen through the overmastering influence of the first of these creeds was not a whit more pernicious to the cause of impartial speculation than the bias which it receives at this moment through the influence of the second.

It is curious to remark how similar are the consequences of this bias in the two cases. Philosophy, or what passed for such, not only supported Theology in the Middle Ages—it became almost identical with it; it not only supports Science now, but it has almost become a scientific department. To hear some people talk, one would really suppose that Philosophy consisted either of the more general aspects of scientific truth or of the results obtained by applying the "approved methods of physical investigation" to mind, or even, which is still more extraordinary, to the nervous system! It may be admitted that nothing can well be more interesting than the treatment of these first of the subjects by such writers as M. Comte and Mr. Spencer; though it can hardly be necessary again to insist on the fact that no mere generalisations within the sphere of Science, though they may furnish materials for a "Positive" Philosophy, can ever be expected

to give us what I should term a "Scientific" one, any more than a work which, to start with, assumed the truth of the Three Creeds, would constitute a rational exposition of Christian Evidences. While, with regard to empirical psychology and empirical physiology, it is only necessary to remind the reader of what was shown at sufficient length in the first chapter, namely, that no progress made along these very respectable lines of research, however much it may increase our knowledge of mind and of body, can ever produce, or even perhaps suggest, a solid and satisfactory theory of the grounds of belief.

Whatever be the errors and shortcomings of the preceding discussions, I have, I trust, in the course of them avoided this particular confusion (I mean between aspects of Science or parts of Science and Philosophy) which is the fertile cause of so many others The path of my argument has been a narrow one, deviating neither into Science on the one hand nor into Metaphysics on the other; and if it seems to run through a somewhat uninteresting region, and to lead to no desirable goal, yet it, or something like it, must, I believe, be traversed before intellectual repose is finally reached. If speculations which do nothing but destroy seem to be, as indeed they are, unsatisfactory even from a speculative point of view, the reader must recollect that definite and rational certainty is not likely to be obtained unless we first pass through a stage of definite and rational doubt.

[*The following passage is taken from the first part of the article "Creative Evolution, and Philosophic Doubt," contributed to the "Hibbert Journal," October,* 1911.]

85. It must be owned that when the Universe is in question we and our affairs *are* very unimportant. But each several man has a position, as of right, in his own philosophy, from which nothing can exclude him. His theory of things, if he has one, is resolvable into separate beliefs, which are *his* beliefs. In so far as it is a reasoned theory, these beliefs must be rationally selected; and in every system of rationally selected beliefs there must be some which are accepted as inferences, while there must be others whose acceptability is native, not derived, which are believed on their own merits, and which, if the system were ever completed, would be the logical foundations of the whole. Some beliefs may indeed have both attributes; the light they give may be in part original, in part reflected. We may even conceive a system tentatively constructed out of elements which are first clearly seen to be true only when they are looked at as parts of a self-evident whole; cases in which one might almost say (but not quite) that

the conclusion is the proof of the premises, rather than the premises of the conclusion.

It will be observed that this way of looking at philosophy makes each individual thinker the centre of his own system—not, of course, the most important element in it *as known*, but the final authority which justifies him in saying *he knows it*. The ideal order of beliefs, as set out in such a system, would be the order of logic—not necessarily formal logic, but at least an order of rational interdependence. There is, however, another way in which beliefs might be arranged, namely, the causal order. They may be looked at from the trammelled criticism of beliefs; let us begin with the beliefs of "positive knowledge." If we are to believe nothing but what we can prove, let us see what it is that we *can* prove.

I attempted some studies on these lines in a work published in 1879. And I am still of opinion that the theory of experience and of induction from experience needs further examination; that the relation between a series of beliefs connected logically, and the same beliefs mixed up in a natural series of causes and effects, involves speculative difficulties of much interest; and that investigations into the ultimate grounds of belief had better begin with the beliefs which everybody holds than with those which are held only by a philosophic or religious minority.

It is true that isolated fragments of these problems have long interested philosophers. Achilles still pursues the tortoise, and the difficulties of the chase still provide a convenient text on which to preach conflicting doctrines of the Infinite. The question as to what exactly is given in immediate experience, and by what logical or inductive process anything can be inferred from it, the nature of causation, the grounds of our conviction that nature follows laws, how a law can be discovered, and whether following laws is the same as having a determined order—these, or some of these, have no doubt been subjects of debate. But even now there is not, so far as I know, any thoroughgoing treatment of the subject as I conceive it; and certainly Mill, who was supposed, at the time of which I have been speaking, to have uttered the last word on empirical inference, stared helplessly at its difficulties through two volumes of logic, and left them unsolved at the end.

It was not on these lines, however, that the reaction against the reigning school of philosophy was to be pursued. In the last twenty years or so of the nineteenth century came (in England) the great idealist revival. For the first time since Locke the general stream of British philosophy rejoined, for good or evil, the main continental river. And I should suppose that now in 1911 the bulk of philosophers belong to the neo-Kantian or neo-

Hegelian school. I do not know that this has greatly influenced either the general public or the scientific world. But, without question, it has greatly affected not merely professed philosophers, but students of theology with philosophic learnings. The result has been that whereas, when Mill and Spencer dominated the schools, "naturalism" was thought to have philosophy at its back, that advantage, for what it is worth, was transferred to religion. I do not mean that philosophy became the ally of any particular form of orthodoxy, but that it advocated a spiritual view of the Universe, and was therefore quite inconsistent with "naturalism."

Though I may not count myself as an idealist, I can heartily rejoice in the result. But it could obviously give me very little assistance in my own attempts to develop the negative speculations of philosophic doubt into a constructive, if provisional, system.

EDUCATION

Public School

86. I hold that there is no probability, and there is certainly nothing less desirable, and certainly if it were probable it would not be desirable, that the dead languages—Greek and Latin—should be excluded from the place which they have occupied in the higher education of the whole of Europe for centuries past. But I think we have to recognise that we cannot quite look at education at the end of the nineteenth century with the same eyes with which our forefathers looked at it at the period when science did not exist, and when no literature existed—no literature that had to be taken account of existed—except in two languages, neither of which was a living language. From the nature of things they were driven to base their education wholly upon the study of the great classical authors. They were driven to it not merely because those authors are, and must always be, an admirable instrument of education, but because there was in their time literally no other field of human knowledge or of human research to which they could turn for subjects in which the youth of their age might be adequately educated. We live, and we happily live, in a very different period. And if it be true, as I think it is, that the classical languages still form the most convenient instrument of education, let us be careful, let us who hold that view be careful, that we do not put it on excessive grounds, that we do not press our case too far, and that, in the face of many who think that the whole ancient scheme of education should be revolutionised, we do not give ourselves away by claiming for the classical system things which, after all, the classical system cannot give us. I hold with, I think, almost everybody who has studied the question that all education which is not in part, and in considerable part, a literary education is necessarily maimed and one-sided; an education, that is to say, which does not make the person educated at home in some great imaginative literature, and which does not put him in sympathy with the great literary artists and the great thinkers of the past, and perhaps of a very different epoch, is an education which must leave undeveloped some of the finer sympathies, some of the more valuable qualities, which education ought to develop.

But let us be quite honest with ourselves. This literary education can only be really profited by, fully profited by, in those cases where the student is really at home in the language which embodies the literature which he is studying, and unless the Head Master and his colleagues are much more fortunate than those unhappy beings who had to educate me and my contemporaries, there must be, and I am sure there is, a very large portion of those who go through a classical training who do not gain that familiarity either with Greek or with Latin which surely is absolutely necessary if the real literary and imaginative qualities of those two great literatures are to be thoroughly assimilated and absorbed by the student. Do not let it be supposed that on that account I think those

who perhaps never reached that degree of knowledge in those most difficult tongues have therefore wasted their time. I do not hold that view. I believe, for various reasons which I need not enter into now, from this fact, among others, that the body of knowledge to be acquired is a fixed body of knowledge, and not changing from year to year and almost from day to day, like Natural Science, from the fact that it concentrates attention, that it requires the pupil to be perpetually applying general rules to new cases, for the reason that it does not lend itself to "cram," for the reason that there is always an admirable body of persons competent to teach it—I believe that for even those not destined to be scholars in that full sense of the term which I have indicated, classical education may be an admirable training for the mind. Should I be going too far if I said that the majority of boys at our public schools do not get from their knowledge of Greek or Latin any real living insight into Greek or Latin literature? For them, I say, it is really imperative if we believe, as I believe, in a literary education, that we should, through the medium of some more easily learnt language, either at school or after school, give them that knowledge of the past, what has been thought of the past in many lands by men of genius, which they could not have if they are to be restricted simply to the rudiments of Greek or Latin which they have been able to acquire at school. I therefore think that all those who believe in literary training—and amongst those I may rank, I suppose, every advocate of scholarship—I am sure that all those ought to do their best to encourage, I do not say by dogmatic or scholastic processes, but to encourage such other knowledge of these more modern literatures as shall enable those not so fortunate as themselves, and those who never can have the acquirements which they have attained, to give them some chance of obtaining all those benefits from a literary training which a literary training, and a literary training alone, is competent to give.

As for the controversy which goes on between the advocates of science and the advocates of literature, I really have hardly patience to speak of it, because it seems to me, as I have sometimes heard the two sides stated, utterly absurd. I cannot really conceive that any man, however enamoured of scientific method, should for a moment undervalue that insight into human nature and the interests which have always stirred human nature. and the manner in which those interests have been transformed by men of genius from time to time in the imaginative crucible of literature—I cannot imagine that such a training should be undervalued even by the most rigid advocate of scientific method. On the other hand, is it credible that in these days there should any man be found who should undervalue that curiosity about the world in which we live, which science cannot indeed satisfy, but towards the satisfaction of which, after all, science is the only minister? There is a method of studying science, and there is a method of studying classical literature, or modern literature, which, no doubt, has educational value to no man—a method of study which may indeed benefit mankind in the sense that it increases knowledge, but which does nothing for the student, either to satisfy his imaginative curiosity, or to strengthen his imaginative appreciation of his fellow-man. You may study chemistry, and you may study Greek versification, in a spirit which will leave you as barren and poor after you have done it as it found you before you began it; but, after all, if we are to make the best of that heritage of great works which the men of old have left us, if we are to make the best of that insight into the physical world which from day to day is extending under the magic touch of men of science, it is surely folly that any man should think that he has done the best for himself until he has drunk as deeply as he may of both sources of inspiration. [1899.]

Technical and Scientific

87. But there is another, certainly not less important, side from a national point of view—perhaps a decidedly more important side—I mean the complete scientific equipment of the student for those professions in which a thorough grounding in science, theoretical and practical, is now absolutely necessary if he is to make the most of himself and the most of the profession in which he is engaged. I have always been deeply interested in this aspect of the question, which is one specially considered in Germany and elsewhere, and the value of which we have perhaps in this country until recent years unduly ignored and neglected. It is an interesting question to ask ourselves how and why it comes about that it is only in the latter half of the nineteenth century that the absolute necessity of this thorough scientific grounding is now recognised in connection with great industrial enterprises. The only real reason I take to be this—that it is only after science has developed to a certain point, and after industry has developed to a certain point, that you can successfully and usefully combine the two, and that there is forced on you the necessity of recognising that every advance in theoretic science—or almost every advance—is reflected in a corresponding advance in industrial enterprise, and that in a large measure industrial enterprise in the practical application of science is day by day giving birth to new scientific conceptions and new improvements, either in the machinery of discovery or in the result of discovery.

If anybody wishes to have a concrete illustration of these abstract truths, I would ask him to make the following comparison. Take, for a moment, the career of the greatest man of science whom this world has ever seen, Sir Isaac Newton. So far as I know—I speak under correction—neither by Sir Isaac Newton himself nor by anyone during his lifetime were any of his epoch-making discoveries turned to any practical industrial account either in his own country or in any other country. These discoveries were for the most part made while he was a comparatively young man—made, let me tell the younger members of my audience, at the happy time of life between twenty and thirty, when the inventive energies are freshest, and at which I hope many of you and your successors will add to the store of our knowledge—and Newton lived to a very advanced age. Still the fact was, as I have broadly stated it, that his inventions had no important effect on the industries of the world.

Now, compare with the career of Newton the career of two of the greatest men of science we have seen in our time, Pasteur and Lord Kelvin—two of the greatest names in science—I was going to say in the science of all time, but certainly in the science of the last half of the nineteenth century. Almost every discovery of these two great men found its immediate echo in some practical advantage to the industries of the world. It would be mere impertinence on my part before such an audience to deal with these matters in detail, but the fact is familiar to almost everybody, and the extraordinary additions which both these great men have made in their different spheres to our theoretical knowledge have had an application of incalculable value either in the department of commercial production and navigation or that of medicine and therapeutics. Can you have a more instructive contrast than that I have endeavoured to lay before you, between the immediate results of the scientific career of Newton and those of two of the greatest of his successors?

On what does the difference depend? On this, that theoretical knowledge and practical production have each so advanced, and come close to-

gether, are so intertwined, that nothing can happen in one branch that is not echoed in another branch, that practice and theory are simply the different sides of the same shield. He who advances theory knows that he advances practice, and he who advances practice may rest assured that some fruits of his labours will be found valued in theory. [1899.]

88. "Superficiality"—we misuse the word superficial, I think, sadly misuse it. Superficiality does not depend on the amount of knowledge acquired. It is a quality rather of the learner than of the thing learned. The smallest amount of knowledge may be learnt in a manner which is thorough in the sense in which the word should be used. Knowledge of the general principle may be obtained by those who have neither the time nor the ability to master all the details of any particular branch of science; but to say that that smaller modicum of knowledge is therefore superficial, and therefore useless, is wholly to mistake what superficial knowledge consists in and what education aims at. You may know very little, and not be superficial; you may know a great deal, and be thoroughly superficial. Superficiality is a quality of yourselves, not of the knowledge you acquire. I therefore feel that even those students of this Institution who come here merely to gain such an addition to their knowledge of a special handicraft as may enable them to excel in it, may carry away something of far more importance to them than the mere acquisition of technical skill. They may carry away that broadened knowledge of the laws of nature and of the progress of science which, to my mind, is not less liberalising, not less useful to education in the highest sense of education, than the most accurate knowledge of the grammar of our language or the works of an ancient civilisation. I make no attack, I need hardly say, on literary education, but I cannot admit that scientific education—even if that scientific education be humble in its amount, if it be stopped comparatively early in the career of learners—I cannot admit that that is not capable of producing as beneficial educational effects on the taught as any system of education that the ingenuity of the world has yet succeeded in devising. [1899.]

89. I feel it the more incumbent upon me to urge upon you the claims and the glories of science pursued for itself from the fact that they cannot directly appeal to the general interest of the mass of mankind. We ought not to wonder, we ought not to criticise, and we ought not to be surprised that, among the great number of persons deeply interested and astonished at, for example, anything so interesting and sensational as wireless telegraphy, few remember the inventions which have made that telegraphy possible; they neither know of nor take interest in the investigations of a Maxwell or the experiments of a Hertz, which, after all, are at the base of the whole thing, without which any such discovery as wireless telegraphy would not have been possible, but who, as discoverers, had fame and recognition among scientific men capable of understanding their work, yet who have not, perhaps, even now that world-wide reputation, that currency in the mouths of men, which fall to inventors much less than themselves who have probably built their work on the foundations laid for them by others. Yet in my opinion it is the bounden duty of every great place of University education to keep before it not merely the immediately practical needs of technical or other education, but never to permit the ideal of University investigation to be for one moment clouded in their eyes, or to lose interest, or cease to be the object of worthy effort and endeavour. [1900.]

90. There is probably no more serious waste in the world than the waste of brains, of intellect, of originality of scientific imagination, which might be used to further the knowledge of mankind—a knowledge which mankind is ever striving to attain of the history of the world in which it lives, and of its own history as a race—there is no greater waste than that which does not select those capable of carrying out investigations of this sort, and give them the opportunity of doing so.

In my judgment, competitive examinations are literally no test at all of a man's faculty for original research. What you want in original research is something much more and much higher and much rarer than a mere capacity for absorbing knowledge and reproducing it rapidly and effectively at the moment when the competitive examination arrives. What is required is some spark of the divine genius and invention, which shows itself in many ways, but which is, after all, the great element to which we must look for the progress of our race and the improvement of our civilisation. There is no apparatus, no machinery that I know of in existence in these islands, comparable to that which Mr. Carnegie and the Executive Committee have provided under this Trust for carrying out that object. What is it you want to do? You want to catch a man immediately after he has gone through his academic course, before he has become absorbed in professional life, at the moment when ideas spring most easily to the mind, when originality comes most natural to the happily endowed individual. You want to catch him at that moment, and turn him on to some inquiry which he is really qualified to pursue with success. It is not an easy task to catch your man, and the number of men worth catching, remember, is not very numerous. The report speaks of a certain number of failures among those who have been selected. I was amazed that the number was not much larger. You cannot possibly avoid failures. No intuition would enable you to discover whether a man had something beyond the ambition to do good work in the region of research, or enable you to discover whether he has the capacity to do it. I think the machinery provided by the Executive Committee and the Universities has been marvellously successful in carrying out this great object. [1909.]

91. Depend upon it, the whole difficulty lies in selecting your men. I suppose you may divide persons competent to do original research roughly into two classes—those who have a gift and an ambition, but not one of those very rare gifts, or one of those overmastering ambitions, which force a man into this particular career through the whole of his life. These men you must catch before they get absorbed in the professional work of teaching, of scientific industries, or whatever it may be, which may very likely most usefully employ the later, and I fear the less inventive, period of human life. You have to catch them in the interval before they get absorbed in these necessary occupations of life, and extract from them all you can in the way of invention and originality. Then there is a rarer and higher class—those who seem born for research, to whom the penetration into the secrets of nature or into the secrets of history is an absorbing and overmastering passion, from which they will not be diverted or wrested except by an absolute overmastering necessity of earning their daily bread and supporting themselves and their families. To those men it is all-important, not for the sake of the men, but for the sake of the community, that they should have a chance to devote their rare talents to that great work for which God undoubtedly intended them. [1909.]

University

92. I am perfectly certain that any great centre of academic education which ignored philosophy as an essential branch of its studies would thereby condemn and stultify itself. Industrial work unbalanced by literary work, literary and industrial work unbalanced by speculative work, depend upon it, are unfit to form the mental sustenance and substance of academic training. If you mean to minister, not to the material wants, not to the practical improvement alone of the great populations in which your duties are cast, I am sure that you will never forget, what you certainly have not forgotten up to the present time, that we do not live by bread alone, but that literature, and the imagination which literature embodies, and speculation with regard to the world in which we live, in which our lot is cast, have always been, and must always be so long as the world exists, the main subject of interest to educated men; and it is because I think a university like this will raise the ideal of human life and of human study in one of the busiest, in one of the most intelligent, and in one of the most important sections of our great English community that I and others are looking to the progress you annually make in your great work with the greatest interest and with the greatest satisfaction. [1891.]

93. But I think there is another point of view, and an even higher point of view, from which these athletic exercises may be recommended to your favourable attention. For what does a University exist? It exists largely, no doubt, to foster that disinterested love of knowledge, which is one of the highest of all gifts. It exists, no doubt, to give that professional training which is an absolute necessity in any modern civilised community. These great objects may no doubt be carried out without any elaborate equipment for athletic exercises, but I do not think that the duties of a modern University end there. A University, if I may speak from my own experience, and say what I believe to be the universal experience of all who have had the advantage of a University training—a University gives a man all through his life the sense that he belongs to a great community in which he spent his youth, which indeed he has left, but to which he still belongs, whose members are not merely the students congregated for the time being within the walls where they are pursuing their intellectual training, but are scattered throughout the world; but, though scattered, have never lost the sense that they still belong to the great University which gave them their education. That feeling—not the least valuable possession which a man carries away with him from a University life—that feeling may be fostered—is fostered, no doubt, by a community of education—by attending the same lectures, by passing the same examinations; but no influence fosters it more surely and more effectually than that feeling of common life which the modern athletic sports, as they have been developed in modern places of learning, give to all those who take an interest in such matters, whether as performers or as spectators. [1896.]

94. I believe that the educational value of a worthy setting of a great University is not to be despised. Traditions cling round our buildings. They become part and parcel, as it were, of the fabric in which the studies take place. They are intimately associated with the recollections of the students after they have left the place of their education. They form part of that most valuable result of academic training—the

love with which those who have been academically trained look back to the freshest, the brightest, and the most plastic period of their lives. . . . If history teaches us anything about the conditions of University life, it is that a University, once founded, is possessed of a wonderful, persistent vitality. Political revolutions, military revolutions, theological revolutions pass over it, and leave it still what it was before—a great centre of enlightenment, a great source of knowledge and of education. Universities have not survived those revolutions only, but they have even, though sometimes with difficulty, shown themselves capable of rapidly modifying themselves to suit the advance in knowledge. [1897.]

95. I hope that in the Universities of the future every great teacher will attract to himself from other Universities students who may catch his spirit—young men who may be guided by him in the paths of scientific fame; men who may come to him from north or from south; and who, whether they come from the narrow bounds of this island or from the furthest verge of the Empire, may feel that they have always open to them the best that the Empire can afford, and that within the Empire they can find some man of original genius and great teaching gifts who may spread the light of knowledge and further the cause of research. I have said that they were to find this—I have suggested, at all events, that they should find this—within the limits of the Empire. I hope that in putting it that way I have not spoken any treason against the universality of learning or the cosmopolitan character of science. I quite agree that the discoveries made in one University or by one investigator are at once the common property of the world; and we all rejoice that it is so. No jealous tariffs stand between the free communication of ideas. And surely we may be happy that that is the fact. And yet, though knowledge is cosmopolitan, though science knows no country and is moved by no passion—not even the noblest passion of patriotism—still I do think that in the methods and machinery of imparting knowledge, as there always has been in modern times, so there may still continue to be some national differentiation in the character of our Universities, something in our great centres of knowledge which reflects the national character and suits the individual feeling; and that an English-speaking student and a citizen of the Empire, from whatever part of the world he may hail, ought to find something equally suited to him as a student, and more congenial to him as a man, in some University within the ample bounds of the Empire. [1903.]

96. Let us rejoice in common that there is one branch of University work, of growing interest and importance, daily receiving more recognition from all that is best in the intellectual life of the country—I mean the post-graduate course. There the slavery of examinations is a thing of the past; the intellectual servitude in which the pupil has hitherto been is a thing he may put on one side; and he is in the happy position of being able to interrogate nature and to study history with the view of carrying out his own line of investigations and research, instead of being in a perpetual subservience to the idea whether such-and-such a subject is worth getting up for examination purposes, whether he may not have omitted to read with sufficient attention something which to him is perfectly useless, perfectly barren, perfectly uninteresting, but on which some question may be asked by a too curious examiner. He is in the position of having his teacher as his fellow-worker, of having a man at whose feet he has come to sit. . . . That is the proper position from which the most advantage can be extracted from the concentration of intellectual

life at one of our great Universities, and it is the post-graduate course which I hope to see rapidly and effectively developed in all the Universities of this country and of the Colonies.

And let me observe that it is in connection with the post-graduate course that there can be a kind of co-operation between us and the more distant parts of the Empire, which is impossible with regard to the earlier and lower stages of University culture. In the primary and secondary schools of a country evidently only the children or young men of the district within reach can attend; and no co-operation with other countries or with the Colonies is possible except after mutual consultation, after consideration of the problems common to education in all parts of the world, after exchange of information which I hope will be one of the outcomes of this conference. But when you leave the lower stages of education, and when you come to the post-graduate course, you get an intercommunication between different parts of the Empire which is closer and which may be more fruitful; for it is not merely the communication of ideas, it is not merely a central bureau of information, invaluable as I believe such a bureau would be, it is the actual interchange of students. If we can so arrange the post-graduate course of our Universities that it will be thought a normal and natural thing for any man who has the talent and the time to devote his life to investigation, first to get his education at one of the Universities of his own country, and then to go and conclude that education in a post-graduate course in one of our Colonies, how great will be the advantage, not merely to the student, but to the communities which will be brought together by a tie which may unite us all in a common interest in these higher subjects.

I therefore think that, though at first sight the subject of examinations and the allied subject of University training free from examinations may seem somewhat alien to the topic of a closer communication between Great Britain and other parts of the Empire in the matter of education, they are, in fact, closely allied—they are topics which naturally lead one into the other. And I earnestly hope that one of the outcomes of this conference, and certainly the outcome in which I take the greatest interest, will be such a development in the post-graduate system, and such a mutual arrangement between the Universities in all parts of the Empire, as shall not only stimulate post-graduate research, but shall enable and encourage that research being carried on in different parts of the Empire by members travelling from one part of the Empire to the other, and thus bringing home to us even more than it is brought home already the close community of interest, not only in things material, but in things of the highest intellect and research, which should bind together the citizens of a common Empire. [1907.]

97. I believe that the great advancement of mankind is to be looked for in our increasing command, our ever-increasing command, over the secrets of nature: secrets, however, which are not to be unlocked by the man who merely tries to obtain them for purposes of purely material ends, but secrets which are opened in their fullness only to him who pursues them in a disinterested spirit. Literature we can never do without. The classification of all that has been produced by the human mind in the past in the way of great imaginative literary work is a possession to which we all agree we must cling with a tenacity which nothing will unloose. But you can be perfectly stationary in society, however highly you are cultivated; and I believe that the motive power, the power which is really going to change the external circumstances of civilisation, which is going to add to the well-being of mankind, and, let me add, which is

going to stimulate the imagination of all those who are interested in the Universities in which our lot is cast, that lies, after all, in science. I would rather be known as having added something to our knowledge of truth and nature than anything else I can imagine. Such fame, unfortunately, is not mine. My opportunities lie in a different direction; but the happiest of men surely are those to whom fortune has given time, leisure, and opportunity, and above all a genius, which enables them to penetrate into the secrets of nature in such a way, that, perhaps, unknown to themselves, unknown even to the generation in which they are born, something will have been given to mankind which posterity can develop into a great practical discovery on which the felicity of millions may depend. [1908.]

98. We do not have it brought home to us here with the same insistence as it is brought home to teachers in Oriental Universities, that there is and must be a collision, not an irreconcilable collision, between the growth of scientific knowledge in all its branches and the traditions, beliefs, and customs, which, after all, are the great moulding forces of social man. In the West the changes of knowledge and the changes of traditions have gone on by relatively small degrees. There has been in every case mutual adjustment, and although nobody can be unconscious of the difficulties of Western teaching, due to the necessity of keeping up that adjustment, nobody is likely to underrate those difficulties in the East. Our difficulties were incomparably smaller, hardly to be mentioned with those which necessarily come upon us when you bring in, upon a society unprepared by the long training we have gone through generation after generation, the full stress and weight of modern scientific, critical, and industrial knowledge. I do not think anybody, whatever his views on education at large, or the function which spiritual ideals and ancient customs have upon training, is likely to underrate the violence of the effect which this sudden contrast must produce upon an ancient and civilised community. This modern knowledge, remember, is not a thing that can be ignored or neglected by the East if it comes to them with all the enormous prestige which naturally results from great material success. Scientific knowledge, and growing conception of the nature and character of the world in which we live, is no mere speculation: it does not come armed with the prestige proper to mere speculation; it comes armed with that perhaps more vulgar, more impressive, prestige, due to the fact that from it have been born so many of the arts of life, so many of the things that have made races powerful, wealthy and prosperous. How, then, are you going to diminish the shock which this sudden invasion of a wholly alien learning must have upon the cultured society of the East? A catastrophic change in the environment of an organism is apt to inflict great injury upon the organism—even, perhaps, to destroy it altogether. We all know, on the other hand, that if time be given to the organism, if the change, however great, be gradual, if the organism be given the opportunity of making its own changes in correspondence with that changed environment, there is no reason why it should not flourish as greatly in the new as in the old surroundings. There we are, forced to be catastrophic. It is impossible to graft by a gradual process in the East what *we* have got to by a gradual process, but which, having been matured in the West, is suddenly carried, full-fledged, unchanged, and planted down, as it were, in those new surroundings.

I have presented the problem to you as it presents itself to me. I do not pretend to suggest a solution. The Papers to be read may not cover the whole ground, but they will, at all events, suggest certain methods of mitigating the dangers and difficulties inevitably incident to what in the main

will, I hope, prove to be a great and beneficent revolution, but which, in its inception and some of its incidental characteristics is not without danger to some of the best and higher interests of the great Oriental race with which we are attempting to deal this afternoon. [1912.]

Examinations

99. The habit of always requiring some reward for knowledge beyond the knowledge itself, be that reward some material prize or be it what is vaguely called self-improvement, is one with which I confess I have little sympathy, fostered though it is by the whole scheme of our modern education. Do not suppose that I desire the impossible. I would not if I could destroy the examination system. But there are times, I confess, when I feel tempted somewhat to vary the prayer of the poet, and to ask whether Heaven has not reserved in pity to this much educating generation some peaceful desert of literature as yet unclaimed by the crammer or the coach, where it might be possible for the student to wander, even perhaps to stray, at his own pleasure, without finding every beauty labelled, every difficulty engineered, every nook surveyed, and a professional cicerone standing at every corner to guide each succeeding traveller along the same well-worn round. If such a wish were granted, I would further ask that the domain of knowledge thus "neutralised" should be the literature of our own country. I grant to the full that the systematic study of *some* literature must be a principal element in the education of youth. But why should that literature be our own? Why should we brush off the bloom and freshness from the works to which Englishmen and Scotchmen most naturally turn for refreshment, namely, those written in their own language? Why should we associate them with the memory of hours spent in weary study; in the effort to remember for purposes of examination what no human being would wish to remember for any other; in the struggle to learn something, not because the learner desires to know it, but because he desires some one else to know that he knows it? This is the dark side of the examination system—a system necessary and therefore excellent, but one which does, through the very efficiency and thoroughness of the drill by which it imparts knowledge, to some extent impair the most delicate pleasures by which the acquisition of knowledge should be attended. [1887.]

100. I do not wish to overstate the case against examinations. I dislike them so heartily that I am always in danger of doing so—a danger I endeavour to guard myself against. I admit them to be necessities, but though they are necessary, they are in my opinion necessary evils—evils which, by no possibility, by no skill on the part of examiners, by no dexter-

ity on the part of those responsible for University organisation, can be wholly removed. The man whose whole reading or whole University life is directed towards reading for an examination is, in theological language, under the law, and not under grace. That an examination may be a good test of intellectual eminence I cannot deny, when I remember the number of men who in after life have been in the very first rank of scientific and philosophical investigators, or in the very front rank of men of letters, and who have also distinguished themselves in examinations. But while they were reading for examinations I maintain that their minds were in a thoroughly unnatural and artificial condition. They are occupied in considering not what is the road to truth, not what is the best method of advancing the special study in which they are engaged, not even how they may best educate their own faculties so as in their turn to advance the torch of knowledge and increase the science of the world. Not at all. They are occupied in amassing a large amount no doubt of accurate knowledge on an immense variety of subjects, keeping it altogether in their head at the same time, ready for immediate use—the last thing a practical man ever does if he can avoid it. The wise man puts out of his head that which is not necessary for his immediate purpose. He focuses his mind on the work immediately before him, and though no doubt he may see to the right or to the left those collateral subjects which have a bearing on the main question which interests him, he certainly is never in the condition of that unhappy victim of examinations, who is going over in his head before entering the fatal room all the various points in different problems which it is necessary to have at his finger-ends if he is to satisfy the gentlemen who are examining him. [1898.]

101. I do not mean to say that you can dispense with examinations. I venture on no such dogmatic utterance; but I do think it of importance that we should have present to our minds the inevitable evils which examinations carry in their train, or the system of competitive examinations as it has been developed of recent years in our great universities. The truth is that a book which is read for examination purposes is a book which has been read wrongly. Every student ought to read a book, not to answer the questions of somebody else, but to answer his own questions. The modern plan, under which it would almost seem as if the highest work of our universities consisted in a perennial contest between the examiner on the one side and the coach on the other, over the passive body of the examinee, is really a dereliction and a falling away from all that is highest in the idea of study and investigation. I do not know how far these evils can be eliminated from our system so far as the pre-graduate course is concerned. I have to leave the solution of that problem to those who are directly responsible for the government of our Universities. [1907.]

EMPIRE

[See also "THE PRESS."]

102. The British Empire consists by no means of the simple organism of the United Kingdom, but it has now subordinate to it communities having popular institutions as free as ours. It has subordinate to it almost every form of government which the mind of man can conceive. We manage some of our dependencies by governors, some by dependent Princes, and some by chartered companies; and I think it would be scarcely possible to think of a form of government which is unexampled in our Dominions for the use or the abuse of which we are more or less primarily responsible. I believe if you told to the theoretical politician of a hundred years ago that an Empire of this kind could be effectually, justly, and humanely governed, above all could be governed by a democracy in a country in which Parliamentary government and government by party was the rule, in which one Administration succeeded another at no very long interval—if you told him that in spite of the difficulties, the inherent difficulties of that form of government, nevertheless it had been done, he would have thought that you were talking to him in a dream. We have done it, and must continue to do it. Do not suppose that it is a light task, or that the burden of it from any point of view, Imperial or moral, is a light one. The burden is a heavy one; and we shall not bear it adequately unless we realise how heavy it is. But my hope for the future is largely founded on the fact that the British Empire, whatever else it is, is not a selfish Empire. If we have acquired sovereignty over huge tracts of the earth's surface, at all events we rule those tracts in no selfish or narrow spirit. We do not desire to exclude other nations from the full benefits that may be derived from British freedom, from British powers of administration, and from British traditions of government. On the contrary, though our colonies are ours indeed legally and by affection, they are not limited to the enterprise of citizens of this country. They are open to the world; and the world, if it pleases, may take advantage of them. [1896.]

103. I never felt the desire to supplement such information as can be obtained from books by that direct vision which, brief as it may be, does clothe in outline and in colour the bare ideas which printed books can alone give—I never felt that desire more strongly than after listening to His Royal Highness's vivid and picturesque account of his own experiences in the East. It is hard for us living in this remote island to picture in living colours that vast territory for which we have become responsible, with its infinite variety of races and religions, with its immemorial philosophy, with those attributes of ancient civilisation which so sharply divide it from Western nations. It is hard for us, brought up in a different atmosphere, fully to realise the difference which divides us and to overstep that difference with a full and living sympathy; and yet that, my lords and gentlemen, is the problem which, after all, is set us in this country. I do not think that we are wholly unworthy of the task. I think,

if I may say so, that in no respect do we show ourselves more worthy of our great responsibilities in the East, and more competent to deal with Parliamentary institutions, than when we deliberately and firmly refuse to allow the questions of the Indian Empire to become matter of Parliamentary debate between contending parties in this country. If we have not full knowledge, we have, at all events, a strong suspicion of our own ignorance, and that is the beginning of political wisdom when you are dealing with great empires; and I should regard as the greatest of all misfortunes that could happen to this Empire that the details, even the great and important details, of Indian administration should be habitually dealt with by House of Commons orators or become the common theme of platform debate. No symptoms of such a catastrophe have as yet shown themselves, and I am confident that the wisdom of our countrymen, recognising the immense and the strange responsibility which the events of one hundred and fifty years have thrown upon our shoulders, will never render even more difficult than it is the difficult task of governing and administering our Indian Empire. . . .

It is not by things that you can measure or count that the greatness or the progress of communities can be estimated. I have no materials for dealing with those moral problems, those remoter moral problems, which are, after all, the great problems that have to be considered—I should get out of my depth were I to attempt any estimate, I should be dealing with seas which no plummet that I can wield is able to sound—but that there is some great change going on by the constant contact of East and West, and that on the whole that contact is likely to be beneficial both to East and to West—that is a faith which I firmly hold. And there is one point connected with the feelings and the sentiments of our fellow-subjects in India rather than with their mere material conditions on which I, at all events, feel a full assurance. If a great Empire is to be kept together, sentiment and loyalty must enter into the emotions by which its component parts are animated, and I am assured in my own mind that when you are dealing with, possibly, any population, certainly when you are dealing with a great Oriental population, it is vain to hope that this sentiment will crystallise round abstract institutions of which they have no immediate or personal experience. It will not crystallise round Parliaments or Governments or Councils. It will find its true goal, its true end in the personal affection and the personal loyalty to an individual whom perhaps they have never seen or perhaps have only seen for once, who they understand, while a man like themselves, is a great Sovereign and a great Emperor; that is the centre round which, and round which alone, we can expect the feelings of loyalty of our Indian fellow-subjects to the great Prince who rules over so many of them will crystallise.

And it is because the visit of Their Royal Highnesses to India must have an immense effect in increasing the strength of that sentiment of loyal affection and devotion, it is because their presence in every part of India, it is because the voyage which has been just described to you in language so vivid and picturesque has brought home to our fellow-subjects something which they can feel, and something which all can understand, that I venture to suggest to you that the journey which has just been brought to so happy and to so successful a termination is a journey which has not merely given immense pleasure to Their Royal Highnesses who have undertaken it, has not merely given satisfaction to the millions who have seen them in India, but has done something real, permanent, and substantial to unite that great Dependency with the rest of the Empire of which it is the greatest part: and I venture to think that we ought to thank Their Royal Highnesses for the great Imperial work

which they have so successfully performed, in bringing directly to the gaze and the hearts of our Indian fellow-subjects the personality of the family which has ruled over them ever since they became part of the British Empire, and which for generations yet to come will be the greatest bond of union between them and us. [1906.]

104. I have used the phrase "the problem of Empire," and perhaps you will ask me, or some might be tempted, at all events, to ask me, whether there is a problem of Empire. And the question need cause no surprise, because the British Empire, as it is at the present moment, is naturally an outgrowth of the British character and of the British Constitution. But though the British Empire is, of all political facts, one of the most natural growth, do not let us forget the kindred and the cognate truth that the British Empire is, of all political experiments, the most audacious that has ever been tried. We are what we are by the natural love of constitutional liberty which we have at home, by the fact that our children across the seas share our beliefs and our affections, copy our institutions, are partners in our liberty. But remember that though all that has grown by a natural process; though it seems to us, accustomed to it, as if it was the most easy and familiar process in the world, as a matter of fact, Great Britain and her Colonies are at this moment making an experiment such as has never been made as yet in the history of the world, that the experiment—though, thank Heaven, there is no hitch in it as yet—is still but half accomplished, and that, in the words of the letter which you have just heard, unless we can go forward with it, we are predestined to go back. I often wonder whether the citizens of this Empire truly realise what they are doing, what they have done, what they are attempting to do, and what, please Heaven, they will fully succeed in doing. I am not going to make a historical survey on an occasion like this of the colonial efforts made by other countries in other regions and at other times; yet it may, of course, be worth while for a moment to cast our eyes back at what has been done, or has been attempted to be done, to see how great is the task, how unique is the experiment, on which we are all here engaged.

To the Greek, a colony meant something like the mother country instituted in some other region, framed on the model of the mother city, yet with no political connection with it at all. To the Roman, empire meant that the world as it was then known, the civilised world, was to be brought within the embrace, the administrative embrace, of the all-conquering city, and that from one centre was to radiate the organisation, the political organisation, by which men of different races, different religions, of widely divergent history, were to be bound together under one system of laws and one administrative polity. But the Greek kept no unity, no bond of fellowship, or, at all events, no political union with his offspring; and Rome lost its very character in the process of making its empire. The most conservative of all nations, it yet saw, by an inevitable process, every one of its primitive institutions, the institutions of liberty under which it had grown up to be what it was, lose its significance, remain in name, but after all in name only. Compare the British Empire with those two great ancient experiments. We, like the Greek, have been founders of Colonies having institutions and liberties like own own; our children resembling, as other children do, the parents that have brought them into the world. But we have never severed our connection with those represented at this table. The Roman maintained his political connection within the furthest limits of the empire which belonged to him. But, as I have said, he ceased to be Roman in the old sense in the process, and the Rome of empire was not the Rome of the republic, and the Rome of the later empire was not

the Rome of the earlier empire. Our institutions, unlike the Roman, have grown in liberty, in vigour, in the very process of building up the Empire of which we are a part. Our liberties have augmented, have become set on firmer foundations by the very process which has enabled us to establish communities as free as ourselves, yet bound to us by the ties not merely of birth, but of comradeship and of a common Empire over the whole habitable globe. This is absolutely new in the history of the world; there is no parallel to it, and the world is looking up to it to see whether we in this great and new experiment are going to lead the way, as we have so often led the way, on the path of liberty and of progress here. There have been those, there still are those, who are ready to say, "We grant that the British Empire has well served the human race in establishing these free self-governing communities in various parts of the world; but that function is adequately fulfilled, is exhausted, in the establishment of those communities, and why should we or why should any one mourn if, in the fullness of time, the young nations which are born to us should exercise their right of independence and sever themselves firmly from the fate and the destinies of their motherland?" I believe that such critics have been commoner in this country than they have in the Colonies. And I believe that they are fewer, far fewer, in this country now than they have ever been before. But what is the answer to their contention? Wherein would be the loss either to our political children or to ourselves if, when they were in a position to defend themselves against foreign aggression, and their own liberties were established on a solid foundation, they should part company with the Mother Country? Well, that is a question too large to discuss on such an occasion as this, but one answer to it I may be allowed to make.

I am a believer, at all events, in great empires—not, believe me, because of any vulgar desire to see so much of the map on Mercator's projection painted red, nor yet from the nobler wish, the nobler belief, that great empires on the whole make, as I think, for peace. My view goes beyond this. There is always, and there must always be, a great danger that any community, each one of which is absorbed in the distracting cares incident to human life—in the business of its family, of its parish, of its county, of its country—may lose all the great and ennobling influences which may attach, and which ought to attach, to the consciousness of citizenship in a community on whose proper conduct depends so much of the felicity and the progress of the whole civilised world. We seek for this extension of our narrow horizon in books and in literature. We read history and fiction—history which is sometimes fiction by accident, and fiction which is occasionally excellent history by intention. We read these, and we ask—we desire—that our children should read them in order to expand the narrow horizon in which each of us is born, and in which we naturally live. But life is richer of lessons than literature, facts are more instructive than books; and if we can induce the citizens of this Empire, whether they live in these two small islands or whether they belong to the great and growing communities beyond the seas—if we can induce them to feel each one that he has in his keeping some small share of responsibility which attaches to a citizen of an Empire which girdles the globe, you will do more for ennobling the instincts and widening the horizon of our race than any amount of mere book learning can do, or than any amount of devotion, however disinterested, to the affairs of a parish or a county can possibly contribute or instil into the human mind. We have, therefore, a great experiment to carry out—the experiment of retaining in one Empire communities which must each be left unhampered, untrammelled, unimpeded, to follow its own laws of destiny and development. We have

to combine those and to keep them combined in one great Empire. That is the problem of the British Empire, and do not let us conceal from ourselves that as time goes on it involves, and must involve, like everything else which is worth doing, difficulties of its own. If I am asked how I think those difficulties should be faced, how the centrifugal forces, which may not be powerful, which are not powerful, but which exist—how they are to be neutralised—then I say it cannot be done by the old method of control by this country of its children. That is abandoned, and has long been abandoned by every British statesman of every school. Neither can it be, I think, maintained by a reciprocal intervention in each other's affairs on the part of all these great self-governing communities. The connection is, and must remain, so far as paper Constitutions are concerned, a loose connection; it need not be loose, and must not be loose, so far as those bonds are concerned which cannot be put on paper, cannot be embodied in a Constitution, but which are written in the hearts of men. I have heard the British Empire compared to an alliance—a close alliance, but still an alliance of independent States. I do not agree with that parallel; I do not think that is the ideal we should look to. Mere treaties, or the substitutes for treaties, framed in order that a common end may be obtained by independent communities—these are very useful things, but they are not the bonds that are going to unite us for all times to our children beyond the seas. Again, I have heard the British Empire compared to a commercial co-operation—a partnership; but here also I think the parallel is poverty-stricken and falls far below the reality at which we should aim. We are not partners in a commercial concern in which each partner has to consider nicely whether he gets his proper share of the common profits of the firm, and who is prepared to transfer himself and his capital to some other firm if he thinks he can get better terms. That is not the way in which any member of our Empire should look upon the great body of which he is a member—that is not the mode in which he should represent himself in relation either to the Mother Country or to the Colonies.

No, the true parallel is not that of an alliance, is not that of a partnership, it is that of a family. We have to feel—and I think we do feel—that the bonds which unite us—in almost all cases bonds of blood, in all cases, without exception, bonds of common institutions and of common love of freedom—carry with them, and must more and more be made to carry with them, feelings of obligation, of mutual service, which cannot be put down in black and white, which cannot be added to by any arithmetical process, but which bind us together as the members of a united family are bound together—pleased when they can do to each other some service which differentiates them as a family from the rest of the world, anxious to do that service without too close a calculation of what they are to get by it—a family between whom there may indeed and must be business relations, but with whom, though business be business, it is yet something more. That is the ideal which we have got to look to. We have got it in our power to have direct relations with other members of the Empire which differentiates us as a great family of nations from all the rest of the world. I do not think that ideal impossible, and, for my own part, I see no reason why it should not be permanent. I do not deny that, as time goes on, the difficulties which time always produces will have to be faced by the generations—by our generation or by those which are to come after us. I should be a poor guide to public opinion if I pretended that everything was easy and was going to be easy for all time. It is not; but while I should be a poor guide if I made easy promises of what the future had in store for us, surely I should be lacking wholly in inspiration

if the picture I drew of the future, either to myself or to you, represented it as a future in which we were struggling vainly against the forces of destiny—able, indeed, to prolong the agony, but not able and not powerful enough to secure a final victory. That is not my belief. This club is named after the century in whose early years we are each of us in our several spheres doing the best of our work for the common Empire. When the century draws to a close, when our successors of the 1900 Club are beginning to think that they may have to change their name, and the 1900 Club has to become the 20th Century Club, I believe—I not only hope, but I believe—that its members will look back upon us, its earliest and its original members, and will recall the great occasion on which in these first years of our existence we welcomed the representatives of all parts of the British Empire. They will remember the earnest zeal which animated their predecessors in the cause of closer union between the Mother Country and her Colonies; and, although by that time changes which no prophet can foresee will have occurred, though the balance of relative wealth and relative population among the different parts of the British Empire will have undergone strange and unknown revolutions, I yet firmly believe that they will be able to say, with even greater confidence of the British Empire as it shall then exist than might be said of it now, that it is an Empire which, on the whole, whatever mistakes it may have made (and what Empire is free from mistakes?) is yet an Empire which makes for peace, which makes for progress, and which makes in all parts of the world for an ordered freedom. [1907.]

105. I do not quarrel with those, I do not accuse them either of want of perception, want of imagination, or want of patriotism, who say that the British Empire as we know it is but a transitory arrangement; that it resembles the ordinary family life; that there was a time at which the protection of the Mother Country was necessary to its children in their early stages; that that time must pass in the world of politics and history as it passes in the world of domestic life; and that the time must come, and assuredly will come, when these great and growing communities will feel that all that could be gained from the British Empire as it used to be understood has been gained, and that in all kindness of heart and with every sympathy each member of that great Empire had better go its own way like the adult members of the human family.

That may happen: it is possible. The worldly wise would say that it is probable; and yet I think myself that there is a higher and a better way. I dream myself other dreams and have other visions of the future which may be in store for our descendants, whether they be born on this side of the Atlantic or the other, on this side of the world or in the Antipodes. I cannot help thinking that as we have now thoroughly realised in every one of these great communities that each is to manage its own affairs—carry out its own life, make its own experiments as freely as if it were an independent political entity—as that is a truth thoroughly understood by every politician of every party in every one of these several communities—I cannot help thinking that upon that solid basis we shall build up something which the world has never yet seen, which political dreamers in the past have never yet dreamed of, a coalition of free and self-governing communities who feel that they are never more themselves, never more masters of their own fate, than when they recognise that they are parts of a greater whole, from which they can draw inspiration and strength, and to which they can give inspiration and strength; and that each lives its own life and is most itself when it feels itself in the fullest sense a self-governing entity which yet has a larger whole to look to, whose interests

are not alien to it, on whom it can rest in time of trouble, from whom it can draw experience, to whom it can look, whom it can aid, and from whom it can receive aid.

That is an ideal coalition, congregation—use what phrase you like—of free self-governing communities which has never yet existed in the world, but of which we see the beginnings at the present time, and of which only our posterity will see the full fruition. It is in the light of this vision, if vision it be,—this dream, if dream it be,—that I ask you to welcome our visitors to-day. [1911.]

106. We should be greatly underrating the value of the labours of the Victoria League if we confined our gaze merely to the specific operations, the particular efforts it is making, either in the way of welcoming travellers, showing photographs, lending books, or any other of the multifarious channels through which its beneficent efforts are spread abroad. What underlies the whole movement, what gives it to my mind its real vitality, is summed up in a phrase which fell from Lady Jersey towards the end of her speech, when she said that the object of the League was to make the citizens of this Empire comprehend the Empire of which they were citizens; and, believe me, that is not so easy or so simple a task as at first it may appear to be. We are all of us by the very constitution of our being, and by the necessity of the world in which we live, absorbed in the daily round of our own labours and our own responsibilities, seldom stretching beyond our own immediate neighbourhood, or the circle of our own business, or our own families. Too easily do men and women fall into that narrowness of sympathy which makes it impossible for them to have that full comprehension of the life and labours of others, which must lie at the root of all rational and sympathetic affection. I am often amazed at the ease, at the readiness, at the unhappy readiness with which human beings find a reason for segregating themselves from other human beings,—small differences of culture or of speech, almost the difference of whether you went to this kind of school or that kind of school, or whether your life has been a city life or a country life, a life in the wilds or a student's life, let us say in some University,—the smallest difference seems to divide men from one another, to make them incapable of understanding or comprehending the lives of the other, and by that very difference of comprehension making that solidarity of feeling, of purpose, which is the root, and must be the root, of any Empire like our own, difficult of full and successful achievement.

Remember that I am one of those whose faith it is that perhaps at no very distant date, but at some date, we shall be able to find more formal and constitutional bonds uniting us and the great self-governing Dominions into one whole. Though I believe in it, that has not yet come into being; and our Empire presents the unique spectacle in the history of the world of an Empire which is bound together, not by force, not even by constitutional ties, but by mutual affection. By the sense of a common origin, by the sense of a common civilisation, of a common inheritance of law, culture, freedom of institutions, by these is given the true basis of the unity of all those various self-governing fractions of the great whole. But if those are to have their full effect as unifying elements in our great society, does it not require, does it not suggest, even absolutely require, that there should be in every part of the Empire a full comprehension and sympathy with the work which is being carried on in every other part?

And think how disparate, how widely separate are the conditions under which our race is carrying on its great work. At home we constitute the most crowded of the great nations of the world; never has there been

packed into so small a compass a population so large, so varied in its pursuits, but all bound together by a common tradition, common purposes, common laws. Go abroad, cross the great oceans, go to the other side of the world, and you will find our sons and our brothers, not crowded into ancient communities as we are, but fighting in the great empty spaces of the earth, reclaiming, under conditions sometimes of great hardship, sometimes of no inconsiderable peril, reclaiming great tracts of the earth for civilisation and for the Empire. Their conditions are utterly different; they live not merely in different latitudes, in different climes, under different skies; but they are carrying on the day-to-day work of life under conditions which it requires some imagination to realise for those who are living under conditions so absolutely opposite and so violently contrasted. Now, that is an inherent difficulty in an Empire so great, so varied, and so scattered as our own. It can be got over, indeed it is got over, by that sense of common citizenship which is the very basis on which the whole fabric rests. But is it not, and must it not be, enormously aided by an institution, which, like this, turns the whole of its energy to dealing with this particular problem, and makes it its one great object to bring home to every member of the Empire, wherever he be born, wheresoever his occupation in life may have carried him, that sense that he is a part possessor of that whole Empire, with all its diversities,—a part possessor with every other citizen, with every other subject of the King?

We who live in Great Britain do not let any friend of ours coming from the self-governing Dominions doubt for one moment that we regard ourselves as in a sense sharing their labours and their triumphs over Nature. We regard ourselves as part heirs, part sharers of those youthful hopes and aspirations which are turning each of these Dominions before our eyes into a great nation; and they, on their side, they are owners whether they live in the uttermost—as Lady Jersey says—whether they live near the Arctic Circle, or whether they live in South Africa or Australia or New Zealand, or wherever they may be, though they have never perhaps set foot within these islands, though they may have been elsewhere, they are as much owners of our history, of our traditions, of all that makes this island the great exemplar of what continuity of institutions may be and may mean, as though they had been born within the sound of Bow Bells. But into that great heritage neither we here nor they there can enter unless by the help of that sympathetic imagination which it is the business, as Lady Jersey has explained to you, of this Society to stimulate, unless by sympathetic imagination they feel themselves to be the owners and the sharers of that which perhaps they have never seen, and never can see, except in imagination and through the inward vision of the mind.

There is surely no scene, no place where this train of thought can more fitly be suggested than in the hall in which I am now speaking. It was itself built, I suppose, before the discovery of America. It is the municipal centre, as it were, of a great Corporation, which is itself older than the Mother of Parliaments. It is in the middle, in the very heart of the capital of Empire, from which, and through whose organisation, a flood of British capital has streamed over to Canada, to Australia, and to the uttermost parts of the globe, carrying with it British hands and British brains and British ideas of freedom wherever it has gone. In this life, in this busy life of London, there is no man in the remotest parts of the Empire who has not a share and a right; just as we, living here jostling each other in these overcrowded thoroughfares, know that we are part heirs of the great vacant places of the world which our brothers are conquering for us and for civilisation.

These truths may seem almost in the nature of commonplaces, and yet they are commonplaces which we dare not forget, and which, if we forget, we are showing ourselves quite unworthy of being citizens of so great a State. I believe myself that the whole trend of events is bringing closer together the widely scattered members, the widely scattered elements out of which the Empire is composed. I believe that as they have one after another left the position of tutelage under which they necessarily were in their early infancy, as they are one after another developing into great States, so they are more and more feeling that those great States are parts of one yet greater whole.

I am a profound believer in the truth that local patriotism properly understood is no obstacle to a larger patriotism. There is always—human beings being what they are—there is always a danger, not I hope serious, not I believe serious, but there is always a danger that when you come to communities so great and so prosperous, with such a future before them, with that future developing before the eyes of the least far-seeing and the least appreciative, that the heart, let us say, of the Australian or the Canadian may say, "Is not the land in which I live sufficient for me? Can a man have any happier fate than to be a citizen of such a country, building up its future and making it worthy of a population, which at no distant date will equal, perhaps may even surpass, that of the Motherland itself?" Nobody can say that that is a mean or ignoble way of looking at the world; but surely it is the least worthy, surely there is a better way, a way which sees in the development of each part of the Empire, be that part England, or Scotland, or Ireland, on the one hand, or be it Canada, South Africa, Australia, or New Zealand on the other, which sees in that something indeed worth a man's effort, worth the sacrifice of his life; which sees that such an effort and such sacrifice ministers not merely to the benefit of the part, but to the greatness of the whole, and which makes every citizen feel as an intimate part of his own daily life the immense greatness, and the even greater variety, of the effort now being carried on all over the world, which should converge, and be made to converge, to this one common end. [1912.]

EUGENICS

107. I remember when I was younger that expert knowledge upon some of these great social problems was of the most optimistic character. Herbert Spencer, for example, I think I am not going too far in saying, based the whole of his social speculation upon the theory that you had only to improve one generation, and by the mere operation of heredity the next generation would be better than its predecessors; and so on into an unlimited future of social progress based on physiological improvement. Well, the more recent investigations of science, if I understand the matter rightly, have entirely discredited that theory, at all events in its broader applications. I am well aware that the matter is still in dispute, and I am not going to be so presumptuous or so foolish as to express any opinion of my own upon the subject; but I believe I am not going beyond the truth of contemporary speculation when I say that the best scientific opinion now holds that, broadly speaking, even if there be, which most of them greatly doubt, any such thing as the inheritance of acquired gifts or acquired qualities, we cannot count upon that as being worthy of estimation in dealing with the causes which are to produce the future improvement or the future deterioration of mankind. The optimism based by Herbert Spencer and others upon the older view has now, I think, in the main, to be abandoned; and I am afraid I have to add that if we consider the line of thought adopted by many of those qualified to speak upon this subject, their views, so far from being optimistic in the sense that the school of which I have just been speaking was optimistic—their views, driven to their logical conclusion, are of the most pessimistic character.

There are a large number of persons here who have devoted great study and great thought to this question of inheritance, but, so far as I am able to estimate the general trend of thought, they dwell, and dwell almost exclusively, upon the many causes which may produce deterioration of the race—nay, which in their view are producing deterioration of the race, and that rapidly—while they certainly do not give us with any clear or convinced accents any ground for thinking that there are great causes in operation which are likely to improve the physical basis on which, after all, education, environment, and good social influences have to work, and which tend, not merely to make the best of the material we have got, but tend also to make the material itself from generation to generation better in the future. I cannot find that in their view there is any great cosmic cause operating in that direction; I do not know whether they take too gloomy a view of the matter. Some of their speculations, indeed, although I do not pretend to have an answer to the arguments they advance, leave me somewhat doubtful, because I cannot see that experience supports them. For example, we are told, and I am afraid we are told truly, that the birth-rate is rapidly diminishing in the best class of the artisan population and in the middle classes, and indeed, in all classes except the least fortunate class; and they deduce from that the uncomfortable conclusion that the population of the future will be entirely drawn from those whom they plausibly describe as the least efficient members of the community. I have

no answer to that, but I have a question to put about it. If we really can divide the community in the way they divide it, I am unable to understand how we have failed to have a segregation of efficiency in the past between those who are better off and those who are worse off. In other words, it seems to me there must be a cause in operation, on their theory, which would divide the efficient from the inefficient—I mean some have had gifts which made them prosperous, and they have married the daughters of those who had gifts which made them also prosperous, and, according to the theory of those to whom I have referred, they ought to have more efficient children. That has been going on for centuries. You see in history the abler men making a success of life and rising in the social scale, and you see those who follow sink in the social scale. This interchange has been going on, and we should, on this theory, expect to see those who are better equipped with everything which makes for efficiency at one end of the scale, and the least efficiently equipped at the other end, divided not merely by the accident of fortune, not merely by one man having better opportunities for education than another, but divided by an actual difference of physiological efficiency.

But I do not see any trace of that in fact. I do not see that that is going on. I admit that I cannot help looking with disquiet to this difference of birth-rate; but the best way of dealing with it, and the quickest and most efficient would be to put the unfortunate people who have too many children into the same category of comfort which apparently in the present social condition arrests the birth-rate, and get quality that way. But quite apart from the fact that in the last thirty years this difference has made itself manifest in a manner which naturally alarms, and rightly alarms, all thinking men, there does seem to be a flaw in the reasoning which, when carried to its logical conclusion, produces circumstances which, so far as my observation upon the relative gifts of different sections of society goes, has no foundation in the actual fact and truth of things. Differences of education, of course, there are, and differences of opportunity of course there are; but I should look with grave apprehension at all the schemes for enabling people to rise from one class to another as it is called, from one class of position to another by means of scholarships, examinations, and all the rest of it, if I thought that the result was, as it must be on this theory, that you are going to end by having at the top of the scale people who are physiologically destined to inferiority, which certainly I do not see at the present moment.

I am not going, of course, to discuss eugenics in detail, and Heaven forbid that I should attempt to discourage what I consider one of the most important investigations which can be carried on; but we have to be careful. And, mark you, there is a certain inconsistency between these theories of heredity and the hygiene which almost everybody I am addressing at the present moment regards as a great and fundamental necessity of a modern civilised community, because hygiene means protecting—not always, but often—those who on the strict theory of the survival of the fittest had better not live, and better not have children. Take tuberculosis merely as an example. You take the disease in early life, and you greatly diminish it. Many of the most competent experts think you will be able to extinguish the malady practically as you have extinguished typhus and leprosy. They may or may not be over-sanguine, but at all events that is the end to which they are tending. But, to take it for what it is worth —and I do not know that it is worth much—I suppose disease at this moment is the only method by which the natural selection, the destruction of the unfit, is allowed to work at all in civilised societies; and if we do succeed, as I hope we shall, in producing a community in which there are

no microbic or zymotic diseases at all, I suppose it is impossible to doubt that a certain number of generations of this society would be weaker to resist disease than the society in which we live, and *pro tanto*—remember I state this with all qualification—you would be running against that school of eugenics which, after all, is the only school of eugenics which exists, which depends for all its speculations and all its suggestions upon the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

At the present moment disease is killing out steadily a certain number of people especially liable to the disease. The disease may be practically extinguished; but in doing so have you considered what would happen if through some external source the disease were re-introduced to these islands as we have introduced disease into other lands. Of course, it would find its hecatomb of victims, or at any rate it would find human beings who, in the absence of medical treatment, would be far more liable than their predecessors to the attacks of that particular malady. I think that is undeniable. But who hesitates in that sense between hygiene and the improvement of the race? We must plump for hygiene. What we must go in for, irrespective of these remote speculative consequences, is for making men, women, and children—and especially the children—as well as treatment can make them; and we have the further duty of doing all in our power as a community to encourage that research which is going to make the medicine of thirty years hence as superior to the medicine of to-day, as the medicine of to-day is to the medicine of thirty years ago. I do not want to elaborate or to dwell upon that proposition, which I think will be accepted without doubt and without question by almost all those whom I am addressing. But if I were to give from the purely external point of view the first rough division between the happy and the unhappy, I should put it at the division of health. I should say that roughly—very roughly—it corresponds with the division between the well and the ill; and if I were asked what the next rough division was I should say it was between those who suffered from destitution and those who, whatever their profession in life or their monetary position might be, do not suffer from destitution. It is there that the great division as regards worldly goods comes in.

But this is the tragedy of the situation, and those being the two great divisions, they interact one upon the other. The man who is ill becomes destitute, and to all the horrors of illness are added all the horrors of destitution, each acting and reacting upon the other. And then you have the third tragedy of the situation, namely, that when you have sickness and destitution combined, each one acting partly as cause and partly as effect, there is the further action and reaction upon family life in which the man or woman feels that his or her illness is the cause of suffering not merely to themselves but to those who are nearest and dearest to them; that their own utility is destroyed; that instead of being a support they become a burden; and to all the individual and self-centred pains of illness and destitution are added those other and still greater pains, the pains of those who feel that their own misfortunes are dragging down those who are nearest and dearest to them. Now that is the cause in which we are to-day fighting; that is the cause in which this great mass of expert knowledge is brought together; that in the main is, I take it, the fundamental problem before us, and it evidently turns in the first place upon using what medical knowledge you have to the best advantage, in making your population understand what the doctor can do for them, and in giving to the doctor adequate opportunities of doing it. And it depends, in the second place, upon that growth of knowledge, upon that increase or research, upon that spread of scientific knowledge to which, whether it

be in social suffering or in industrial suffering, we must in the main look as the great lever by which all the other influences of religion and morality are to be aided. [1911.]

108. This International Congress, the first, or one of the first, which has ever been held upon the subject, has in my conception of it two great tasks allotted to it. It has got to convince the public, in the first place, that the study of eugenics is one of the greatest and most pressing necessities of our age. That is the first task. It has got to awake public interest, to make the ordinary man think of the problems which are exercising the scientific mind at the present moment. It has also got to persuade him that the task which science has set itself in dealing with the eugenic problem is one of the most difficult and complex which it has ever undertaken. And no man can do really good service in this great cause unless he not merely believes in its transcendent importance, but also in its special and extraordinary difficulty. I am one of those who base their belief in the future progress of mankind, in most departments, upon the application of scientific method to practical life. And, believe me, we are only at the beginning of that movement; we are only at the beginning of this marriage between science and practice. Science is old—even modern science is old, relatively old—but the application of science to practice is comparatively new. I hope and I believe that among these new applications of science to practice it will be seen in the future that not the least important is that application which it is the business of this international congress to further.

We have to admit that those who have given most thought to the problems which are included under the word eugenics, those who have given most thought to the way in which the hereditary qualities of the race are transmitted, are those who at this moment take the darkest view of the general effect of the complex causes which are now in operation. I hope their pessimism is excessive; but it is undoubtedly and unquestionably founded not upon sentiment, but upon the hard consideration of hard fact. And those who refuse to listen to their prophecies are bound to answer their reasoning, for the reasoning is not beyond what it is in the power of every man to weigh. It depends upon facts which it ought not to be difficult to verify; it depends upon premises whose conclusions follow almost inevitably. And those who roughly and rather contemptuously put aside all these prophecies of ill to the civilisation of the future are bound, in my opinion, to give the closest scrutiny to all these arguments before they reject them, and to say where and how, and in what particulars, they fail to support the conclusions drawn from them. Though certain broad conclusions may seem obvious, the subject itself is one of profound difficulty. I would go further, and venture to say that probably there is more difference of opinion at this moment among many scientific men with regard to certain fundamental principles lying at the root of heredity than there was, for example, in the seventies or eighties of the last century after the great Darwin's doctrines were generally accepted—as indeed they are, in their outline, part of the universal heritage of the race—but before all the more minute scientific investigations had taken place with regard to the actual method by which inherited qualities are handed on from generation to generation. Eugenics has got to deal with the fact of this disagreement, which is of scientific importance. It also suffers from another fact, which is of social and political importance—namely, that every faddist seizes hold of the eugenic problem as a machinery for furthering his own particular method of bringing the millennium upon earth.

But further, I am not sure that those who write and talk on this subject do not occasionally use language which is incorrect in itself, and which is apt to produce a certain prejudice upon the impartial public. I read, for instance, as almost an ordinary commonplace of eugenic literature, that we are suffering at this moment from the fact that the law of natural selection is, if not in abeyance, producing less effect than it did when selection was more stringent, and that what we have got to do is, as it were, to go back to the good old day of natural selection. I do not believe that to be scientifically sound. I say nothing about its other aspects. The truth is that we are very apt to use the word "fit" in two quite different senses. We say that the "fit" survive. But all that that means is that those who survive are fit: they are fit because they survive, and they survive because they are fit. It really adds nothing to our knowledge of the facts. All it shows is that here is a class, or a race, or a species, which does survive and is adapted to its surroundings, and that is the only definition, from a strictly biological point of view, of what "fit" means. But it is not all the eugenist means. He does not mean that mere survival indicates fitness: he means something more than that. He has got ideals of what a man ought to be, of what the State ought to be, and of what society ought to be, and he means that those ideals are not being carried out because we have not yet grasped the true way of dealing with the problems involved. If you are to use language strictly, you ought never to attribute to nature any intentions whatever. You ought to say "Certain things happen." Everything else is metaphor, and sometimes it is misleading metaphor. For instance, those who are interested in this subject will read constantly that in certain cases the biologically fit are diminishing in number through the diminution of their birth-rate, and that the biologically unfit are increasing in number because their birth-rate is high. But according to the true doctrine of natural selection, as I conceive it, that is all wrong. The professional classes, we are told, have families so small that it is impossible for them to keep up their numbers. They are biologically unfit for that very reason. Fitness means, and can only mean from the naturalistic point of view, that you are in harmony with your surroundings, and if your numbers diminish you are not in harmony with your surroundings, for there is not that adaptation which fitness in the naturalistic sense implies. In the same way, I am told that the number of feeble-minded is greatly increasing. That can only mean, from a naturalistic point of view, that the feeble-minded are getting more adapted to their surroundings. I really am not making either a verbal quibble or an ill-timed joke. It is all-important to remember, in my opinion, that we are not going to imitate, and we do not desire to imitate, natural selection, which no doubt produces wonderful things, wonderful organisms, in the way of men, but has also produced very abominable things by precisely the same process. The whole point of eugenics is that we reject the standard of mere numbers. We do not say survival is everything. We deliberately say that it is not everything; that a feeble-minded man, even though he survive, is not so good as the good professional man, even though that professional man is only one of a class that does not keep up its numbers by an adequate birth-rate.

The truth is that we ought to have the courage of our opinions, and we must regard man as he is now, from this point of view—from the point of view of genetics—as a wild animal. There may be, and there are, certain qualifications to that. I suppose there are both among barbarous and among civilised tribes marriage customs and marriage laws which have their root, I do not know whether in formulated laws of eugenics, but which at all events harmonise with what we now realise are sound

laws of eugenics. Still, broadly speaking, man is a wild animal; and we have to admit that if we carry out to its logical conclusion the sort of scientific work which is being done by congresses of this sort, man must become a domesticated animal. I am aware that that is a sort of phrase which is liable to misinterpretation, but it is absolutely correct. The eugenist thinks, and must think, that he ought deliberately to consider the health, the character, and the qualties of the succeeding generations. That is characteristic of domestication; that is totally absent from animals in the wild state. And what we have to do is ultimately—not we of this generation or the next generation, or for a limited number of years, but ultimately we shall have to look at this question from an incomparably more difficult, but also more important, aspect of the very kind of questions which we have to consider when we are dealing with the race of domestic animals upon which so much of our happiness, and even our existence, actually depends. But to say that—I hope it does not seem too paradoxical or too extreme to those to whom I am speaking—shows how enormously difficult is the problem with which we have to contend.

It is not a problem of the individual, but of society. I sometimes see it stated that, after all, society is the sum of the individuals who compose it. In one sense that is true—the whole is always the sum of its parts; but in that sense it is quite an unmeaning and useless proposition. In the only sense in which it means anything it is not true; and, whether we shall ever know exactly how a complex society should be composed and how we ought to lead up to its proper composition—whether we shall ever get that degree of knowledge, I know not: but the idea that you can get a society of the most perfect kind by merely considering certain questions about the strain and ancestry, and the health, and the physical vigour of the various components of that society—that I believe is a most shallow view of a most difficult question. [1912.]

FASHION

[See also "BEAUTY, AND THE CRITICISM OF BEAUTY."]

109. Everybody is acquainted, either by observation or by personal experience, with the coercive force of fashion; but not everybody is aware what an instructive and interesting phenomenon it presents. Consider the case of bonnets. During the same season all persons belonging, or aspiring to belong, to the same "public," if they wear bonnets at all, wear bonnets modelled on the same type. Why do they do this? If we were asking a similar question, not about bonnets, but about steam-engines, the answer would be plain. People tend at the same date to use the same kind of engine for the same kind of purpose because it is the best available. They change their practice when a better one is invented. But, as so used, the words "better" and "best" have no application to modern dress. Neither efficiency nor economy, it will at once be admitted, supplies the grounds of choice or the motives for variation.

If, again, we were asking the question about some great phase of art, we should probably be told that the general acceptance of it by a whole generation was due to some important combination of historic causes, acting alike on artist and on public. Such causes no doubt exist and have existed; but the case of fashion proves that uniformity is not produced by them alone, since it will hardly be pretended that there is any widely diffused cause in the social environment, except the coercive operation of fashion itself, which should make the bonnets which were thought becoming in 1881 unbecoming in the year 1892.

Again, we might be told that art contains essential principles of self-development which require one productive phase to succeed another by a kind of inner necessity, and determine not merely that there shall be variation, but what that variation shall be. This also may be, and is, in a certain sense, true. But it can hardly be supposed that we can explain the fashions which prevail in any year by assuming, not merely that the fashions of the previous years were foredoomed to change, but also that, in the nature of the case, only one change was possible, that, namely, which actually took place. Such a doctrine would be equivalent

to saying that if all the bonnet-wearers were for a space deprived of any knowledge of each other's proceedings (all other things remaining the same), they would, on the resumption of their ordinary intercourse, find that they had all inclined towards much the same modification of the type of bonnet prevalent before their separation—a conclusion which seems to me, I confess, to be somewhat improbable.

It may perhaps be hazarded, as a further explanation, that this uniformity of practice is indeed a fact, and is really produced by a complex group of causes which we denominate "fashion," but that it is a uniformity of *practice* alone, not of *taste* or *feeling*, and has no real relation to any æsthetic problem whatever. This is a question the answer to which can be supplied, I apprehend, by observation alone; and the answer which observation enables us to give seems to me quite unambiguous. If, as is possible, my readers have but small experience in such matters themselves, let them examine the experiences of their acquaintance. They will find, if I mistake not, that by whatever means conformity to a particular pattern may have been brought about, those who conform are not, as a rule, conscious of coercion by an external and arbitrary authority. They do not act under penalty; they yield no unwilling obedience. On the contrary, their admiration for a "well-dressed person," *quâ* well-dressed, is at least as genuine an æsthetic approval as any they are in the habit of expressing for other forms of beauty; just as their objection to an out-worn fashion is based on a perfectly genuine æsthetic dislike. They are repelled by the unaccustomed sight, as a reader of discrimination is repelled by turgidity or false pathos. It appears to them ugly, even grotesque, and they turn from it with an aversion as disinterested, as unperturbed by personal or "society" considerations, as if they were critics contemplating the production of some pretender in the region of Great Art.

In truth this tendency in matters æsthetic is only a particular case of a general tendency to agreement which plays an even more important part in other departments of human activity. Its operation, beneficent doubtless on the whole, may be traced through all social and political life. We owe to it in part that deep-lying likeness in tastes, in opinions, and in habits, without which cohesion among the individual units of a community would be impossible, and which constitutes the unmoved platform on which we fight out our political battles. It is no contemptible factor among the forces by which nations are created and religions disseminated and maintained. It is the very breath of life to sects and coteries. Sometimes, no doubt, its results are ludicrous.

Sometimes they are unfortunate. Sometimes merely insignificant. Under which of these heads we should class our ever-changing uniformity in dress I will not take upon me to determine. It is sufficient for my present purpose to point out that the æsthetic likings which fashion originates, however trivial, are perfectly genuine; and that to an origin similar in kind, however different in dignity and permanence, should be traced much of the characteristic quality which gives its special flavour to the higher artistic sentiments of each successive generation.

It is, of course, true that this "tendency to agreement," this principle of drill, cannot itself determine the objects in respect of which the agreement is to take place. It can do much to make every member of a particular "public" like the same bonnet, or the same epic, at the same time; but it cannot determine what that bonnet or that epic is to be. A fashion, as the phrase goes, has to be "set," and the persons who set it manifestly do not follow it. What, then, do they follow? We note the influences that move the flock. What moves the bell-wether? [1895.]

110. The unfelt pressure of general opinion produces not merely sham professions, but genuine sentiments. Fashion, whether in clothes or operas, whether in manners or in morals, is an influence which, though it may produce some hypocrites, most certainly produces many true believers. And tradition, though infinitely more than mere fashion, is fashion still. [1909.]

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF,"

BEING

"NOTES INTRODUCTORY TO THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY"

[Published in 1895.]

[The majority of the passages selected from this work will be found under the headings to which they relate, namely:—

"AUTHORITY AND REASON."
"NATURALISM"—Naturalism and Ethics; Naturalism and Æsthetics; Naturalism and Reason; Rationalism.
"SCIENCE; AND SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY."

The extracts in this Section are limited to:—

1. Passages in which the author states his objects in writing the work.
2. The author's "Summary" of the work; added to the cheap and enlarged edition.]

OBJECTS OF THE AUTHOR IN WRITING THE WORK

111. As its title imports, the following Essay is intended to serve as an Introduction to the Study of Theology. The word "Introduction," however, is ambiguous; and in order that the reader may be as little disappointed as possible with the contents of the book, the sense in which I here use it must be first explained. Sometimes, by an Introduction to a subject is meant a brief survey of its leading principles—a first initiation, as it were, into its methods and results. For such a task, however, in the case of Theology I have no qualifications. With the growth of knowledge Theology has enlarged its borders until it has included subjects about which even the most accomplished theologian of past ages did not greatly concern himself. To the Patristic, Dogmatic, and Controversial learning which has always been required, the theologian of to-day must add knowledge at first hand of the complex historical, antiquarian, and critical problems presented by the Old and New Testaments, and of the vast and daily increasing literature which has grown up around them. He must have a sufficient acquaintance with the comparative history of religions; and in addition to all this, he must be competent to deal with those scientific and philosophical questions which

have a more profound and permanent bearing on Theology even than the results of critical and historical scholarship.

Whether any single individual is fully competent either to acquire or successfully to manipulate so formidable an apparatus of learning, I do not know. But in any case I am very far indeed from being even among that not inconsiderable number who are qualified to put the reader in the way of profitably cultivating some portion of this vast and always increasing field of research. The following pages, therefore, scarcely claim to deal with the substance of Theology at all. They are in the narrowest sense of the word an "introduction" to it. They deal for the most part with preliminaries; and it is only towards the end of the volume, where the Introduction begins insensibly to merge into that which it is designed to introduce that purely theological doctrines are mentioned, except by way of illustration.

Although what follows might thus be fitly described as "Considerations preliminary to a study of Theology," I do not think the subjects dealt with are less important on that account. For, in truth, the decisive battles of Theology are fought beyond its frontiers. It is not over purely religious controversies that the cause of Religion is lost or won. The judgments we shall form upon its special problems are commonly settled for us by our general mode of looking at the Universe; and this again, in so far as it is determined by arguments at all, is determined by arguments of so wide a scope that they can seldom be claimed as more nearly concerned with Theology than with the philosophy of Science or of Ethics.

My object, then, is to recommend a particular way of looking at the World-problems which, whether we like it or not, we are compelled to face. I wish, if I can, to lead the reader up to a point of view whence the small fragments of the Infinite Whole, of which we are able to obtain a glimpse, may appear to us in their true relative proportions. This is, therefore, no work of "Apologetics" in the ordinary sense of that word. Theological doctrines are not taken up in turn and defended from current objections; nor is there any endeavour here made specifically to solve the "doubts" or allay the "difficulties" which in this, as in every other, age perplex the minds of a certain number of religious persons. Yet, as I think that perhaps the greater number of these doubts and difficulties would never even present themselves in that character were it not for a certain superficiality and one-sidedness in our habitual manner of considering the wider problems of belief, I cannot help entertaining the hope that by what is here said the work of the Apologist proper may indirectly be furthered.

112. What I have tried to do is not to write a monograph, or a series of monographs, upon Theology, but to delineate, and, if possible, to recommend, a certain attitude of mind; and I hope that in carrying out this less ambitious scheme I have put in few touches that were superfluous and left out none that were necessary.

113. In order that the views here advocated may be seen in the highest relief, it is convenient to exhibit them against the background of some other and contrasted system of thought. What system shall that be? In Germany the philosophies of Kant and his successors may be (I know not whether they are) matters of such common knowledge that they fittingly supply a standard of reference, by the aid of which the relative positions of other and more or less differing systems may be conveniently determined. As to whether this state of things, if it anywhere exists, is desirable or not, I offer no opinion. But I am very sure that it does not at present exist in any English-speaking community, and probably never will, until the ideas of these speculative giants are throughout rethought by Englishmen, and reproduced in a shape which ordinary Englishmen will consent to assimilate. Until this occurs, Transcendental Idealism must continue to be what it is now—the intellectual possession of a small minority of philosophical specialists. Philosophy cannot, under existing conditions, become, like Science, absolutely international. There is in matters speculative, as in matters poetical, a certain amount of natural protection for the home-producer, which commentators and translators seem unable altogether to overcome.

Though, therefore, I have devoted a chapter to the consideration of Transcendental Idealism as represented in some recent English writings, it is not with overt or tacit reference to that system that I have arranged the material of the following Essay. I have, on the contrary, selected a system with which I am in much less sympathy, but which under many names numbers a formidable following, and is in reality the only system which ultimately profits by any defeats which Theology may sustain, or which may be counted on to flood the spaces from which the tide of Religion has receded. Agnosticism, Positivism, Empiricism, have all been used more or less correctly to describe this scheme of thought; though in the following pages, for reasons with which it is not necessary to trouble the reader, the term which I shall commonly employ is Naturalism. But whatever the name selected, the thing itself is sufficiently easy to describe. For its

leading doctrines are that we may know "phenomena"[1] and the laws by which they are connected, but nothing more. "More" there may or may not be; but if it exists we can never apprehend it: and whatever the World may be "in its reality" (supposing such an expression to be otherwise than meaningless), the World for us, the World with which alone we are concerned, or of which alone we can have any cognisance, is that World which is revealed to us through perception, internal and external, and which is the subject-matter of the Natural Sciences. Here, and here only, are we on firm ground. Here, and here only, can we discover anything which deserves to be described as Knowledge. Here, and here only, may we profitably exercise our reason or gather the fruits of Wisdom.

SUMMARY.

114. All men who reflect at all interpret their experiences in the light of certain broad theories and preconceptions as to the world in which they live. These theories and preconceptions need not be explicitly formulated, nor are they usually, if ever, thoroughly self-consistent. They do not remain unchanged from age to age; they are never precisely identical in two individuals. Speaking, however, of the present age and of the general body of educated opinion, they may be said to fall roughly into two categories—which we may call respectively the Spiritualistic and the Naturalistic. In the Naturalistic class are included by common usage Positivism, Agnosticism, Materialism, etc., though not always with the good will of those who make profession of these doctrines.

In estimating the value of any of these theories we have to take into account something more than their "evidence" in the

[1] I feel that explanation, and perhaps apology, is due for this use of the word "phenomena." In its proper sense the term implies, I suppose, that which *appears*, as distinguished from something, presumably more real, which does *not appear*. I neither use it as carrying this metaphysical implication, nor do I restrict it to things which appear, or even to things which *could* appear to beings endowed with senses like ours. The ether, for instance, though it is impossible that we should ever know it except by its effects, I should call a phenomenon. The coagulation of nebular meteors into suns and planets I should call a phenomenon, though nobody may have existed to whom it could appear. Roughly speaking, things and events, the general subject-matter of Natural Science, are what I endeavour to indicate by a term for which, as thus used, there is, unfortunately, no substitute, however little the meaning which I give to it can be etymologically justified.

While I am on the subject of definitions, it may be as well to say that, generally speaking, I distinguish between Philosophy and Metaphysics. To Philosophy I give an *epistemological* significance. I regard it as the systematic exposition of our grounds of knowledge. Thus, the philosophy of Religion or the philosophy of Science would mean the theoretic justification of our theological or scientific beliefs. By Metaphysics, on the other hand, I usually mean the knowledge that we have, or suppose ourselves to have, respecting realities which are not phenomenal, *e.g.*, God, and the Soul.

narrow meaning often given to that term. Their bearing upon the most important forms of human activity and emotion deserves also to be considered. For, as I proceed to show, there may, in addition to the merely logical incongruities in which the essence of inconsistency is commonly thought to reside, be also incongruities between theory and practice, or theory and feeling, producing inconsistencies of a different, but, it may be, not less formidable description.

In the first chapter I have endeavoured to analyse some of these incongruities as they manifest themselves in the collision between Naturalism and Ethical emotions. That there are emotions proper to Ethics is admitted on all hands. It is not denied, for instance, that a feeling of reverence for what is right—for what is prescribed by the moral law—is a necessary element in any sane and healthy view of things: while it becomes evident on reflection that this feeling cannot be independent of the origin from which that moral law is supposed to flow, and the place which it is thought to occupy in the Universe of things.

Now on the Naturalistic theory, the place it occupies is insignificant, and its origin is quite indistinguishable from that of any other contrivance by which Nature provides for the survival of the race. Courage and self-devotion are factors in evolution which came later into the field than e.g., greediness or lust: and they require therefore the special protection and encouragement supplied by fine sentiments. These fine sentiments, however, are merely a device comparable to other devices, often disgusting or trivial, produced in the interests of race-preservation by Natural Selection; and when we are under their sway we are being cheated by Nature for our good—or rather for the good of the species to which we belong.

The feeling of freedom is, on the Naturalist theory, another beneficent illusion of the same kind. If Naturalism be true, it is certain that we are not free. If we are not free, it is certain that we are not responsible. If we are not responsible, it is certain that we are exhibiting a quite irrational emotion when we either repent our own misdoings or reverence the virtues of other people.

There is yet a third kind of disharmony between the emotions permitted by Naturalism and those proper to Ethics—the emotions, namely, which relate to the *consequences* of action. We instinctively ask for some adjustment between the distribution of happiness and the distribution of virtue, and for an ethical end adequate to our highest aspirations. The first of these can only be given if we assume a future life, an assumption evidently unwarranted by Naturalism; the second is rendered impossible by the relative insignificance of man and all his doings, as measured

on the scale supplied by modern science. The brief fortunes of our race occupy but a fragment of the range in time and space which is open to our investigations; and if it is only in relation to them that morality has a meaning, our practical ideal must inevitably be petty, compared with the sweep of our intellectual vision.

With Chapter II we turn from Ethics to Æsthetics; and discuss the relation which Naturalism bears to the emotions aroused in us by Beauty. A comparatively large space is devoted to an investigation into the "natural history" of taste. This is not only (in the author's opinion) intrinsically interesting, but it is a desirable preliminary to the contention that (on the Naturalist view of things) Beauty represents no permanent quality or relation in the world as revealed to us by Science. This becomes evident when we reflect (*a*) that could we perceive things as the Physicist tells us they are, we might regard them as curious and interesting, but hardly as beautiful; (*b*) that differences of taste are notorious and, indeed, inevitable, considering that no causes exist likely to call into play the powerful selective machinery by which is secured an approximate uniformity in morals; (*c*) that even the apparent agreement among official critics represents no identity of taste; while (*d*) the genuine identity of taste, so often found in the same public at the same time, is merely a case of that "tendency to agreement" which, though it plays a most important part in the general conduct of social life, has in it no element of permanence, and, indeed, under the name of *fashion,* is regarded as the very type of mutability.

From these considerations it becomes apparent that æsthetic emotion at its best and highest is altogether discordant with Naturalistic theory.

The advocates of Naturalism may perhaps reply that, even supposing the foregoing arguments were sound, and there is really this alleged collision between Naturalistic theory and the highest emotions proper to Ethics and Æsthetics, yet, however much we may regret the fact, it should not affect our estimate of a creed which, professing to draw its inspiration from reason alone, ought in no wise to be modified by sentiment. How far this contention can be sustained will be examined later. In the meanwhile it suggests an inquiry into the position which that Reason to which Naturalism appeals occupies according to Naturalism itself in the general scheme of things.

According to the spiritual view of things, the material Universe is the product of Reason. According to Naturalism it is its source. Reason and the inlets of sense through which reason obtains the data on which it works are the products of non-

rational causes; and if these causes are grouped under the guidance of Natural Selection so as to produce a rational or partially rational result, the character of this result is determined by our utilitarian needs rather than our speculative aspirations.

Reason, therefore, on the Naturalistic hypothesis, occupies no very exalted or important place in the Cosmos. It supplies it neither with a First cause nor a Final cause. It is a merely local accident ranking after appetite and instinct among the expedients by which the existence of a small class of mammals on a very insignificant planet is rendered a little less brief, though perhaps not more pleasurable, than it would otherwise be.

Chapter IV is a summary of the three preceding ones, and terminates with a contrasted pair of catechisms based respectively on the Spiritualistic and the Naturalistic method of interpreting the world.

This incongruity between Naturalism and the higher emotions inevitably provokes an examination into the evidence on which Naturalism itself rests, and this accordingly is the task to which we set ourselves at the beginning of Part II. Now on its positive side the teaching of Naturalism is by definition identical with the teaching of Science. But while Science is not bound to give any account of its first principles, and in fact never does so, Naturalism, which is nothing if not a philosophy, is in a different position. The essential character of its pretensions carries with it the obligation to supply a reasoned justification of its existence to any who may require it.

It is no doubt true that Naturalistic philosophers have never been very forward to supply this reasoned justification, yet we cannot go wrong in saying that Naturalistic theory, in all its forms, bases knowledge entirely upon experiences; and that of these experiences the most important are those which are given in the "immediate judgments of the senses" and principally of vision.

A brief consideration, however, of this simple and commonsense statement shows that two kinds of difficulty are inherent in it. In the *first* place, the very account which Science gives of the causal steps by which the object experienced (e.g., the thing seen) makes an impression upon our senses, shows that the experiencing self, the knowing "I," is in no immediate or direct relation with that object; and it shows further that the message thus conveyed by the long chain of causes and effects connecting the object experienced and the experiencing self, is essentially mendacious. The attempt to get round this difficulty either by regarding the material world as being not the object immediately experienced, but only an inference from it, or by abolishing the material world

altogether in the manner of Berkeley, Hume, and J. S. Mill, is shown to be impracticable, and to be quite inconsistent with the teaching of Science, as men of science understand it.

In the *second* place, it is clear that we require, in order to construct the humblest scientific edifice, not merely isolated experiences, but general principles (such as the law of universal causation) by which isolated experiences may be co-ordinated. How on any purely empirical theory are these to be obtained? No method that will resist criticism has ever been suggested; and the difficulty, insuperable in any case, seems enormously increased when we reflect that it is not the accumulated experience of the race, but the narrow experience of the individual on which we have to rely. It must be *my* experience for *me*, and *your* experience for *you*. Otherwise we should find ourselves basing our belief in these general principles upon our general knowledge of mankind past and present, though we cannot move a step towards the attainment of such general knowledge without first assuming these principles to be true.

It would not be possible to go further in the task of exposing the philosophic insufficiency of the Naturalistic creed without the undue employment of philosophic technicalities. But, in my view, to go further is unnecessary. If fully considered, the criticisms contained in this chapter are sufficient, without any supplement, to show the hollowness of the Naturalistic claim, and as it is with Naturalism that this work is mainly concerned, there seems no conclusive necessity for touching on rival systems of Philosophy.

As a precautionary measure, however, and to prevent a flank attack, I have in Part II, Chapter II, briefly examined certain aspects of Transcendental Idealism in the shape in which it has principally gained currency in this country; while at the beginning of the succeeding chapter I have indicated my reason for respectfully ignoring any other of the great historic systems of Philosophy.

The conclusion of this part of the discussion, therefore, is that neither in Naturalism, with which we are principally concerned, nor in Rationalism, which is Naturalism in the making, nor in any other system of thought which commands an important measure of contemporary assent, can we find a coherent scheme which shall satisfy our critical faculties. Now this result may seem purely negative; but evidently it carries with it an important practical corollary. For whereas the ordinary canons of consistency might require us to sacrifice all belief and sentiments which did not fully harmonise with a system rationally based on rational foundations, it is a mere abuse of these canons to apply

them in support of a system whose inner weaknesses and contradictions show it to be at best but a halting and imperfect approximation to one aspect of absolute truth.

Chapter IV in Part II may be regarded as a parenthesis, though a needful parenthesis, in the course of the general argument. It is designed to expose the absurdity of the endeavour to make rationalising theories (as defined on pp. 177-183) issue not in Naturalism but in Theology. Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" is the best known example of this procedure; and I have endeavoured to show that, however valuable it may be as a supplement to a spiritualistic creed already accepted, it is quite unequal to the task of refuting Naturalism by extracting Spiritualism out of the Biblical narrative by ordinary historical and inductive methods.

With Part II, Chapter IV, ends the critical or destructive portion of the Essay. With Part III begins the attempt at construction. The preliminary stage of this consists in some brief observations on the Natural History of Beliefs. By the natural history of beliefs I mean an account of beliefs regarded simply as phenomena among other phenomena; not as premises or conclusions in a logical series, but as antecedents or consequents in a causal series. From this point of view we have to ask ourselves not whether a belief is true, but whence it arose; not whether it ought to be believed, but how it comes to be believed. We have to put ourselves, so to speak, in the position of a superior being making anthropological investigations from some other planet, or into the position we ourselves occupy when examining opinions which have for us only an historic interest.

Such an investigation directed towards what may roughly be described as the "immediate beliefs of experience"—those arising from perception and memory—shows that they are psychical accompaniments of neural processes—processes which in their simpler form appear neither to possess nor to require this mental collaboration. Physiological co-ordination, unassociated with any psychical phenomena worthy to be described as perception or belief, is sufficient for the lower animals or for most of them; it is in many cases sufficient for man. Conscious experience and the judgments in which it is embodied seem, from this point of view, only an added and almost superfluous perfection, a finishing touch given to activities which often do excellently well with no such rational assistance.

Empirical philosophy in its cruder form would have us believe that by some inductive legerdemain there may be extracted from these psychological accidents the vast mass of supplementary beliefs actually required by the higher social and scientific life

of the race. We have already shown as regards one great scientific axiom (the uniformity of Nature) that this is not logically possible. We may now say more generally that from the point of view of Natural History it is not what in fact happens. Not reasoning, inductive or deductive, is the true parent of this numerous offspring: we should be nearer the mark if we looked to Authority—using this as a convenient collective name for the vast multitude of psychological causes of belief, *not being also reasons for it*, which have their origin in the social environment, and are due to the action of mind on mind.

An examination into this subject carried out at considerable length in Part III, Chapter II, serves to show not merely that this is so, but that, if society is to exist, it could not be otherwise. Reasoning no doubt has its place both in the formation of beliefs and in their destruction. But its part is insignificant compared with that played by Authority. For it is to Authority that we owe the most fundamental premises on which our reasonings repose; and it is Authority which commonly determines the conclusions to which they must in the main adapt themselves.

These views, taken in connection with the criticism on Naturalism contained in Part II, show that the beliefs of which Naturalism is composed must on its own principles have a non-rational source, and on any principles must derive largely from Authority: that Naturalism neither owes its origin to reason, nor has as yet been brought into speculative harmony with it. Why, then, should it be regarded as of greater validity than (say) Theology? Is there any relevant difference between them? and if not, is it reasonable to act as if there were?

One difference there undoubtedly is. About the judgments which form the starting-point of Science there is unquestionably an *inevitableness* lacking to those which lie at the root of Theology or Ethics. There may be, and are, all sorts of speculative difficulties connected with the reality, or even the meaning, of an external world; nevertheless, our beliefs respecting what we see and handle, however confused they may seem on analysis, remain absolutely coercive in their assurance compared with the beliefs with which Ethics and Theology are principally concerned.

There is here no doubt a real difference—though one which the Natural History of beliefs may easily explain. But is it a relevant difference? Assuredly not. The coercion exercised by these beliefs is not a rational coercion. It is due neither to any deliberate act of reason, nor to any blind effect of heredity or tradition which reason *ex post facto* can justify. The necessity to which we bow, rules us by violence, not by right.

The differentiation which Naturalism makes in favour of its

own narrow creed is thus an irrational differentiation, and so the great masters of speculative thought, as well as the great religious prophets, have always held.

And if no better ground for accepting as fact a material world more or less in correspondence with our ordinary judgments of sense-perceptions can be alleged than the practical need for doing so, there is nothing irrational in postulating a like harmony between the Universe and other Elements in our nature "of a later, a more uncertain, but no ignobler growth."

Nor can it be said that, in respect of distinctness or lucidity, fundamental scientific conceptions have any advantage over Theological for Ethical ones. Mr. Spencer has indeed pointed out with great force that "ultimate scientific ideas," like "ultimate religious ideas," are "unthinkable." But he has not drawn the proper moral from his discovery. If in the case of Science we accept unhesitatingly postulates about the material world as more certain than any reason which can be alleged in their defence; if the needs of everyday life forbid us to take account of the difficulties which seem on analysis to becloud our simplest experiences, practical wisdom would seem to dictate a like course when we are dealing with the needs of our spiritual nature.

We have now reached a point in the argument at which it becomes clear that the "conflict between Science and Religion," if it exists, is not one which in the present state of our knowledge can or ought to require us to reject either of these supposed incompatibles. For in truth the difficulties and contradictions are to be found rather within their separate spheres than between them. The conflicts from which they suffer are in the main civil conflicts; and if we could frame a satisfying philosophy of Science and a satisfying philosophy of Religion, we should, I imagine, have little difficulty in framing a philosophy which should embrace them both.

We may, indeed, go much further, and say that, unless it borrow something from Theology, a philosophy of Science is impossible. The perplexities in which we become involved if we accept the Naturalistic dogma that all beliefs ultimately trace their descent to non-rational causes, have emerged again and again in the course of the preceding argument. Such a doctrine cuts down any theory of knowledge to the root. It can end in nothing but the most impotent scepticism. Science, therefore, is at least as much as Theology compelled to postulate a Rational Ground or Cause of the world, who made *it* intelligible and *us* in some faint degree able to understand it.

The difficulties which beset us whenever we attempt to conceive how this Rational (and therefore Spiritual) cause acts

upon or is related to the Material Universe, are no doubt numerous and probably insoluble. But they are common to Science and to Religion, and, indeed, are of a kind which cannot be avoided even by the least theological of philosophies, since they are at once suggested in their most embarrassing form whenever we try to realise the relation between the Self and the world of matter, a relation which it is impossible practically to deny or speculatively to understand.

It is true that at first sight most forms of religion, and certainly Christianity as ordinarily held, seem to have burdened themselves with a difficulty from which Science is free—the familiar difficulty of Miracles. But there is probably here some misconception. Whether or not there is sufficient reason for believing any particular Wonder recorded in histories, sacred or profane, can only be decided by each person according to his general view of the system of the world. But however he may decide, his real difficulty will not be with any supposed violation of the principle of Uniformity (a principle not always accurately understood by those who appeal to it), but with a metaphysical paradox common to all forms of religion, whether they lay stress on the "miraculous" or not.

What is this metaphysical paradox? It is the paradox involved in supposing that the spiritual source of all that exists exercises "preferential action" on behalf of one portion of his creation rather than another; that He draws a distinction between good and bad, and having created all, yet favours only a part. This paradox is implied in such expressions as "Providence," "A Power that makes for Righteousness," "A Benevolent Deity," and all the other phrases by which Theology adds something to the notion of the "Infinite Substance," or "Universal Idea or Subject," which is the proper theme of a non-theological Metaphysic.

In this preferential action, however, Science and Ethics seem as much interested as Theology. For, in the first place, it is worth noting that if we accept the doctrine of a First Cause immanent in the world of phenomena, the modern doctrine of Evolution almost requires us to hold that there is in the Universe a purpose being slowly worked out—a "striving towards something which is not, but which gradually becomes, and, in the fullness of time, will be."

But, in truth, much stronger reasons have already been advanced for holding that both Science and Ethics must postulate not merely a universal substance or subject, but a Deity working by what I have ventured to call "preferential methods." So far as Science is concerned, we have already seen that at the root

of every rational process lies a non-rational one, and that the least unintelligible account which can be given of the fact that these non-rational processes, physical, physiological, and social, issue in knowledge is that to this end they were preferentially guided by Supreme Reason.

A like argument may be urged with even greater force in the case of Ethics. If we hold—as teachers of all schools profess to hold—that morality is a thing of intrinsic worth, we seem driven also to assume that the complex train of non-moral causes which have led to its recognition, and have at the same time engendered the sentiments which make the practice of it possible, have produced these results under moral—i.e., preferential—guidance.

But if Science and Ethics, to say nothing of Æsthetics, thus require the double presupposition of a Deity and of a Deity working by "preferential" methods, we need feel no surprise if these same preferential methods have shown themselves in the growth and development of Theology.

The reality of this preferential intervention has been persistently asserted by the adherents of every religion. They have always claimed that their beliefs about God were due to God. The one exception is to be found in the professors of what is rather absurdly called Natural Religion, who are wont to represent it as the product of "unassisted reason." In face, however, of the arguments already advanced to prove that there is no such thing as unassisted reason, this pretension may be summarily dismissed.

Though we describe, as we well may, this preferential action in matters theological by the word Inspiration, it does not follow, of course, that what is inspired is on that account necessarily true, but only that it has an element of truth due to the Divine co-operation with our limited intelligences. And for my own part I am unwilling to admit that some such element is not to be found in all the great religious systems which have in any degree satisfied the spiritual needs of mankind.

So far the argument has gone to show that the great body of our beliefs, scientific, ethical, æsthetic, and theological, form a more coherent and satisfactory whole in a Theistic than in a Naturalistic setting. Can the argument be pressed further? Can we say that those departments of knowledge, or any of them, are more coherent and satisfactory in a distinctively Christian setting than in a merely Theistic one? If so, the *a priori* presuppositions which have induced certain learned schools of criticism to deal with the Gospel narratives as if these were concerned with events intrinsically incredible will need modification, and

there may even on consideration appear to be an *a priori* presupposition in favour of their general veracity.

Now it can, I think, be shown that the central doctrine of Christianity, the doctrine which essentially differentiates it from every other religion, has an ethical import of great and even of an increasing value. The Incarnation as dogma is not a theme within the scope of this work; but it may not be amiss, by way of Epilogue, to enumerate three aspects of it in which it especially ministers, as nothing else could conceivably minister, to some of the most deep-seated of our moral necessities.

(*a*) The whole tendency of modern discovery is necessarily to magnify material magnitudes to the detriment of spiritual ones. The insignificant part played by moral forces in the cosmic drama, the vastness of the physical forces by which we are closed in and overwhelmed, the infinities of space, time, and energy thrown open by Science to our curious investigations, increase (on the Theistic hypothesis) our sense of the power of God, but relatively impoverish our sense of His moral interest in His creatures. It is surely impossible to imagine a more effective cure for this distorted yet most natural estimate than a belief in the Incarnation.

(*b*) Again, the absolute dependence of mind on body, taught, and rightly taught, by empirical science, confirmed by each man's own humiliating experience, is of all beliefs the one which, if fully realised, is most destructive of high endeavour. Speculation may provide an answer to physiological materialism, but for the mass of mankind it can provide no antidote; nor yet can an antidote be found in the bare theistic conception of a God ineffably remote from all human conditions, divided from man by a gulf so vast that nothing short of the Incarnation can adequately bridge it.

(*c*) A like thought is suggested by the "problem of evil," that immemorial difficulty in the way of a completely consistent theory of the world on a religious basis. Of this difficulty, indeed, the Incarnation affords no speculative solution, but it does assuredly afford a practical palliation. For whereas a merely metaphysical Theism leaves us face to face with a Deity who shows power but not mercy, who has contrived a world in which, so far as direct observation goes, the whole creation travails together in misery, Christianity brings home to us, as nothing else could do, that God is no indifferent spectator of our sorrows, and in so doing affords the surest practical alleviation to a pessimism which seems fostered alike by the virtues and the vices of our modern civilisation.

FRANCE

115. My lords and gentlemen, the Speaker of the House of Commons has just reminded us that we are gathered here together in a hall which dates back to the son of the great Conqueror who came over from French shores to found a dynasty in this country. This was 800 years ago, and it is a melancholy reflection to think how many of those 800 years have been spent between the dwellers on either side of the Channel either in mutual suspicion or distrust, or in active hostilities, and how few of them have been spent in warm co-operation and unclouded friendship. Yet even looking back upon that past, marked as it is by perpetually recurring conflicts, I would not speak of it on this, or, indeed, on any other occasion, in too gloomy a vein, for, after all, what the two nations forget is the cause of their differences, what they remember are the great deeds of heroism which have rendered both of them illustrious. And if I may add one further reflection, it is this—that through peace and through war, in years of friendship as in years of hostility, the mutual influence of the two countries one upon another, of their modes of thought, of their civilisation, of their art, of their philosophy, that has gone on unchanged through the centuries, has been, I would venture to hope, indeed, I firmly believe, to the advantage both of the one and of the other, and the very difference of temperament which separates these closest of neighbours has been, of itself, one of the causes why each has been to the other of such infinite service in the cause of the development of national culture.

My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, there have been times in history when such a gathering as this, and such an occasion as the present, would have been regarded, not merely as a sign of the friendship between two great nations, but as a hidden menace to other communities. There have been times when the idea of national friendship, except for the purpose of annoying some third party, hardly came within the view of the practical politician. But glad I am to think that those days are far gone. We are gathered here to celebrate those whose profession is war, and whose main business it is to be prepared for war at all times and on all occasions. Yet I, for my part, should hesitate to say that, under modern conditions, it is the war-like forces of great commercial communities which are the cause or occasion of war, or the cause or occasion of the fear of war in others. It may seem a paradox—I advance it as a paradox, though one easy of defence—so far as I can observe the forces which make for peace or war in this our great Western civilisation, you will find them on the platform, you will find them in the Press, you will find them, perhaps, even in the professorial chair; I do not think you will find them in the great defensive forces which nations have to keep up in order to preserve their independence and their honour.

These are the great guarantees of peace in my opinion, and so far from regarding this welcome which we have given to the naval forces of our nearest neighbour, so far, I say, from regarding that welcome as in itself an indication or forecast of troubles that are to be, I take precisely the other view, and I regard this gathering as the harbinger of peace—of peace in the East, of peace in the West, of peace all the world over. And I am confident that no greater security for that greatest of all human

good can be found than in the warm and the perpetual friendship of two great neighbours, who, in the past, have found themselves too often divided, but in the future will, I believe, always be able to feel that their interests, their world interests, are identical, that they have no rivalries over which to fight, that each has a great mission to perform, and that each can perform it best under those peaceful conditions of which meetings like this are the greatest security. My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, I ask you to fill your glasses and drink the health of the French Fleet.

[1905.]

116. For three centuries—more centuries—there has been an intercommunication of ideas between Britain and France which has profoundly modified, as I believe, the history of ideas in the two countries. What we have gained from French literature, French art, and French criticism is known to all. It is not my business to ask whether France may not, in her turn, have gained much from English ideas. But let us not tolerate that this interchange of ideas and of influences should remain in the abstract sciences, in art, and in literature alone. Let it be our business to see that it corresponds to the practical business of life, to international relations in their broadest sense, to the effect which one great country may have upon another. I can assure all the guests who meet us to-night, who have come over, and whom we are delighted to honour—I can assure them that they will not easily exaggerate the pleasure that we have derived from their presence this evening. We take it not as a barren mark of friendship, of international amity that may have sprung up in a moment, and may be destined to perish in a moment. We take it as a sign that it is the deliberate and fixed intention of these two great neighbouring countries to do what they can to place upon a permanent basis some organisation which shall prevent those causes of petty friction which, petty though they be, may give rise to events tragical in their character and permanent in their fatal consequences. And I rejoice to think that we have met here, not in a spirit of Utopian folly, not with the notion that any meeting with members of different Houses of Parliament or different representative assemblies can, by their mere *fiat*, bring peace upon the world—no such folly suggests itself to our mind: but I can assure M. d'Estournelles de Constant and all our guests assembled here to-night that His Majesty's Government—and I believe His Majesty's Opposition—are alike determined that if we can contrive some practical method by which these small diseases may be prevented from developing into fatal maladies, we shall co-operate gladly with him. I do not doubt that some such happy issue will be the result of this meeting to-night.

[1911.]

117. Our Allies the French, with all their great history behind them, have not always been supposed by unfriendly critics to hide their light under a bushel. There was a time when French culture—to use a word which is now in fashion—reigned supreme on the continent of Europe—from the Bay of Biscay to the Ural Mountains—when every small German thought he could do nothing better than imitate to the best of his ability the manners and the work of Versailles. The greatest of Prussian monarchs, while he was winning victories from French troops in the field, looked—and looked solely—to French criticisms and to French art as the measure of any culture he aspired to possess. Had the French in those days talked as the Germans talk now, we should have accused them of gross exaggeration. But assuredly they had reason to describe triumphs of French culture in language far stronger than any which sober criticism would now apply to Germany.

[1914.]

GENIUS, AND THE PRODUCTION OF GENIUSES

118. It is true, of course, that the influence of "the environment" in moulding, developing, and stimulating genius within the limits of its original capacity is very great, and may seem, especially in the humbler walks of artistic production, to be all-powerful. But innate and original genius is not the creation of any age. It is a biological accident, the incalculable product of two sets of ancestral tendencies; and what the age does to these biological accidents is not to create them, but to choose from them, to encourage those which are in harmony with its spirit, to crush out and to sterilise the rest. Its action is analogous to that which a plot of ground exercises on the seeds which fall upon it. Some thrive, some languish, some die; and the resulting vegetation is sharply characterised, not because few kinds of seed have there sown themselves, but because few kinds have been allowed to grow up. Without pushing the parallel too far, it may yet serve to illustrate the truth that, as a stained window derives its character and significance from the absorption of a large portion of the rays which endeavour to pass through it, so an age is what it is, not only by reason of what it fosters, but as much, perhaps, by reason of what it destroys. We may conceive, then, that from the total but wholly unknown number of men of productive capacity born in any generation, those whose gifts are in harmony with the tastes of their contemporaries will produce their best; those whose gifts are wholly out of harmony will be extinguished, or, which is very nearly the same thing, will produce only for the benefit of the critics in succeeding generations; while those who occupy an intermediate position will, indeed, produce, but their powers will, consciously or unconsciously, be warped and thwarted, and their creations fall short of what, under happier circumstances, they might have been able to achieve. [1895.]

119. Is a due succession of men above the average in original capacity necessary to maintain social progress?

If so, can we discover any law according to which such men are produced?

I entertain no doubt myself that the answer to the first question should be in the affirmative. Democracy is an excellent thing; but, though quite consistent with progress, it is not progressive *per se*. Its value is regulative, not dynamic; and if it meant (as it never does) substantial uniformity, instead of legal equality, we should become fossilised at once. Movement may be controlled or checked by the many; it is initiated and made effective by the few. If (for the sake of illustration) we suppose mental capacity in all its many forms to be mensurable and commensurable, and then imagine two societies possessing the same average capacity—but an average made up in one case of equal units, in the other of a majority slightly below the average and a minority much above it, few could doubt that the second, not the first, would show the greatest aptitude for movement. It might go wrong, but it would go.

The second question—how is this originality (in its higher manifestations called genius) effectively produced—is not so simple.

Excluding education in its narrowest sense—which few would regard as having much to do with the matter—the only alternatives seem to be the following:—

Original capacity may be no more than one of the ordinary variations incidental to heredity. A community may breed a minority thus exceptionally gifted, as it breeds a minority of men over six feet six. There may be an average decennial output of congenital geniuses as there is an average decennial output of congenital idiots—though the number is likely to be smaller.

But if this be the sole cause of the phenomenon, why does the same race *apparently* produce many men of genius in one generation and a few in another? Why are years of abundance so often followed by long periods of sterility?

The most obvious explanation of this would seem to be that in some periods circumstances give many openings to genius, in some periods few. The genius is constantly produced; but it is only occasionally recognised.

In this there must be some truth. A mob orator in Turkey, a religious reformer in seventeenth-century Spain, a military leader in the Sandwich Islands, would hardly get their chance. Yet the theory of opportunity can scarcely be reckoned a complete explanation. For it leaves unaccounted for the *variety* of genius which has in some countries marked epochs of vigorous national development. Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries, Florence in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, Holland in the later sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are the typical examples. In such periods the opportunities of statesmen, soldiers,

orators, and diplomatists, may have been specially frequent. But whence came the poets, the sculptors, the painters, the philosophers, and the men of letters? What peculiar opportunities had *they?*

The only explanation, if we reject the idea of a mere coincidence, seems to be that, quite apart from opportunity, the exceptional stir and fervour of national life evokes, or may evoke, qualities which in ordinary times lie dormant, unknown even to their possessors. The potential Miltons are "mute" and "inglorious" not because they cannot find a publisher, but because they have nothing they want to publish. They lack the kind of inspiration which, on this view, flows from social surroundings where great things, though of quite another kind, are being done and thought.

If this theory be true (and it is not without its difficulties), one would like to know whether these undoubted outbursts of originality in the higher and rarer form of genius are symptomatic of a general rise in the number of persons exhibiting original capacity of a more ordinary type. If so, then the conclusion would seem to be that some kind of widespread exhilaration or excitement is required in order to enable any community to extract the best results from the raw material transmitted to it by natural inheritance. [1908.]

GERMANY

This Section on Germany contains the following:

(1). Anglo-German Relations

[*Article contributed to "Nord und Süd," June,* 1912.]

(2). Germany's Mistaken Ideals of National Greatness

[*Speech delivered at Bristol, December,* 1914.]

(3). The "Freedom of the Seas"

[*Interview, given to the American Press, May,* 1915.]

(4). A German's view of World-Policy and War: ("Politics": by Heinrich von Treitschke).

[*Introduction to the English translation,* 1916.]

(5). The Foundations of a Durable Peace

[*Despatch to His Majesty's Ambassador at Washington, respecting the Allied Note of January* 10, 1917.]

(6). Germany's Aims in 1914, and in 1917: A Contrast

[*Extract from Speech delivered at the Guildhall, City of London, July* 13, 1917.]

GERMANY

Anglo-German Relations

[*Article contributed to "Nord und Süd," June,* 1912.]

120. You have invited me, partly as a politician, partly as a philosopher, to say something for German readers upon Anglo-German relations. I fear that philosophers have little to say about the question, and that politicians may easily say too much; it is therefore with great misgiving that I comply with your invitation. I may easily do harm; I cannot think it likely that I shall do much good. But, as you appeal to me, I will make the attempt.

Let me at once say that I do not propose to adopt the attitude either of a judge or of a critic. I may be able to explain, I may be able to diminish misunderstanding. I am by no means confident that I shall succeed, but it is the only attempt worth making. If I can present the English point of view clearly and without offence to your readers, it may do something, however slight, to mitigate existing evils in so far as these are due to want of mutual comprehension.

I use the phrase "English point of view" without hesitation; for I believe that in this matter there is only one English point of view. I do not of course mean that every statement I am going to make is consciously accepted by every Englishman, nor, if it be accepted, that all Englishmen hold it with equal conviction. But I do mean that, in a very real sense, the deep uneasiness with which the people of this country contemplate possible developments of German policy, throws its shadow across the whole country, irrespective of party or of creed.

Why is this? It cannot be attributed to prejudices rooted in a historic past. The German nation has never been our enemy. In the long series of wars in which Britain was involved between the Revolution of 1688 and the Peace of 1815, we always had German States as our allies; and few have been the Continental battles where English soldiers have fought in which no German soldier was fighting in the same cause.

Nor are the Englishmen unmindful of their share in the great

debt which all the world owes to German genius and German learning. For some two hundred years Germany has been as clearly first in the art of music as ever Italy was in the art of painting. She has been the great pioneer in modern classical philology, in modern criticism, in modern historical research, in the science of language, in the comparative study of religions. Indeed, she has been much more than merely a pioneer. She has not only shown how the work should be done, but she has willingly taken upon herself by far the largest share of the labour involved in doing it, and has harvested, as was just, by far the largest share of successful achievement.

In the domain of the natural sciences the story is indeed less one-sided. We in Britain need not be ashamed of the roll of great men who have contributed to the scientific developments which have made the last hundred years illustrious. But how admirable, both in quality and quantity, has been the German work in these departments! How perfect is their organisation for research! How fruitful in discovery!

And what shall I say of German philosophy? It was of this in particular that you desired me to speak, but in truth I am not qualified to say anything but what is known and acknowledged throughout all countries. Though my small philosophic barque attempts its explorations in shallower waters, I admire the mighty stream of European speculation, flowing since Leibnitz mainly in German channels, which has done so much to supply the world with a spiritual philosophy. At this moment, as I suppose, four out of every five occupants of philosophic chairs in countries speaking the language of Locke, of Berkeley, and of Hume, draw from German sources both the substance of their teaching and its inspiration. This surely is a great thing to say; for though philosophers be few in both nations, we must surely hope that their importance is not measured simply by their numbers.

If, therefore, recent years have produced a change in the way in which ordinary Englishmen judge of German policy, it is due to no national prejudice, to no under-estimate of German worth, to no want of gratitude for German services in the cause of universal culture. To what then is it due? I reply that, so far as I can judge, it is due to the interpretation which they have thought themselves obliged to place upon a series of facts or supposed facts, each of which taken by itself might be of small moment, but which taken together can neither be lightly treated nor calmly ignored.

The first of these facts (the first at least to be realised) was the German Navy Bill and its results. No Englishman denies the right of every country to settle the character and magnitude

of its own armaments; and there has been, I believe, no eagerness to detect in the German naval policy any intentions hostile to this country. But on such a point British opinion is sensitive, and must be sensitive, for reasons which are commonplaces here, but are, I think, imperfectly understood by many Germans who, in general, are friendly to this country. Let me briefly indicate their character.

If Englishmen were sure that a German fleet was only going to be used for defensive purposes—i.e., against aggression—they would not care how large it was; for a war of aggression against Germany is to them unthinkable. There are, I am told, many Germans who would strongly dissent from this statement. Yet it is no paradox. Putting on one side all considerations based on public morality, it must be remembered, in the first place, that we are a commercial nation; and war, whatever its issue, is ruinous to commerce and to the credit on which commerce depends. It must be remembered, in the second place, that we are a political nation; and an unprovoked war would shatter in a day the most powerful Government, and the most united party. It must be remembered, in the third place, that we are an insular nation, wholly dependent on sea-borne supplies, possessing no considerable army either for home defence or foreign service, and compelled, therefore, to play for very unequal stakes should Germany be our opponent in the hazardous game of war.

It is this last consideration which I would earnestly ask enlightened Germans to weigh well if they would understand the British point of view. It can be made clear in a very few sentences: There are two ways in which a hostile country can be crushed. It can be conquered, or it can be starved. If Germany were masters in our home waters, she could apply both methods to Britain. Were Britain ten times master in the North Sea, she could apply neither method to Germany. Without a superior fleet, Britain would no longer count as a Power. Without any fleet at all, Germany would remain the greatest Power in Europe.

It is therefore the mere instinct of self-preservation which obliges Englishmen not merely to take account of the growth in foreign navies, but anxiously to weigh the motives of those who build them. If they are built solely for purposes of defence, Britain would not, indeed, be thereby relieved of the duty of maintaining the standard of relative strength required for national safety; but she would have no ground for disquiet, still less for ill-will. But does Germany make it easy for Britain to take this view? The external facts of the situation appear to be as follows: The greatest military Power, and the second greatest naval Power in the world is adding both to her Army and to her Navy.

She is increasing the strategic railways which lead to frontier States—not merely to frontier States which themselves possess powerful armies, but to small States which can have no desire but to remain neutral if their formidable neighbours should unhappily become belligerents. She is in like manner modifying her naval arrangements so as to make her naval strength instantly effective. It is conceivable that all this may be only in order to render herself impregnable against attack. Such an object would certainly be commendable, though the efforts undergone to secure it might (to outside observers) seem in excess of any possible danger. If all nations could be made impregnable to the same extent, peace would doubtless be costly, but at least it would be secure. Unfortunately, no mere analysis of the German preparations for war will show for what purposes they are designed. A tremendous weapon has been forged; every year adds something to its efficiency and power; it is as formidable for purposes of aggression as for purposes of defence. But to what end it was originally designed, and in what cause it will ultimately be used, can only be determined, if determined at all, by extraneous considerations.

I here approach the most difficult and delicate part of my task. Let me preface it by saying that ordinary Englishmen do not believe, and certainly I do not believe, either that the great body of the German people wish to make an attack on their neighbours, or that the German Government intend it. A war in which the armed manhood of half Europe would take part can be no object of deliberate desire either for nations or for statesmen. The danger lies elsewhere. It lies in the co-existence of that marvellous instrument of warfare, the German Army and Navy, with the assiduous, I had almost said the organised, advocacy of a policy which it seems impossible to reconcile with the peace of the world or the rights of nations. For those who accept this policy German development means German territorial expansion. All countries which hinder, though it be only in self-defence, the realisation of this ideal, are regarded as hostile; and war, or the threat of war, is deemed the natural and fitting method by which the ideal itself is to be accomplished.

Now it is no part of my intention to criticise such theories. My business is to explain the views which are held in Britain, not to condemn those which are preached in Germany. Let German students, if they will, redraw the map of Europe in harmony with what they conceive to be the present distribution of the Germanic race; let them regard the German Empire of the twentieth century as the heir-at-law of all territories included in the Holy Roman Empire of the twelfth; let them assume that

Germany should be endowed at the cost of other nations with over-seas dominions proportionate to her greatness in Europe. But do not let them ask Englishmen to approve. We have had too bitter an experience of the ills which flow from the endeavour of any single State to dominate Europe; we are too surely convinced of the perils which such a policy, were it successful, would bring upon ourselves, as well as upon others, to treat them as negligible. Negligible surely they are not. In periods of international calm they always make for increasing armaments; in periods of international friction they aggravate the difficulties of diplomacy. This is bad; but it is not the worst. Their effects, as it seems to us, go deeper. To them is due the conviction, widely held, I am afraid, by many Germans, that Britain stands in their country's light, that Englishmen desire to thwart her natural development, are jealous of her most legitimate growth. Of these crimes we are quite unconscious; but surely it is no slight evil that they should be so readily believed. If ever, by some unhappy fate, it became an accepted article of faith in either nation that Germany and Britain were predestined enemies, that the ambitions of the one and the security of the other were irreconcilably opposed, the predictions of those prophets (and they abound in the Chancelleries of Europe) who regard a conflict between them as inevitable, would be already half-fulfilled. But for myself I am no believer in such predestination. Germany has taught Europe much; she can teach it yet more. She can teach it that organised military power may be used in the interests of peace as effectually as in those of war; that the appetite for domination belongs to an outworn phase of patriotism; that the furtherance of civilisation, for which she has so greatly laboured, must be the joint work of many peoples; and that the task for none of them is lightened by the tremendous burden of modern armaments, or the perpetual preoccupation of national self-defence. If on these lines she is prepared to lead, she will find a world already prepared to follow—prepared in no small measure by what she has herself accomplished in the highest realms of science and speculation. But if there be signs that her desires point to other subjects, and that her policy will be determined by national ambitions of a different type, can it be a matter of surprise that other countries watch the steady growth of her powers of aggression with undisguised alarm, and anxiously consider schemes for meeting what they are driven to regard as a common danger? [1912.]

Germany's Mistaken Ideals of National Greatness

[*Speech delivered at Bristol, December,* 1914.]

121. If, say, fifteen or twenty years ago any man had prophesied that within the lifetime of those whom he was addressing a war would spring up, in which one great community in America, the whole of Australasia, by far the greater part of Africa, by far the greater part of Asia, and by far the greater part of Europe should simultaneously be engaged, I think that prophecy would have been looked on as the nightmare of a madman.

It has come about. And if the prophet who made this forecast had been asked, How can these things be in modern civilisation, with the telegraph, the railway, all the modern contrivances for conquering nature multiplying day by day?—how would he have felt if he had been told it was by these very inventions, from this very progress in knowledge, science, and civilisation, it had been possible to marshal together these hosts of a magnitude of which history gives us no parallel or record, and to bring them up against one another for mutual slaughter?

And if again he had been asked if such a war is to be will it not at all events be waged in circumstances of a growing humanitarianism; will it not be waged under new conditions, where at all events the non-combatants would be saved from all needless suffering; and if the seer had proclaimed in answer that not only would the economic waste be of unparalleled magnitude, running already into billions; not only would the loss of life reach absolutely inconceivable proportions—running already after these few months of the war into millions—but the sufferings of the non-combatants in those countries where German arms have met with success could scarcely be equalled in the history of Europe, surely we should have asked in, how, or to what is civilisation, to what is morality, to what is Christianity coming, if these things can be?

Now, do not suppose that a catastrophe of this magnitude has not got its causes deeply rooted in some historic past. It is not the accident of a day. It is not due to a despatch having been answered or not at a particular time. It is not due to this diplomatic error or to that. It is due, believe me, to causes far deeper, causes which have gradually, and by an almost inevitable destiny led up to the terrible tragedy which we now see before us. What are those causes? It is quite true to say that we are at war because treaty obligations and national honour require us to defend

a nation whose neutrality we were bound to support against another nation equally bound to support it, but which had nevertheless violated it with every circumstance of military horror and abomination. But the tragedy of Servia and the tragedy of Belgium are but two episodes in a still greater tragedy; and the crimes that have been committed in Flanders and in the North of France are but two episodes in a yet greater crime against civilisation and progress.

What is that crime? It is the crime of a nation which has resolved not merely to be great, to be powerful, to be prosperous, but a nation which says, "All these things are valueless to me unless I can also dominate and coerce the whole civilised world."

That is the root difficulty which we have got to face. That is a circumstance which can never be forgotten, either by those who take part in this war, or by those who will have something to say of the settlement after this war is concluded. My public life does not go quite back to the Franco-German war of 1870, though my memory does, and I well remember the general feeling in this country towards the growth of the German Empire. The Germans themselves—or, at any rate, the writings of those Germans I happen to be acquainted with—always talk as if Germany had been the perpetual subject of irritable envy to the people of this country. Nothing can be more false. I believed, and I was not alone in believing up till, let us say, certainly twenty years ago and less—I was not alone in believing that Germany, sated with glory, absolutely secure in her strength, her wealth, and her population, growing day by day with almost unparalleled rapidity, would have felt that her ideal would have been that of the great, peaceful, cultivated nation, strong enough to preserve her own honour and her own rights, anxious for the liberty of all other nations, and a determined ally of peace. That has not been the course of German thought. Germany's ideas have not progressed, have not developed, upon those lines. Unhappily for herself, unhappily for mankind, she has apparently felt that it is not enough to be great, honoured, wealthy, and secure, but that any nation worthy of the name, having domination within its grasp, ought, by all means, fair and foul alike, to pursue domination until it is secured.

Now I think that is one of the greatest, if not the greatest tragedy of history. It almost looks as if the war of 1870 and the unexampled outburst of prosperity which succeeded it turned the heads of a great nation and polluted the consciences of a mighty people. They speak of themselves, of their culture, of their valour, and of their greatness in terms which I should have thought any one with a sense of humour would not have for an

instant thought of describing their own performances. I have seen, not in the reckless literature of the German press, but in the writings of quite able and apparently quite sober German statesmen and thinkers, views of German culture, expressions which I should think were incredible to any people with a sense of the measure in the language they use.

Our Allies the French, with all their great history behind them, have not always been supposed by unfriendly critics to hide their light under a bushel. There was a time when French culture—to use a word which is now in fashion—reigned supreme on the continent of Europe—from the Bay of Biscay to the Ural Mountains—when every small German thought he could do nothing better than imitate to the best of his ability the manners and the work of Versailles. The greatest of Prussian monarchs, while he was winning victories from French troops in the field, looked—and looked solely—to French criticisms and to French art as the measure of any culture he aspired to possess. Had the French in those days talked as the Germans talk now, we should have accused them of gross exaggeration. But assuredly they had reason to describe triumphs of French culture in language far stronger than any which sober criticism would now apply to Germany.

Do not suppose that I now underrate what Germany has done in the past, or that I entertain doubts of what Germany may do in the future for the general progress of the human race. Most gladly do I grant that at least in one art and in many sciences the work of Germany has been epoch-making. But while I make this acknowledgment fully and freely, I must add that nothing in her history justifies that amazing tone of arrogant self-laudation she has adopted for herself, or the equally arrogant contempt which she showers upon less fortunate nations.

Germany's great error, and as I think, her great misfortune, is that she was not content to be on the Continent of Europe first among equals. A distinguished German writer has said that a great nation [he was speaking of Germany] must be everything or nothing. Well, I don't want Germany to be nothing. But rather than that Germany should be everything, there is not a man of us who ought not to lay down his life gladly; and she never will be everything while there is one cartridge left to fire, and one stout heart left to fire it.

There is a fantastic conception—made in Germany—of what is called the super-man; a monster of aggressive egotism, to whom such virtues as humility and kindness are virtues fit only for slaves. I think, myself, that this conception of the super-man is slightly ludicrous. If ever he should materialise—is that the

phrase? I think he might well be left to the police. But while the super-man is simply absurd, the super-state is dangerous. It is the ideal of the super-state which has brought civilisation to the peril in which it now stands, and it is this ideal which we have got to crush.

There are persons so ignorant of history and of human nature that they think it matters little what ideals of conduct men and nations entertain. Believe me it is all important. And if the world is now at war it is because the Germans have mistaken the true ideal of national greatness, because they are trying by the most brutal methods to force themselves into a position absolutely inconsistent with the very notion of a great community of independent nations. After all, the world is made up of nations. It never will be one nation. I don't think it is desirable that it should ever be one nation. But if it is to be made up, as it is now, always has been, and always will be, of many nations, is it not absolutely imperative that those who love civilisation should gradually come to an understanding as to how international relations should be conducted? Are we, while we talk of civilisation within the nation, going to press forward ideals of barbarism between nations? Are the powerful always going to trample on the weak? Is the fate of the small nations, as the author I have already quoted said, always to be miserable? To me, and I believe to all men of English speech, wherever they may live, it seems that the future of our race—the international future of our race—lies in, so far as possible, spreading wide the grip and power of international law, of raising more and more dignity of treaties between States, more and more striving that controversies between States should be decided not by the sword, but by arbitration. That is the ideal which we hold. That is the ideal which we wish to see grow in all parts of the world. That is the ideal which, with every mark of contumely, contempt, and derision, the Germans trample under foot, both in theory and in practice.

You will gather from what I have said that to my thinking the struggle on which we are engaged is more than national; the whole international future of the world is hanging in the balance. If victory should go to those the law of whose being seems to be to grasp domination irrespective of scruples, and by all means—if that should be the unhappy fate of the world, then, indeed, we might look forward with gloomy prognostications to the International future of civilisation, with the very doubtful comfort of having German "culture" rammed down our throats by German bayonets whether we liked it or not. Well, what is your duty in circumstances such as I have described?

I have always loved the young, and I have always believed in

them, but I have never envied them till to-day. They can do what, alas! I can no longer hope to do—they can strike a blow themselves for the greatest of all causes in the greatest of all known wars. Let them not undervalue the greatness of their own destiny. Rarely has it happened in the history of mankind that a man could say to himself: "I am now going to take my part in the front row of combatants in a cause on which the fate of my country, and not merely the fate of my country, but the fate of civilisation as a whole may truly be said to depend." Rarely has that opportunity been given to any country or to the young men of any country in the past history of the world. That opportunity is now given to you.

The "Freedom of the Seas"

[*Interview given to the American Press, May,* 1916.]

122. The phrase "freedom of the seas" is, naturally, attractive to British and American ears. For the extension of freedom into all departments of life and over the whole world has been one of the chief aspirations of the English-speaking peoples, and efforts towards that end have formed no small part of their contribution to civilisation. But "freedom" is a word of many meanings; and we shall do well to consider in what meaning the Germans use it when they ask for it, not (it may be safely said) because they love Freedom, but because they hate Britain.

About the "freedom of the seas," in one sense, we are all agreed. England and Holland fought for it in times gone by. To their success the United States may be said to owe its very existence. For if, three hundred years ago, the maritime claims of Spain and Portugal had been admitted, whatever else North America might have been, it would not have been English-speaking. It neither would have employed the language, nor obeyed the laws, nor enjoyed the institutions, which, in the last analysis, are of British origin.

But the "freedom of the seas" desired by the modern German is a very different thing from the freedom for which our forefathers fought in days of old. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? The most simple-minded must feel suspicious when they find that these missionaries of maritime freedom are the very same persons who preach and who practice upon the land the extremest doctrines of military absolutism. Ever since the genius of Bismarck created the German Empire by Prussian rifles, welding the German people into a great unity by military means, on a military basis, German ambitions have been a cause of unrest

to the entire world. Commercial and political domination, depending upon a gigantic army autocratically governed, has been, and is, the German ideal.

If, then, Germany wants what she calls the freedom of the seas, it is solely as a means whereby this ideal may receive world-wide extension. The power of Napoleon never extended beyond the coast-line of Europe. Further progress was barred by the British fleets, and by them alone. Germany is determined to endure no such limitations; and if she cannot defeat her enemies at sea, at least she will paralyse their sea-power.

There is a characteristic simplicity in the methods by which she sets about attaining this object. She poses as a reformer of international law, though international law has never bound her for an hour. She objects to "economic pressure" when it is exercised by a fleet, though she sets no limit to the brutal completeness with which economic pressure may be imposed by an army. She sighs over the suffering which war imposes upon peaceful commerce, though her own methods of dealing with peaceful commerce would have wrung the conscience of Captain Kidd. She denounces the maritime methods of the Allies, though in her efforts to defeat them she is deterred neither by the rules of war, the appeal of humanity, nor the rights of neutrals.

It must be admitted, therefore, that it is not the cause of Peace, of progress, or of liberty which preoccupies her when, in the name of Freedom, she urges fundamental changes in maritime practice. Her manifest object is to shatter an obstacle which now stands in her way, as more than a hundred years ago it stood in the way of the masterful genius who was her oppressor and is her model. Not along this path are peace and liberty to be obtained. To paralyse naval power, and leave military power uncontrolled, is surely the worst injury which international law can inflict upon mankind.

Let me confirm this truth by dwelling for a moment on an aspect of it which is, I think, too often forgotten. It should be observed that even if the German proposal were carried out in its entirety it would do nothing to relieve the world from the burden of armaments. Fleets would still be indispensable. But their relative value would suffer change. They could no longer be used to exercise pressure upon an enemy except in conjunction with an army. The gainers by the change would therefore be the nations who possessed armies—the military monarchies. Interference with trade would be stopped; but oversea invasion would be permitted. The proposed change would therefore not merely diminish the importance of sea-power, but it would diminish it most in the case of non-military States, like America and Britain.

Suppose, for example, that Germany, in her desire to appropriate some Germanised portions of South America, came into conflict with the United States over the Monroe Doctrine. The United States, bound by the doctrine of "Freedom of the seas" could aim no blow at her enemy until she herself had created a large army and become for the time being a military community. Her sea-power would be useless or nearly so. Her land-power would not exist.

But more than this might happen. Let us suppose the desired change had been effected. Let us suppose that the maritime nations, accepting the new situation, thought themselves relieved from all necessity of protecting their sea-borne commerce, and arranged their programmes of naval ship-building accordingly. For some time it would probably proceed on legal lines. Commerce, even hostile commerce, would be unhampered. But a change might happen. Some unforeseen circumstance might make the German General Staff think it to be to the interest of its nation to cast to the winds the "freedom of the seas" and, in defiance of the new law, to destroy the trade of its enemies. Could anybody suggest after our experience in this war, after reading German histories and German theories of politics, that Germany would be prevented from taking such a step by the mere fact that it was a breach of international treaties to which she was a party? She would never hesitate—and the only result of the cession by the specific powers of their maritime rights would be that the military powers would seize the weapon for their own purpose and turn it against those who had too hastily abandoned it. Thus we are forced to the sorrowful recognition of the weakness of international law so long as it is unsupported by international authority.

While this state of things is permitted to endure, drastic changes in international law well may do more harm than good; for, if the new rules should involve serious limitations of belligerent powers, they would be broken as soon as it suited the interests of the aggressor; and his victim would be helpless. Nothing could be more disastrous. It is bad that law should be defied. It is far worse that it should injure the well-disposed. Yet this is what would inevitably happen, since law unsupported by authority will hamper everybody but the criminal.

Here we come face to face with the great problem which lies behind all the changing aspects of this tremendous war. When it is brought to an end, how is civilised mankind so to reorganise itself that similar catastrophes shall not be permitted to recur? The problem is insistent, though its full solution may be beyond our powers at this stage of our development. But surely, even

now, it is fairly clear that if substantial progress is to be made toward securing the peace of the world and a free development of its constituent nations, the United States of America and the British Empire should explicitly recognise, what all instinctively know, that on these great subjects they share a common ideal.

I am well aware that in even hinting at the possibility of co-operation between these two countries I am treading on delicate ground. The fact that American independence was wrested by force from Great Britain colours the whole view which some Americans take of the "natural" relations between the two communities. Others are impatient of anything which they regard as a sentimental appeal to community of race; holding that in respect of important sections of the American people this community of race does not, in fact, exist. Others again think that any argument based on a similarity of laws and institutions belittles the greatness of America's contribution to the political development of the modern world. Rightly understood, however, what I have to say is quite independent of individual views on any of these subjects. It is based on the unquestioned fact that the growth of British laws, British forms of Government, British literature and modes of thought was the slow work of centuries; that among the co-heirs of these age-long labours were the great men who founded the United States; and that the two branches of the English-speaking peoples, after the political separation, developed along parallel lines. So it has come about that whether they be friendly or quarrelsome, whether they rejoice in their agreements or cultivate their differences, they can no more get rid of a certain fundamental similarity of outlook than children born of the same parents and brought up in the same home. Whether, therefore, you study political thought in Great Britain or America, in Canada or in Australia, you will find it presents the sharpest and most irreconcilable contrast to political thought in the Prussian Kingdom, or in that German Empire into which, with no modification of aims or spirit, the Prussian Kingdom has developed. Holding, as I do, that this war is essentially a struggle between these two ideals of ancient growth, I cannot doubt that in the result of that struggle America is no less concerned than the British Empire.

Now, if this statement, which represents the most unchanging element in my political creed, has in it any element of truth, how does it bear upon the narrower issues upon which I dwelt in the earlier portions of this interview? In other words, what are the practical conclusions to be drawn from it?

My own conclusions are these:—If in our time any substantial effort is to be made toward ensuring the permanent triumph of

the Anglo-Saxon ideal, the great communities which accept it must work together. And in working together they must bear in mind that law is not enough. Behind law there must be power. It is good that arbitration should be encouraged. It is good that the accepted practices of warfare should become ever more humane. It is good that before peace is broken the would-be belligerents should be compelled to discuss their differences in some congress of the nations. It is good that the security of the smaller states should be fenced round with peculiar care. But all the precautions are mere scraps of paper unless they can be enforced. We delude ourselves if we think we are doing good service merely by passing good resolutions. What is needed now, and will be needed so long as militarism is unconquered, is the machinery for enforcing them; and the contrivance of such a machinery will tax to its utmost the statesmanship of the world.

I have no contribution to make to the solution of the problem. Yet this much seems clear. If there is to be any effective sanction behind the desire of the English-speaking peoples to preserve the world's peace and the free development of the nations, that sanction must consist largely in the potential use of sea-power. For two generations and more after the last great war Britain was without a rival on the sea. During this period Belgium became a state, Greece secured her independence, the unity of Italy was achieved, the South American republics were established, the Monroe Doctrine came into being. To me it seems that the lesson to be drawn from history by those who love peace, freedom, and security, is not that Britain and America should be deprived, or should deprive themselves, of the maritime powers they now possess, but that, if possible, those powers should be organised in the interests of an ideal common to the two states, an ideal upon whose progressive realisation the happiness and peace of the world must largely depend.

A German's View of World-Policy and War

(Heinrich von Treitschke's Lectures on "Politics")

[*Introduction by Mr. Balfour to the English Translation.*[1]]

123.[2] Until the late Professor Cramb published his "Germany and England," Treitschke was scarcely even a name to the British

[1] Translated from the German by Blanche Dugdale (Mr. Balfour's niece) and Torben de Bille: published (in two volumes) in 1916 by Messrs. Constable and Company.

[2] This reprint contains a few verbal alterations made by Mr. Balfour subsequently to the original publication.

public. Even now his name is much better known than his books. This is partly due to the fact that his main work was an unfinished history of modern Germany, and that much of this dealt with the period which began with the peace of 1815, and ended with the Bismarckian era,—a period rich in scientific, philosophical, and musical achievement, but politically barren and, to the foreigner, dull. It is also due to the fact that the full significance of the political theories to which the following lectures are devoted has only recently been made plain. Political theories, from those of Aristotle downwards, have ever been related, either by harmony or contrast, to the political practice of their day: but of no theories is this more glaringly true than of those expounded in these volumes. They could not have been written before 1870. Nothing quite like them will be written after 1917. They bear somewhat the same relation to Bismarck as Machiavelli's Prince bears to Cæsar Borgia:—though no one would put Treitschke on a level with Machiavelli, or Borgia on a level with Bismarck.

Their author, born in 1834, and twenty-seven when William I. became King of Prussia, with Bismarck as his Minister, is thus qualified by age to represent the generation which, in its youth, sought in "Liberal principles" the means of furthering its national ideals; found them utterly impotent and ineffectual; and welcomed with patriotic fervour the Bismarckian policy of "blood and iron."

It is permissible to conjecture that if the political creed of Treitschke's youth had borne the practical fruit which he so passionately desired, the subsequent history of the world would have been wholly different. If "Liberalism," in the continental sense,[1] had given Germany empire and power, militarism would never have grown to its present exorbitant proportions. The greatest tragedy of modern times is that she owes her unity and her greatness not to the free play of public opinion acting through constitutional machinery, but to the unscrupulous genius of one great man, who found in the Prussian monarchy, and the Prussian military system, fitting instruments for securing German ideals.

The main interest then of these lectures to me, and perhaps to others, lies in the fact that they represent the mature thought of a vigorous personality, who, in early manhood, saw the war

[1] It is hardly necessary to observe that I use the words "Liberal principles" and "Liberalism" in their continental, not in their British, meaning. We borrowed them from abroad, and have used them to designate a particular party, or, rather, a particular section of a particular party. But "Liberalism" as used in its original home is a name for principles of constitutional liberty and representative Government, which have long been the common property of all parties throughout the English-speaking portions of the world.

with Denmark, the war with Austria, and the war with France, create, in violation of all "Liberal" principles, that German Empire for which German Liberals had vainly striven. War, it was evident, could be both glorious and cheap; absolute monarchy had shown itself the only effective instrument for national self-realisation; a diplomatic and military policy, carried through in defiance of public opinion, had performed in a few months what generations of debaters had been unable to accomplish.

It is useless, of course, to look for impartiality in political speculations born under such conditions. Forty or fifty years ago the ordinary British reader sought in German historical research a refuge from the party bias so common among British historians. Hume, Lingard, Alison, Macaulay, Carlyle, Froude, Freeman, all in their several ways looked at their selected periods through glasses coloured by their own political or theological predilections. Mitford and Grote carried their modern prejudices into their pictures of classical antiquity. But the German historian, though his true course might perhaps be deflected by some over-ingenious speculation, was free (we supposed) from these cruder and more human sources of error. He might be dull, but he was at least impartial. With the development of German unity, however, German impartiality vanished. To Ranke succeeded Von Sybel and Mommsen. Political detachment could no longer be looked for; learning was yoked to politics; and history was written with a purpose. In no one does this patriotic prejudice produce more curious results than in Treitschke. His loves and his hates, his hopes and his fears, his praise and his blame, his philosophic theories, his practical suggestions, all draw their life from the conviction that German greatness was due to her military system, that her military system was the creation of Prussia, and that Prussia was the creation of Hohenzollern absolutism.

Consider, for example, his abstract theory of the State which colours all his more important political speculation. An English writer who wished to set forth his views on Education, Local Government, Military Organisation, and so forth, might perhaps regard an abstract theory of the State as a superfluous luxury. But then, as Treitschke explains in another connection, the English are "shallow," and the Germans "profound," so that this difference of treatment was to be expected; and certainly the English reader has no ground for regretting it. For though the theory itself is neither very original nor very coherent; though its appeals to history are unconvincing; yet its popularity in the country of its birth gives the key to contemporary history; it explains and justifies modern Germany. The State, says Treitschke, is Power. So unusual is its power that it has no

power to limit its power; hence no Treaty, when it becomes inconvenient, can be binding; hence the very notion of general arbitration is absurd; hence war is part of the Divine order. Small States must be contemptible because they must be weak; success is the test of merit; power is its reward; and all nations get what they deserve.

A theory of politics entirely governed by patriotic passion is not likely to be either very impartial or very profound. Even the most dexterous literary treatment could hardly hide its inherent narrowness. But Treitschke, to do him justice, attempts no disguises. He airs his prejudices with a naïveté truly amazing. I will not say that he wanted humour. Many things struck him as exquisitely comic;—small States, for example, and the Dutch language. He occasionally enlivened his lectures, we are told, by a satirical imitation of a British "hurrah." He clearly, therefore, possessed his own sense of fun, yet he remained sadly lacking in that prophylactic humour which protects its possessor against certain forms of extravagance and absurdity.

In nothing does this come out more clearly than in his excessive laudation of his own countrymen, and his not less excessive depreciation of everybody else. Partly no doubt this was done for a purpose. He had formed the opinion, rather surprising to a foreigner, that the Germans, as a nation, are unduly diffident;—always in danger of "enervating their nationality through possessing too little rugged national pride."[1] It must be owned that very little of this weakness is likely to remain in any German who takes Treitschke seriously. Nevertheless, it should have been possible to explain to the German people how much better they are than the rest of the world without pouring crude abuse upon every other nation. If the German be indeed deficient in "rugged pride," by all means tell him what a fine fellow he really is. But why spoil the compliment by lowering the standard of comparison? It may, for example, be judicious to encourage the too diffident Prussians by assuring them that they "are by their character more reasonable and more free than Frenchmen."[2] But when the Prussian reader discovers that in Treitschke's opinion the French are excessively unreasonable and quite incapable of freedom, the effect is marred. If, again, it be needful to remind the Germans of their peculiar sensibility to the beauties of Nature, is it necessary to emphasise their superiority by explaining that when resting in a forest they lie upon their backs, while the Latin races, less happily endowed, repose upon their stomachs?[3]

[1] Vol. I, 19-20.

[2] Vol. I, 66.

[3] I, 206.

Inordinate self-esteem may be a very agreeable quality. Those who possess it are often endowed with an imperturbable complacency which softens social intercourse, and is not inconsistent with some kindly feeling towards those whom they deem to be their inferiors. But it must be acknowledged that with Treitschke this quality does not appear in its most agreeable form. With him it is censorious, and full of suspicion. Unlike Charity it greatly vaunteth itself; unlike Charity it thinketh all evil. Rare indeed are the references to other nations which do not hold them up to hatred or contempt. America, France, Austria, Spain, Russia, Britain are in turn required to supply the sombre background against which the virtues of Germany shine forth with peculiar lustre. The Dutch, we are told, have "deteriorated morally and physically."[1] Americans are mere money-grabbers. The Russians are barbarians. The Latin races are degenerate. The English have lost such poor virtues as they once possessed; while their "want of chivalry" shocks the "simple fidelity of the German nature."[2] Cannot the subjects of the Kaiser realise "the simple fidelity of their German nature" without being reminded how forcibly that "simple fidelity" is impressed by "the want of chivalry in the English character"? We need not quarrel over these opinions. They are made by a German for Germans, and doubtless they suit their market. But, when Treitschke allows his statements of fact and his moral judgment to be violently distorted by national prejudice, his errors become more serious.

I do not here refer to his wider generalisations, though I often disagree with them. I think, for example, that he exaggerates the absorption of the individual by the community in the city States of antiquity; and his classification of various forms of government has not much to recommend it. On such questions, however, judgments may differ easily. But what are we to say of the misstatements of bare historical fact in which he indulges without scruple? Some of these no doubt are mere slips, as, for example, when he places the activities of Titus Oates in the reign of James II.;[3] others are unimportant exhibitions of ignorance, as when he assures his readers that in England there are no Crown lands;[4] others, again, are mere exercises of the imagination, as when he tells us that, "after Henry the VIII.'s hymeneal prodigies, it was enacted by Parliament that its assent was necessary to the validity of any Royal marriage."[5]

These blunders are presumably due to want of memory or want of care. But others are the offspring of invincible prejudice. When he tells us that England "turns a deaf ear on prin-

[1] I, 50. [2] II, 395. [3] II, 473. [4] II, 490. [5] II, 165.

ciple to generous ideas,"[1] the judgment may to an Englishman appear absurd, and, in the mouth of a German, even impudent. Yet it must to a certain extent be a matter of opinion. Character cannot be tested in retorts or weighed in balances. But what excuse can there be for such a particular historical statement as that "England's first thought in abolishing slavery was the destruction of Colonial competition"?[2] There was not, and there could not be, any possible competition between British manufacturers and the producers of slave-grown sugar. The charge is not merely false, it is foolish.

Again, there is something peculiarly absurd in the statement that "no sooner had the French Revolution broken out than Pitt eagerly began to urge a reform of the Franchise."[3] This is not merely a mis-statement of fact. It is a mis-statement of fact which shows an utter want of comprehension of English political history at the period referred to. There is no reason why even a Professor of Modern History at the University of Berlin should know the details of Pitt's abortive efforts at Parliamentary reform; but he ought to know enough of the subject to prevent him mistaking the whole significance of the facts to which he refers. Treitschke's blunder is not simply one of chronology; it shows a complete misapprehension of the true relations between the French Revolution and English constitutional development. So far from the outbreak of the French Revolution having inspired Pitt to attempt Parliamentary reform, it put a sudden and violent stop to a repetition of the efforts he had already made. In other countries the spirit of the French Revolution may have stimulated political development. In Britain its excesses killed political development for a generation.

One more example of Treitschke's extraordinary carelessness I will give, because it illustrates his shortcomings as a student of Comparative Politics. He is drawing a parallel between the German and the British methods of settling the relations between executive authority and the rights of individual citizens. He acknowledges that in Germany magistrates and police possess powers far in excess of those possessed by the corresponding authorities in Britain; he acknowledges that these powers may be abused. But this, he argues, is the least of two evils. The British system would, in his judgment, be quite unworkable if it could not be immediately suspended in case of emergency. England, he tells his hearers, is continually proclaiming Martial Law; according to him no year passes without the Riot Act being read;[4] and when the Riot Act is read he supposes the whole machinery of ordinary law to be put out of gear. This, it need hardly be ob-

[1] II, 614. [2] I, 162. [3] II, 157. [4] I, 157.

served, is nonsense from beginning to end. Martial Law is never proclaimed; many years pass without the Riot Act being read; and when the Riot Act is read, the machinery of law is neither stopped, nor in the slightest degree interfered with.[1]

Abuse of Britain, Holland, and America, contemptuous references to the Latin nations, extravagant laudations of everything German (except indeed the small Courts of Germany), still more extravagant laudations of everything Prussian, and, particularly, the Prussian Monarchy, are but the setting intended to throw into high relief his own national ideals. We are all familiar with the stock character in fiction of the *nouveau riche*, who is at once justly proud of having made his own fortune, and bitterly contemptuous of those who have inherited theirs. They are, in his eyes, weak, degenerate, and incompetent, unworthy of the fortunes which ancestral energy, or ancestral luck, has conferred upon them. But in the very midst of his envious indignation, he cannot shake off the ambition to follow in their steps; he must imitate those whom he affects to despise.

I do not know whether there is anything in real life corresponding to this fancy picture; but in the commonwealth of nations the part is aptly played by the German Empire as Treitschke saw it. Consider, for example, his views on colonisation. It is not easy to see why colonial possessions appeal so strongly to his imagination; for he dislikes new countries almost more than he dislikes every old country except Germany. The notion, for example, that the culture of the new world can ever rival the culture of the old seems to him absurd. He observes, though not in these lectures, that a German who goes to the United States is "lost to civilisation"—an amiable sentiment which seems hardly consistent with the passion for acquiring new countries. But the real reason for these ambitions becomes plain on further examination. While Germany was in the throes of the Thirty Years' War, or slowly recovering from its effects, England, the detested rival, was laying the foundations of the English-speaking communities beyond the seas; and while Frederick the Great was robbing his neighbours, and his successors were struggling with the forces let loose by the French Revolution, the hold of English-speaking peoples upon regions outside Europe increased and strengthened.

This was quite enough for Treitschke. What Britain had must be worth having. If there was something worth having and Germany had it not, this must be due to the bad luck which some-

[1] This Introduction is by no means intended as a Review of Treitschke's Lectures, and this list of inaccuracies, drawn entirely from Treitschke's references to England, has no pretensions to be complete.

times pursues even the most deserving. If Germany had it not and England had it, this must be due to the good luck which sometimes befalls even the most incompetent. But such inequalities are not to be tolerated. They must be redressed, if need be by force. The "outcome (he tells us) of our next successful war must be the acquisition of Colonies by any possible means." [1]

It would seem, however, that Treitschke was dimly aware that even to a German audience such a doctrine might seem a trifle cynical. He therefore advances a subtler motive for these colonial ambitions. Germany, he tells us, should bear a part in the improvement of inferior races. She should become a pioneer of civilisation in savage lands. To outside observers, indeed, it does not appear that either the practice of his countrymen, or his own theories, suggest that Germany has any particular qualifications for this missionary enterprise. What is likely to be the fate of coloured races under German domination, when men like Treitschke frankly avow that "in Livonia and Kurland there is no other course open to us (the Germans) but to keep the subject races in as uncivilised a condition as possible, and thus prevent them becoming a danger to the handful of their conquerors." [2]

Here we come back to the fundamental thought of Treitschke, the State as Will to Power, and to his patriotic corollary that a Prussianised Germany under a Hohenzollern dynasty should enable that thought to be realised. In supporting this view there is no extravagance, historical or moral, from which he shrinks. He tells us, for example, that Frederick the Great was the "greatest King who ever reigned on earth." [3] He accordingly finds in him the most unexpected virtues. Frederick's dominating motive towards the end of his life was, it seems, "the desire to execute ideal justice." [4] A noble desire truly; but surely not one which should expect to find much satisfaction in the partition of Poland. Do you ask the reason for this extravagance of laudation? The answer is that Frederick was the greatest of the Hohenzollerns, that the Hohenzollerns created the Prussian State and the Prussian Army, that the Prussian State and the Prussian Army created Germany. Treitschke positively gloats over Prussian supremacy. "The Will of the German Empire," he observes, "must in the last resort be the will of Prussia." [5] All small States are ridiculous, but the most ridiculous of small States are the Kingdoms of Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg. "The German Army, not the German Parliament, is in Germany the real and effective bond of national union." [6] And the German Army is a Prussian creation.

[1] I, 119. [2] I, 122. [3] II, 68. [4] II, 69.
[5] II, 375. [6] II, 390.

He does not, of course, pretend that a Hohenzollern can do no wrong. He goes the length, indeed, of accusing one of them, Frederick William IV., of "deadly crime." [1] And what was this deadly crime? It was, that after sending in troops to assist the Kings of Bavaria and Saxony to restore order, he withdrew them without destroying the independence of the States he had gone to protect. He behaved like a gentleman, but he sinned against the law of force.

But in spite of this lapse from patriotic virtue, and notwithstanding that it is difficult to say much in favour of any of Frederick the Great's successors until we come to William I., Treitschke holds firmly to the belief that the Prussian Monarchy is a thing apart, and that Hohenzollern royalty is not as other royalties. Sometimes, indeed, this sentiment shows itself in a somewhat ludicrous fashion. For example, Treitschke, in the course of these lectures, vigorously defends the use of classical studies in the education of youth. There is no way, according to him, in which intellect and taste can be more successfully developed than by a thorough study of Greek and Latin.[2] So far, so good. But a little further on the lecturer has to deal—not with the education of ordinary mankind, but—with that of a German Prince, and we find to our surprise that in the case of a German Prince a classical education has no merits. He must learn French and English. Why should he do more? "Why on earth should he be bothered with Latin, let alone Greek?" [3] We rub our eyes and ask what this outburst can mean. Are "intellect and taste" of no value to a German prince? Or is a German prince privileged by the Grace of God to acquire them without education, or by an education inapplicable to the common herd? We may be sure that none of these alternatives represent Treitschke's considered views. I hazard another guess. I suggest that the lecturer must have known some young Hohenzollern Prince well acquainted with French and English, but quite innocent of Latin and Greek!

From these brief criticisms the reader will be able to form some conjecture as to what he may expect to find in the following pages. He will find many acute observations forcibly expressed, and presumably accurate, upon German history, contemporary and recent. He will find many observations forcibly expressed, but certainly most inaccurate, upon foreign history, contemporary and recent. He will throughout find himself in the presence of a vigorous personality, with clear-cut views about the future of his country and the methods whereby they are to be realised, but he will not find breadth of view, generous sympathies, or sys-

[1] I, 95. [2] I, 375. [3] II, 72.

tematic thought. In Treitschke there is nothing profound, and his political speculations are held together not so much by consistent thought as by the binding power of one ruling passion.

The result is curious and interesting. Treitschke was a man of wide, although not apparently of very accurate, knowledge. Fragments of Christianity, of Ethics, of Liberalism, are casually embedded in the concrete blocks out of which he has built his political system; but they are foreign bodies which do nothing to strengthen the structure. Power based on war is his ideal, and the verdict of war not only *must* be accepted, but *ought* to be accepted. The sentimentalist may regret that Athens fell before Sparta, that Florence dwindled before Venice, but the wise man knows better. Art and imagination do not contribute to Power, and it is only Power that counts. On it everything is based, by it everything is justified. It even supplies a short cut to conclusions which reason may hesitate to adopt. It required, as Treitschke observes, the battlefields of Bohemia and the Main to "convince" the German people that Prussia should control their destinies.[1]

It is not surprising that a man who held these views should regard with something like disgust and dismay the attempts of well-meaning persons to bring peace on earth. The whole tribe of pacifists who would substitute arbitration for war fill him with loathing. Like them he has his ideals, but they are of a very different order. His Utopia appears to be a world in which all small States have been destroyed, and in which the large States are all either fighting, or preparing for battle. "War," he says, "will endure to the end of history. The laws of human thought and of human nature forbid any alternative, neither is one to be wished for."[2]

Deeply as he despised those who, in his own phrase, "rave about everlasting peace," there are transient moments in which he almost seems to fear them. Even the most robust faith will sometimes weaken; for a moment even Treitschke trembles at the thought that men may some day cease to cut each other's throats. "What," he pathetically asks, "if war should really disappear, and with it all movement and all growth?"[3] What if mankind should deliberately deprive itself of the one remedy for an ailing civilisation?

The thought is terrible, but, supported by religion, Treitschke's confidence remains unmoved. "Are not the great strides civilisation makes against barbarism and unreason only made actual by the sword?"[4] Does not the Bible say that "greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for his friend"? Are we then going to be seduced by the "blind worshippers of an

[1] I, 66. [2] I, 65. [3] I, 68. [4] I, 65.

eternal peace"?[1] No. Let us reject these unworthy thoughts: being well assured that "the God above us will see to it that war shall return again, a terrible medicine for mankind diseased."[2]

Since these lectures were delivered the longed-for medicine has been supplied to us in overflowing measure. Even the physician himself could hardly ask for more. Yet were he here to watch the application of his favourite remedy, what would he say of the patient?

The Foundations of a Durable Peace

[*Despatch to His Majesty's Ambassador at Washington, respecting the Allied Note of January* 10, 1917.]

Sir, *Foreign Office, January* 13, 1917.

124. In sending you a translation of the Allied Note, I desire to make the following observations which you should bring to the notice of the United States Government:—

I gather from the general tenor of the President's Note that, while he is animated by an intense desire that peace should come soon, and that when it comes it should be lasting, he does not, for the moment at least, concern himself with the terms on which it should be arranged. His Majesty's Government entirely share the President's ideals; but they feel strongly that the durability of the peace must largely depend on its character, and that no stable system of international relations can be built on foundations which are essentially and hopelessly defective.

This becomes clearly apparent if we consider the main conditions which rendered possible the calamities from which the world is now suffering. These were the existence of a Great Power consumed with the lust of domination, in the midst of a community of nations ill-prepared for defence, plentifully supplied indeed with international laws, but with no machinery for enforcing them, and weakened by the fact that neither the boundaries of the various States nor their internal constitution harmonised with the aspirations of their constituent races, or secured to them just and equal treatment.

That this last evil would be greatly mitigated if the Allies secured the changes in the map of Europe outlined in their joint Note is manifest, and I need not labour the point.

It has been argued, indeed, that the expulsion of the Turks from Europe forms no proper or logical part of this general

[1] I, 65. [2] I, 69.

scheme. The maintenance of the Turkish Empire was, during many generations, regarded by statesmen of world-wide authority as essential to the maintenance of European peace. Why, it is asked, should the cause of peace be now associated with a complete reversal of this traditional policy?

The answer is that circumstances have completely changed. It is unnecessary to consider now whether the creation of a reformed Turkey mediating between hostile races in the Near East was a scheme which, had the Sultan been sincere and the Powers united, could ever have been realised. It certainly cannot be realised now. The Turkey of "Union and Progress" is at least as barbarous and is far more aggressive than the Turkey of Sultan Abdul Hamid. In the hands of Germany it has ceased even in appearance to be a bulwark of peace, and is openly used as an instrument of conquest. Under German officers, Turkish soldiers are now fighting in lands from which they had long been expelled, and a Turkish Government, controlled, subsidised, and supported by Germany, has been guilty of massacres in Armenia and Syria more horrible than any recorded in the history even of those unhappy countries. Evidently the interests of peace and the claims of nationality alike require that Turkish rule over alien races shall, if possible, be brought to an end; and we may hope that the expulsion of Turkey from Europe will contribute as much to the cause of peace as the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France, of Italian Irredenta to Italy, or any of the other territorial changes indicated in the Allied Note.

Evidently, however, such territorial rearrangements, though they may diminish the occasions of war, provide no sufficient security against its recurrence. If Germany, or rather those in Germany who mould its opinions and control its destinies, again set out to dominate the world, they may find that by the new order of things the adventure is made more difficult, but hardly that it is made impossible. They may still have ready to their hand a political system organised through and through on a military basis; they may still accumulate vast stores of military equipment; they may still perfect their methods of attack, so that their more pacific neighbours will be struck down before they can prepare themselves for defence. If so, Europe when the war is over will be far poorer in men, in money, and in mutual good-will than it was when the war began, but it will not be safer; and the hopes for the future of the world entertained by the President will be as far as ever from fulfilment.

There are those who think that, for this disease, international treaties and international laws may provide a sufficient cure. But such persons have ill-learned the lessons so clearly taught by

recent history. While other nations, notably the United States of America and Britain, were striving by treaties of arbitration to make sure that no chance quarrel should mar the peace they desired to make perpetual, Germany stood aloof. Her historians and philosophers preached the splendours of war; power was proclaimed as the true end of the State; the General Staff forged with untiring industry the weapons by which, at the appointed moment, power might be achieved. These facts proved clearly enough that treaty arrangements for maintaining peace were not likely to find much favour at Berlin; they did not prove that such treaties, once made, would be utterly ineffectual. This became evident only when war had broken out; though the demonstration, when it came, was overwhelming. So long as Germany remains the Germany which, without a shadow of justification, overran and barbarously ill-treated a country it was pledged to defend, no State can regard its rights as secure if they have no better protection than a solemn treaty.

The case is made worse by the reflection that these methods of calculated brutality were designed by the Central Powers not merely to crush to the dust those with whom they were at war, but to intimidate those with whom they were still at peace. Belgium was not only a victim: it was an example. Neutrals were intended to note the outrages which accompanied its conquest, the reign of terror which followed on its occupation, the deportation of a portion of its population, the cruel oppression of the remainder. And lest nations happily protected, either by British fleets or by their own, from German armies, should suppose themselves safe from German methods, the submarine has (within its limits) assiduously imitated the barbaric practices of the sister service. The War Staffs of the Central Powers are well content to horrify the world if at the same time they can terrorise it.

If, then, the Central Powers succeed, it will be to methods like these that they will owe their success. How can any reform of international relations be based on a peace thus obtained? Such a peace would represent the triumph of all the forces which make war certain and make it brutal. It would advertise the futility of all the methods on which civilisation relies to eliminate the occasions of international dispute and to mitigate their ferocity. Germany and Austria made the present war inevitable by attacking the rights of one small State, and they gained their initial triumphs by violating the treaty-guarded territories of another. Are small States going to find in them their future protectors, or in treaties made by them a bulwark against aggression? Terrorism by land and sea will have proved itself the instrument of victory. Are the victors likely to abandon it on

the appeal of the neutrals? If existing treaties are no more than scraps of paper, can fresh treaties help us? If the violation of the most fundamental canons of international law be crowned with success, will it not be in vain that the assembled nations labour to improve their code? None will profit by their rules but the criminals who break them. It is those who keep them that will suffer.

Though, therefore, the people of this country share to the full the desire of the President for peace, they do not believe that peace can be durable if it be not based on the success of the Allied cause. For a durable peace can hardly be expected unless three conditions are fulfilled. The first is that the existing causes of international unrest should be as far as possible removed or weakened. The second is that the aggressive aims and the unscrupulous methods of the Central Powers should fall into disrepute among their own peoples. The third is that behind international law, and behind all treaty arrangements for preventing or limiting hostilities, some form of international sanction should be devised which would give pause to the hardiest aggressor. These conditions may be difficult of fulfilment, but we believe them to be in general harmony with the President's ideals, and we are confident that none of them can be satisfied, even imperfectly, unless peace be secured on the general lines indicated (so far as Europe is concerned) in the joint Note. Therefore it is that this country has made, is making, and is prepared to make sacrifices of blood and treasure unparalleled in its history. It bears these heavy burdens not merely that it may thus fulfil its treaty obligations, nor yet that it may secure a barren triumph of one group of nations over another. It bears them because it firmly believes that on the success of the Allies depend the prospects of peaceful civilisation and of those international reforms which the best thinkers of the New World, as of the Old, dare to hope may follow on the cessation of our present calamities.

I am, with great truth and respect, sir,

Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

Germany's Aims in 1914, and in 1917: a Contrast

[Extract[1] from a Speech delivered by Mr. Balfour at the Guildhall, City of London (July 13, 1917), on the occasion of the presentation of an Address on his return from America.]

125. It is interesting, to the cynic almost amusing, to observe how German aims have changed with the changing fortunes of war. They now, through an obedient Press and a patient propaganda, are trying to persuade the world that they are engaged in nothing more than defensive warfare. The world, it seems, came to the conclusion from the narrowest, the most selfish, and the most sordid motives in July, 1914, that it was time that Germany should be crushed, and the embattled hosts now ranged against Germany and her Allies are represented as so many hordes of hungry plunderers who attacked this innocent, peace-loving, cultured nation for purposes of selfish aggrandisement. That is the legend now being spread abroad, to some extent in Germany, where it is difficult to believe that it receives any credence, and through neutral countries, where Germany at least hopes against hope that it may find some faithful believers.

A more preposterous and ludicrous doctrine to those who remember what took place in 1914 and later can hardly be conceived. If anybody wants really to know what the spirit was which animated the German people before the War and during the first months of the War, do not let him look at what the German newspapers say now; let him look at what the German newspapers said then. Let him study the German leading article writer. Let him, above all, study the German preacher. Then he will see what were the real aims, disguised indeed in language which was almost always bombastic, and not seldom blasphemous, which animated that people.

In those days they were to fulfil the ideal nakedly stated by Bernhardi that Germany must be everything or nothing; and what they preached was that Germany was to be everything, not indeed for sordid or selfish reasons, but because German culture was so incomparably superior to the petty civilisations of rival States that no greater benefit could be done to mankind than by some great effort, half military, half missionary, to bring all these States under the domination, physical, moral, and intellectual, of this single Power, and so contrived that true progress, true culture on the German model, should flourish even in those States to which that model was absolutely abhorrent. That was the

[1] This Extract is here printed as reported, and has not been revised by Mr. Balfour.

motive put forward to the German people by the theoretical idealists. There was a more prosaic side, which explained that German commerce would better flourish if Austria, the Balkans, the Turkish Empire, and the East far beyond the Turkish Empire, were under German control. It looked forward to finding what they called "a place for Germany under the sun," which meant, translated into the prose of real life, the appropriation by Germany of other people's Colonies.

I do not think that anybody who remembers or will revive his memory in that earlier literature can doubt that I have not exaggerated the facts of the case. But there are some people who always like chapter and verse, something which they can quote, something to which they can specifically point to bear out some broad and general proposition such as that which I have laid before you. May I, then, remind you of something which happened just before the War, in those last critical hours at the end of July, 1914, before the horrors of a universal war burst upon the world? In those days it began to dawn upon German statesmanship that Great Britain was not likely to stand selfishly aside and allow its friends to be crushed before its eyes. It therefore tried to enter into a transaction with the then Foreign Secretary, my friend Sir Edward Grey, and see on what terms Great Britain could be bought off. What were the terms they offered? The suggestion they had the impudence to make was that if Germany was allowed a free hand in the War she would guarantee that the then French territory in Europe should not be diminished. The natural question then was asked: What exactly do you mean by this suggestion? Are you going to guarantee the French colonies? No, said the Germans, we do not propose to guarantee the French colonies. Even a child could see what this meant. It meant that a victorious Germany might impose upon a subject France what indemnity it liked, what terms of commercial treaties it liked. It might bind France hand and foot helpless before its aggressive power; and in addition to all that, in addition to making France poor, impotent, subservient in Europe, all the French colonies were to be at the disposal of Germany.

That is on record. These gentlemen who never looked towards territorial aggrandisement, these gentlemen who are now engaged against aggressive enemies circling round them and desirous of destroying them, these gentlemen before war broke out practically announced in so many words what their ambitions as regards Western Europe really were. Lord Grey replied as it befitted him to reply. Speaking of the German Chancellor's proposal he said:—"What he asks us is in effect to engage to stand by while French Colonies are taken and France is beaten, so long

as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the Colonies. It would be a disgrace to us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover."

I remind you of this half-forgotten episode in diplomatic history not for the purpose of discussing the lines taken by this country in the matter, but in order to show you by documentary evidence that before a shot was fired, before a soldier had crossed any frontier, the Germans, with every motive to conciliate us and anxious to give everything they were prepared to give to keep us out of the War, deliberately intended not only to make France subservient in Europe, but to add to the German colonial empire. Let us hear no more of Germany having gone into the War for no other purpose than the purpose of self-defence.

The War thus begun was continued with the same spirit, and what has been the result? The result has been that the civilised world, even those most remote from immediate German designs, even those who three years ago would never have thought it possible that they would be dragged into a European quarrel, have begun to feel—I am not referring now to the United States—these other nations have been gradually forced into a conviction that unless German militarism be crushed their own stability and security will always be imperilled. Farther and farther the frontier of war extends. More and more are diplomatic relations broken off between the Central Powers and this or that Republic in South America or in the Far East. It is the inevitable result of German methods of warfare. Germany will never be able in our lifetime to shake off the load of hatred and of disgust which not merely her aims, but her methods have excited.

GOLF

[*Extracts* 126 *to* 131 *are taken from the article "The Humours of Golf," contributed to the "Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes,"* 1890.]

126. Gradually round all the greater games there collects a body of sentiment and tradition unknown to or despised by a profane public, but dear to their votaries, and forming a common bond of union among those who practise their rites. This tradition relates partly to memorable contests and the deeds of bygone heroes, partly to the changes which time brings about in the most ancient sports not less than in the most memorable institutions. But it does not disdain to concern itself with less important matters. Even games are not to be regarded as wholly serious: they have their lighter side, and he must be unhappily constituted who cannot relieve the graver labours in which his favourite pursuit involves him by watching the humours and comparing notes on the proceedings of others who are similarly occupied.

Now golf gives unrivalled opportunities for investigations of this description. There is more to observe in it than in other games, and there are more opportunities for observing. This is so because the conditions under which golf is played differ fundamentally from those of almost any other form of outdoor exercises, and every difference lends itself naturally to the promotion of an infinite variety of characteristic humours.

Consider, for instance, the fact that while the performers at other games are restricted within comparatively narrow limits of age, golf is out of relation with no one of the seven ages of man. Round the links may be seen in endless procession not only players of every degree of skill and of every social condition, but also of every degree of maturity and immaturity. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why golf should not be begun as soon as you can walk, and continued as long as you can walk; while, as a matter of fact, it frequently is so begun, and always is so continued. What an excellent variety does not this give to the game, as a subject of observation, and how humorously is that variety heightened and flavoured by the fact that age and

dexterity are so frequently bestowed in inverse proportion! You may see at one teeing-ground a boy of ten driving his ball with a swing which no professional would despise, and at the next a gentleman of sixty, recently infected with the pleasing madness, patiently "topping" his ball through the green under the long-suffering superintendence of a professional adviser.

No greater proof, indeed, can be imagined of the fascinations of the game than the fact that so many of us are willing to learn it—and, what is more, to learn it in public—at a period of life when even competitive examinations have ceased to trouble. Lord Chancellor Campbell, we are told, took dancing lessons at the mature age of thirty-four, in order, as he said, to "qualify him for joining the most polite assemblies." But he took them in privacy, under an assumed name, and with every precaution that might ensure his maintaining his incognito. Would even Lord Chancellor Campbell have taken dancing lessons if the scene of his tuition had been a public golf links; if the chassés and coupés of which he speaks had to be attempted before a miscellaneous and highly critical public; if his first ineffectual efforts at "figuring on the light fantastic toe" (I still quote the noble and learned lord) had been displayed to a mixed assemblage of professional and amateur dancers? I trow not. Rather, a thousand times rather, would he have remained deficient in any graces lighter than those required for special pleading, and renounced for ever the hope of shining in "the most polite assemblies"! Yet, after all, no ordeal less than this has been gone through by those of us who have first become golfers in mature life. We have seen ourselves, often at an age when other people are leaving off the games they learned in their youth, laboriously endeavouring to acquire a game which certainly not less than any other punishes with eternal mediocrity those who too long defer devoting themselves to its service. We have been humiliated in the eyes of our opponent, in the eyes of our caddie, in the eyes of our opponent's caddie, and in our own eyes by the perpetration of blunders which would seem almost incredible in narration. We have endeavoured time after time to go through the same apparently simple and elementary set of evolutions. Time after time we have failed. We have, if playing in a foursome, apologised to our partner until we were sick of making excuses and he was sick of listening to them. Yet who has ever been repelled by this ordeal from continuing his efforts until age or sickness incapacitate him? Who, having once begun, has been found to turn back? It might indeed be supposed that if, before beginning, all that had to be gone through were fully realised, our greens would be emptier than they are. But a splendid confi-

dence, born of impenetrable ignorance, veils his future from the eyes of the beginner.

127. Since golf, when it has been once begun, exercises this fatal fascination upon its votaries, it is perhaps fortunate that of all games it appears to the uninitiated to be the most meaningless. A mêlée at football may appear to involve a perfectly unnecessary expenditure of energy and a foolish risk of life and limb. But even the most ignorant can see what it is all about. Rackets and tennis, again, at once strike the beholder as being games which require great quickness of eye and great dexterity of hand. But there appears to be something singularly inane and foolish about a game of golf. Two middle-aged gentlemen strolling across a links followed by two boys staggering under the burden of a dozen queer-shaped implements, each player hitting along his own ball for no apparent object, in no obvious rivalry, and exercising in the process no obvious skill, do not make up a specially impressive picture to those who see it for the first time; and many are the curious theories advanced by the ignorant to explain the motives and actions of the players.

128. It is hard that a game which seems to those who do not play it to be so meaningless should be to those who do play it not only the most absorbing of existing games, but occasionally in the highest degree irritating to the nerves and to the temper. The fact itself will, I apprehend, hardly be denied, and the reason I suppose to be this, that as in most games action is rapid and more or less unpremeditated, failure seems less humiliating in itself, and there is less time to brood over it. In most games—e.g., cricket, tennis, football—effort succeeds effort in such quick succession that the memory of particular blunders is immediately effaced or deadened. There is leisure neither for self-examination nor for repentance. Even good resolutions scarce have time to form themselves, and as soon as one difficulty is surmounted, mind and body have to brace themselves to meet the next. In the case of golf it is far otherwise. The player approaches his ball with every circumstance of mature deliberation. He meditates, or may meditate, for as long as he pleases on the precise object he wishes to accomplish and the precise method by which it may best be accomplished. No difficulties are made for him by his opponent; he has no obstacles to overcome but those which are material and inanimate. Is there not, then, some natural cause for irritation when, after every precaution has been taken to insure a drive of 150 or 180 yards, the unfortunate player sees his ball roll gently into the bottom of a

bunker some twenty yards in front of the teeing ground and settle itself with every appearance of deliberate forethought at the bottom of the most inaccessible heel-mark therein? Such an event brings with it not merely disaster, but humiliation; and, as a last aggravation, the luckless performer has ample leisure to meditate over his mishap, to analyse its causes, to calculate the precise effects which it will have on the general fortunes of the day, and to divine the secret satisfaction with which his opponent has observed the difficulties in which he has so gratuitously involved himself. No wonder that persons of irritable nerves are occasionally goaded to fury. No wonder that the fury occasionally exhibits itself in violent and eccentric forms. Not, however, that the opponent is usually the object or victim of their wrath. He is too obviously guiltless of contributing to a "foozle" to permit even an angry man to drag him into his quarrel with the laws of dynamics. It is true that he may have the most extraordinary and unmerited luck. According to my experience, opponents who are winning usually have. But still he can hardly be blamed because the man he is playing with "tops" his ball or is "short" with his putts. Let him only assume an aspect of colourless indifference or hypocritical sympathy, and the storm will in all probability not break over *him*.

Expletives more or less vigorous directed against himself, the ball, the club, the wind, the bunker, and the game, are therefore the most usual safety-valve for the fury of the disappointed golfer. But bad language is fortunately much gone out of use; and in any case the resources of profanity are not inexhaustible. Deeds, not words, are required in extreme cases to meet the exigencies of the situation; and, as justice, prudence, and politeness all conspire to shield his opponent from physical violence, it is on the clubs that under these circumstances vengeance most commonly descends.

129. While, on the whole, playing through the green is the part of the game most trying to the temper, putting is that most trying to the nerves. There is always hope that a bad drive may be redeemed by a fine approach shot, or that a "foozle" with the brassy may be balanced by some brilliant performance with the iron. But when the stage of putting-out has been reached, no further illusions are possible—no place for repentance remains: to succeed in such a case is to win the hole; to fail is to lose it. Moreover, it constantly happens that the decisive stroke has to be made precisely at a distance from the hole such that, while success is neither certain nor glorious, failure is not only disastrous but ignominious. A putt of a club's length which is

to determine not merely the hole but the match will try the calmness even of an experienced performer, and many there are who have played golf all their lives whose pulse beats quicker when they have to play the stroke. No slave ever scanned the expression of a tyrannical master with half the miserable anxiety with which the performer surveys the ground over which the hole is to be approached. He looks at the hole from the ball, and he looks at the ball from the hole. No blade of grass, no scarcely perceptible inclination of the surface, escapes his critical inspection. He puts off the decisive moment as long, and perhaps longer, than he decently can. If he be a man who dreads responsibility, he asks the advice of his caddie, of his partner, and of his partner's caddie, so that the particular method in which he proposes to approach the hole represents not so much his own individual policy as the policy of a Cabinet. At last the stroke is made, and immediately all tongues are loosened. The slowly advancing ball is addressed in tones of menace or entreaty by the surrounding players. It is requested to go on or stop; to turn this way or that, as the respective interests of each party require. Nor is there anything more entertaining than seeing half a dozen faces bending over this little bit of moving gutta-percha which so remorselessly obeys the laws of dynamics, and pouring out on it threatenings and supplications not to be surpassed in apparent fervour by the devotions of any fetish worshippers in existence.

The peculiar feeling of nervousness which accompanies "putting" is of course the explanation of the familiar experience that, when nothing depends upon it, it is quite easy to "hole" your ball from a distance which makes success too often impossible when the fortunes of the game are at stake. "How is it, dad," said a little girl who was accompanying her father round the course—"how is it that when they tell you that you have *two* to win, you always do it in *one*, and that when they say you have *one* to win you always do it in *two*?" In that observation lies compressed the whole philosophy of putting.

It might be thought that among the "differentia" of golf the conscientious annalist would have to enumerate the facilities for fraud which the conditions under which the game is played would seem to afford. The whole difficulty of a stroke depending as it so often does entirely upon the "lie" of the ball, which may be altered by an almost imperceptible change in its position, it might appear that there was large scope for the ingenious player to improve his chances of victory by methods not recognised in the rules of the game. As a matter of fact, however, this is not so. In the first place, this is no doubt because golfers are an

exceptionally honest race of men. In the next place, if there are any persons of dubious morals among them, they probably reflect that, as they are accompanied by caddies, it would be hardly possible to play any tricks except by the connivance of that severe but friendly critic. It is not probable that the connivance would be obtained, and it is quite certain that in the long run secrecy would not be observed by the confidant. Honesty under these circumstances is so obviously the best policy that the least scrupulous do not venture to offend.

130. But what account of the points in which golf differs fundamentally from other games, what study of its peculiar humours would be complete which did not give a place of honour to the institution of *caddies*? Wherever golf exists there must the caddie be found; but not in all places is he a credit to the great cause which he subserves. There are greens in England—none, I rejoice to think, in Scotland—where, either because golf has been too recently imported or because it suits not the genius of the population, many of the caddies are not only totally ignorant of the game, which is bad, but are wholly uninterested in it, which is far worse. They regard it as a form of lunacy, harmless to the principals who play, and not otherwise than beneficial to the assistants who plenteously receive, but in itself wearisome and unprofitable. Such caddies go far to spoil the sport. For my own part I can gladly endure severe or even contemptuous criticism from the ministering attendant. I can bear to have it pointed out to me that all my misfortunes are the direct and inevitable result of my own folly; I can listen with equanimity when failure is prophesied of some stroke I am attempting, and can note unmoved the self-satisfied smile with which the fulfilment of the prophecy is accentuated; but ignorant and stupid indifference is intolerable. A caddie is not, and ought not to be, regarded as a machine for carrying clubs at the rate of a shilling a round. He occupies, or ought to occupy, the position of competent adviser or interested spectator. He should be as anxious for the success of his side as if he were one of the players, and should watch each move in the game with benevolent if critical interest, always ready with the appropriate club, and, if need be, with the appropriate comment.

131. No two men use their clubs alike; no two men deal in the same way or in the same temper with the varying changes or chances of the game. And this is one, though doubtless only one, among the many causes which make golf the most uniformly amusing amusement which the wit of man has yet devised.

A tolerable day, a tolerable green, a tolerable opponent, supply, or ought to supply, all that any reasonably constituted human being should require in the way of entertainment. With a fine sea view, and a clear course in front of him, the golfer should find no difficulty in dismissing all worries from his mind, and regarding golf, even it may be very indifferent golf, as the true and adequate end of man's existence. Care may sit behind the horseman, she never presumes to walk with the caddie. No inconvenient reminiscences of the ordinary workaday world, no intervals of weariness or monotony interrupt the pleasures of the game. And of what other recreation can this be said? Does a man trust to conversation to occupy his leisure moments? He is at the mercy of fools and bores. Does he put his trust in shooting, hunting, or cricket? Even if he be so fortunately circumstanced as to obtain them in perfection, it will hardly be denied that such moments of pleasure as they can afford are separated by not infrequent intervals of tedium. The ten-mile walk through the rain after missing a stag; a long ride home after a blank day; fielding out while your opponents score 400, cannot be described by the most enthusiastic deer-stalker, fox-hunter, or cricketer as otherwise than wearisome episodes in delightful pursuits. Lawn-tennis, again, is not so much a game as an exercise, while in real tennis or in rackets something approaching to equality of skill between the players would seem to be almost necessary for enjoyment. These more violent exercises, again, cannot be played with profit for more than one or two hours in the day. And while this may be too long for a man very hard-worked in other ways, it is too short for a man who wishes to spend a complete holiday as much as possible in the open air.

Moreover, all these games have the demerit of being adapted principally to the season of youth. Long before middle life is reached, rowing, rackets, fielding at cricket, are a weariness to those who once excelled at them. At thirty-five, when strength and endurance may be at their maximum, the particular elasticity required for these exercises is seriously diminished. The man who has gloried in them as the most precious of his acquirements begins, so far as they are concerned, to grow old; and growing old is not commonly supposed to be so agreeable an operation in itself as to make it advisable to indulge in it more often in a single lifetime than is absolutely necessary. The golfer, on the other hand, is never old until he is decrepit. So long as Providence allows him the use of two legs active enough to carry him round the green, and of two arms supple enough to take a "half swing," there is no reason why his enjoyment in the game need be seriously diminished. Decay no doubt there is;

long driving has gone for ever; and something less of firmness and accuracy may be noted even in the short game. But the decay has come by such slow gradations, it has delayed so long and spared so much, that it is robbed of half its bitterness.

132. The first steps in golf are in some respects the most important, and it is very easy, in the early period of golfing education, to get into tricks and faults of style which will for ever prevent the player from reaching the highest excellences of the game. I myself belong to that unhappy class of beings for ever pursued by remorse, who are conscious that they threw away in their youth opportunities that were open to them of beginning the game at a time of life when alone the muscles can be attuned and practised to the full perfection required by the most difficult game that perhaps exists. Nevertheless, as I am talking to those who have a chance of beginning the game in their early youth, I may say that though much is lost, and lost for ever, by leaving neglected the opportunities of early years, yet none need despair, and if they will only set themselves to work in a businesslike spirit to learn to play the game as alone it ought to be played, they may hope to reach, not perhaps the highest degree of excellence, but a degree of excellence which will give great satisfaction to themselves and considerable embarrassment to their opponents. [1894]

133. My firm conviction is that there is no public interest of greater importance than the public interest of providing healthy means of recreation for all classes in the community. We rightly and properly spend a great deal of thought in finding means for restricting within reasonable limits the working hours of the community. But, after all, when you have diminished the working hours of the community, with whatever class of the community you are dealing, you leave the more time to be spent in recreation, and it is just as difficult—it is more difficult—very often to find good recreation than it is to find remunerative employment.

Now, I have a strong view as to the place which golf takes among the reasonable recreations of mankind. There is an old, and in some respects a wise, adage, which tells us that there is no disputing about tastes, and in one sense that adage is true. It is impossible to compare the abstract merits of things so different—arts so different, for instance, as those of music and painting. In the same way it is impossible reasonably to compare the abstract and intrinsic merits of games so different, for example, as golf and cricket. On subjects of that kind I am prepared to put aside all disputations. I mean to argue—I have often argued, and I shall be prepared to argue in the future—that if you come to these games in the concrete, if you are asked how each is fitted to do that which the game is intended to do, namely, to supply recreation for the busy, then I think there is no comparison between the two great games that I have mentioned, and I am prepared on any platform and on any occasion to uphold the rights and claims of golf. I quite acknowledge that as a spectacular game there is no comparison between the two. It is impossible at golf to have arrangements by which at present, in London and in most of the great provincial centres of England, you may have a body of spectators as numerous as that of a good-sized country town to congregate without difficulty and in a position to watch the minutest vicissitudes, the most delicate refinements of play between two great country or international elevens. Golf can present nothing like that. . . . I acknowledge that as a spectacular game cricket has the advantage.

But, after all, the game is for the players of the game. The game primarily exists not for those who look on, but for those who act; not for the spectators, but for the participators in its pleasures; and from that point of view it appears to me that on almost all counts, under almost all heads, golf has the advantage. To begin with, cricket is not a game for the busy. A great match takes three days. No busy man, except on rare occasions, has three days to give to a great match. Still less has he time to give either the requisite practice to enable him to do himself justice when these three days arrive. In the second place, cricket is not for the middle-aged, still less for those advanced in years. Cricket loses its charm when a man reaches middle life, and finds that he can no longer stoop to field a ball with his old agility, or run between the wickets with his old speed; but golf, while itself pre-eminently a game at which elasticity of muscle and lithesomeness of limb produce their natural and legitimate fruits, is a game at which the middle-aged and those who are past middle life can derive pleasure not less poignant, not less keen, than they did in the first flush of their youth. The length of the drive may diminish, the length of the handicap may increase, but though the player has to acknowledge that he no longer possesses his ancient cunning, though young heroes occupy the field where once it may be he excelled, still he can go round the old course with undiminished joy, gain health, gain recreation, gain pleasure with no less success and no less ample measure than he did in the earlier years of his golfing career. This has sometimes been used as an argument by the young, and I will add by the ignorant, against the pre-eminent merits of our national game. It is perfectly true that if golf was an art which a man might pick up at his will when all other means of enjoyment had left him, a pastime which he could begin with success in his old age, a game of that sort can probably never rank in the first class of games; and those who think that golf may be so described show themselves totally ignorant of the game which they are criticising, and they have only got to carry out their own precepts, and to attempt after middle life to learn the great mysteries of the goddess of golf to discover how great is their mistake, how fatal their blunder has been in too long delaying their introduction to joys which they might have enjoyed in the fullest measure had they begun earlier. [1899.]

134. I am quite certain that there has never been a greater addition to the machinery of the lighter side of civilisation than that supplied by the game of golf. It has been borrowed—I say it with pardonable pride as a Scotchman—from the north of the Tweed, and it has been borrowed with admirable results in every way. . . . I earnestly hope that everybody interested in the furtherance of the game will do their best to extend it not only to the class who chiefly enjoy it now, but to every class of the community who have the opportunity and advantage of having a Saturday half-holiday which they would like to spend in the open air in one of the healthiest and most delightful methods of enjoying the beauties of Nature and the pleasures of exercise that the wit of man has yet contrived to invent. [1909.]

LITERATURE

[See also "NOVELS" and "READING."]

135. Literature is more universal than any other form of human activity, because in one sense it includes them all. Literature is art, but it is not art alone; it is also science, and it is also learning; and therefore the number of those to whom literature appeals is necessarily greater than those who are appealed to either by painting, or by music, or by architecture, or by any one of those arts that are more strictly and properly designated as fine arts. Further, it has always appeared to me that it is more in our power to render literature accessible to the general community than it is in our power to render any fine art accessible to the masses of our countrymen. [1889.]

136. We have all felt that the great names which rendered illustrious the early years of the great Victorian epoch are one by one dropping away, and now perhaps but few are left. I do not know that any of us can see around us the men springing up who are to occupy the thrones thus left vacant. I should not venture to say—and indeed I do not think—that we live in an age barren of literature. But none of us will deny that at all events at the present moment we do not see a rising generation of men of letters likely to rival those of old times. I was born, I suppose, too late to join in the full enthusiasm which I have known expressed for the writers whose best works were produced before 1860 or 1870. Personally I have known many who found in the writings of—whom shall I say?—Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, and George Eliot everything that they could imagine or desire, either in the way of artistic excellence, or ethical instruction, or literary delight. I have not myself ever been able to surrender myself so absolutely to the charm and the greatness of these great and charming writers. I have sometimes thought that the age of which I speak may perhaps have been inclined unduly to exalt itself in comparison with that despised century, the eighteenth. Whoever may be right or wrong in these matters, at all events the fact remains that the authors to whom I have alluded would have rendered any reign illustrious; that they have departed; and that we do not at present see among us their successors.

It is a most interesting situation, because I am not prepared to admit that we live in an age which bears upon it the marks of decadence. Undoubtedly there is more knowledge of literature, more command of literary technique, both in prose and in poetry, at the present moment, than has been often the case, or perhaps ever the case before. You will find a true literary instinct pervading the whole enormous and even overwhelming mass of contemporary literature. Therefore it certainly is not from ignorance or indifference that the present age fails, if, indeed, I am right in thinking that it does fail. Neither has the present age another mark which has been characteristic of previous ages of decadence. There have been periods when the love of literature was very widely spread through the community, when a knowledge of literature and a

command of literary forms was prevalent among the educated classes; but when, at the same time, the admiration of past works of genius was so overwhelming that it seemed almost impossible to bring forth new works of genius in competition with them. The old forms, in fact, commanded and mastered whatever imaginative and original genius there may have been at the time of which I am speaking. I do not believe that that is the case now. My own conviction is that at this moment, not only is there no dislike of novelty, not only is there no prejudice in favour of ancient models, but any new thing of any merit whatever is likely to be accepted and welcomed at least at its true value.

I recollect an artist friend of mine, who had studied for some time in the cosmopolitan studios of Paris, saying that in his opinion we were on the very verge of a great artistic revival. He said that he found among the students with whom he associated such a zeal for art and such a knowledge of art, so great a desire to bring forth some new thing which should be worthy of the everlasting admiration of mankind, that in his judgment it was absolutely impossible that so much talent, so much zeal, and so much readiness to accept new ideas should not ultimately issue in the formation of a great and original school of painting. What he said of painting we may surely say at the present day of literature. It only requires the rise of some great man of genius to mould the forces which exist in plenty around us, to utilise the instruction which we have almost in superabundance, and to make the coming age of literature as glorious or even more glorious than any of those which have preceded it. Whether that genius will arise or not I cannot say. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth." So it is with genius; and no man can prophesy what is to be the literary future of the world. My friend, Lord Kelvin, has often talked to me of the future of science, and he has said words to me about the future of science which are parallel to the words I have quoted to you about the future of art and with the hope which I have expressed to you with respect to literature. He has told me that to the men of science of to-day it appears as if we were trembling upon the brink of some great scientific discovery which should give to us a new view of the great forces of nature among which, and in the midst of which, we move. If this prophecy be right, and if the other forecasts to which I have alluded be right, then indeed it is true that we live in an interesting age; then indeed it is true that we may look forward to a time full of fruit for the human race—to an age which cannot be sterilised, or rendered barren, even by politics.

[1893.]

137. After all, though the provinces of literature are many, the kingdom of literature is one. However diverse be the fields in which men of letters work, they are all conscious of belonging to one community and of furthering one cause. I do not wish to press too far the merits of literature. I do not pretend that literature necessarily softens the manners. I do not pretend that literature carries with it all the cardinal virtues in its train, or that the Ten Commandments are likely to be specially observed in a community of literary instincts and literary tastes. I think much harm has been done by pretending that literature can do that which literature itself cannot do, and which, if it is to be done at all, must be done by other and far different forces. But, without pretending that literature can do that which experience shows it cannot do, and has not done, still it is, after all, one of the greatest engines—the greatest engine—for the production of cultivated happiness. It has produced, and is daily and hourly producing, more innocent and refined pleasure in every

class, from the richest to the poorest, in every country where education is known, than any other source of pleasure whatever. All those who, even in the smallest degree, have given themselves up to the fascinations of literary life would change the satisfaction that they derived from it for no other that could be provided for them. And whatever else the spread of education may do, at all events this it ought to do—it ought to put these pleasures ever, day by day, within the reach of a larger circle, within the grasp of a greater number of our fellow-creatures. [1897.]

138. I have no doubt that these poems were admirable literary specimens of what the living Welsh tongue can do. It is, alas, the tragedy of all art which is embodied in language. The value of these artistic performances never can be fully appreciated outside the circle, wide or narrow, of those who have from their birth had an intimate acquaintance with the tongue in which these works of art are embodied. Nothing will get over it. It is part of the laws of Nature. Translation may give you the substance, but never can give you the real artistic soul of any composition, for that depends ultimately and essentially upon style, and style is incapable of translation. It is a sad thought to me how much of the great literary genius of the world has through the operation of this law been inevitably confined to the too narrow circle of auditors. It is true even of those languages which have the widest sweep, which are most widely spoken by the mass of the population of vast areas. It is necessarily even more true of nations which are restricted in the number of persons who are brought up in the knowledge of the language which alone will enable them to appreciate real literature couched in those languages: and when I think of this tragedy, which touches all literature without exception, I sympathise with, although I recognise the impossibility of, that mediæval dream which hoped that in some one language—in Latin for instance—might be found a universal vehicle through which men of all ages and times and forms of human belief might exhibit in literary form their artistic powers of creation. It was a dream. It was a dream which never could be realised, and which the world seems no nearer realising than it did some centuries ago. But I rejoice to think that though, from the nature of the case, those who give to their fellow-countrymen literature in the Welsh language—though it is confined to comparatively few who can properly appreciate their work—I rejoice to think that at the same time the people of Wales have from immemorial ages shown themselves to be masters of another form of artistic expression not confined by national barriers or hampered by linguistic limitations. [1909.]

139. From the point of view of the after-dinner speaker, I suppose all toasts may be divided, according to the magnitude of their subject-matter, into three categories. You may have those which are so small that it is hardly possible to beat them out thin enough to fill up a speech; you may have those which are of that degree of complexity with which the speaker may be expected adequately to deal; and you may have those which are obviously so large, that cover such a vast area, that neither an after-dinner speaker nor even the volumes which industry and research pour forth year after year can hope finally to compass or to exhaust.

Of those three categories I have no doubt that the last is the most convenient for the after-dinner speaker. If you have got to deal with the first, your difficulty is to find the material. If you have got to deal with the second, you are severely criticised if you do not cover the ground. No human being expects you to cover the ground of literature, and criticism disappears almost before the speaker rises by the consciousness

of every one of his hearers that whatever he says, even if he be gifted with the tongue of angels, he can neither cover the ground nor can he say anything which will give the smallest impetus or impulse to those great movements of the human spirit of which literature is itself the product.

And yet although literature be thus in the third and most agreeable category of subjects of after-dinner speaking, it has some defects. Is it to deal with the past, the present, or the future? It is folly to try to touch upon the past. We do not drink the health of the Immortals. Their position is assured. Nothing which any speaker can say, whether he be an after-dinner speaker or in whatever position he may be to address the public, can add to their fame. He cannot illustrate their merits. He cannot alter the opinion of any human being as to the claims they have upon our affection and upon our regard.

Is a speaker to deal with the future? Of the future of literature luckily no man can know anything. I say luckily because I am not one of those who believe that such a subject can be usefully brought under the rule of scientific law, that you can prophesy from the present what is to come.

Then, are we to deal with the present? Who would venture on this, or indeed on any other occasion, to try and appreciate the merits, the comparative merits of living authors, or to say what niche of fame they are going to occupy in the future, or how they will compare with their predecessors, or how they will influence those who come after them? But you have only to look at the writings of distinguished critics to see how carefully they fight shy of any estimate of contemporary merit. They deal with the past splendidly, adequately; they deal with it in these days in a manner which our forefathers never dreamt of, and which our forefathers could not rival; but of the present they do not feel themselves, as far as I can form an opinion, to be adequate judges; they neither pronounce their views of the merits of the living nor do they attempt to forecast the relative fame which they will occupy in the future. Therefore it will be admitted that if you are to deal neither with the past nor with the future, and if you are confined to the present under the conditions which I have attempted to describe, the task of any man touching on the topic of literature is not an easy one.

And yet, difficult though it may be, how interesting it is, for we are told by great critics that the literature of an age is its picture, that if you look at the past and really grasp the character of the literature which appealed to it, you will understand that past, that a generation cannot express itself more clearly than in the literature it produces and the literature which it encourages. We must therefore conceive ourselves as having our photographs, our cinematograph, taken, month after month, by the literature which we buy, which we read, which we admire, and which we absorb. That is going to represent us to the future critic. By that, according to this theory, we shall be judged. That is the picture which is going down to posterity of the souls of this generation.

And I think there is truth—I think there is force—in this contention, which must impress everybody who reflects upon it.

Yet I would venture to suggest to those who advance this theory in its more extreme form, that it may be easily pressed too far. As I understand the theory, it depends upon this: That there is in each epoch, at each moment of time, a public taste which admits certain forms of genius or talent to suit itself, and which crushes out the remainder, which acts as stained glass acts upon light, letting through rays of a certain quality and character and absorbing the rest.

And if you are going to accept this view that there is a particular public taste at a particular moment, depending wholly upon the character of the society at the time, then I think there may be truth in that doctrine. But let us always remember that this taste itself, this taste which is supposed to act as a differentiating medium, is a thing which is capable of being changed by the action of literature, by the action of genius and of talent. It is not that talent finds itself face to face with this kind of unchangeable, transparent medium, only letting through certain rays and pitilessly rejecting others. That does not represent the facts. Taste can be changed; it is a matter of manufacture. Every great producer will tell you—every great producer of luxuries will tell you—that he has not only to produce the things which the public want, but he has to make the public want them; and when he has made the public want them he calls that good business. A similar process, but with a very different motive, is carried out by the man of genius, by the man of originality, by the man whose natural gifts do not run precisely in the line of contemporary fashion, but rather force him and press him on to a new mode of expression of ideas which themselves may be new. He also can change the taste by which he is to be judged. He also can act upon this translucent screen which lets through some rays, rejects some, and absorbs others. And nothing is more interesting than to watch, not how the public taste compels one kind of literature and one kind of literature alone, or literature within a limited class of literary effort, to succeed, but how despite itself the public is made by the force of genius to accept some new mode of expression, some new ideal of art, some living change in the perpetually living process of the human spirit.

Do not let us look at artistic and literary production in too mechanical a fashion. Literature is not the result merely of what are called sociological causes. Not only is it not that result, but it is not determined by it. It is determined by the interaction of those causes and the individual genius which no scientific generalisation can class, which no scientific prophecy can foretell.

Therefore it is that I for my part am reluctant to see literature treated in what is called too scientific a spirit, because I think that science in dealing with this progress of the free human spirit is really going far beyond—I will not say its future capacity, for I do not wish to set bounds to the power of science—but far beyond anything which it can do at present. We must take genius as an accepted fact, and when we have so taken it, it is folly to try and bind it down into the limits of any formula whatever.

The making of taste by a great man of letters, or a great artist, or a great school of art, is one of the most interesting phenomena, as I think, in one of the most fascinating subjects of study, namely, literary and artistic history; and I sometimes feel as if imperfect justice was done to those who begin to make the taste by which the efforts of subsequent genius are rendered possible. We talk of the forerunners of a particular movement, a particular literary development, a particular artistic or musical development, and we analyse the gain which greater successors obtain from their works, how these greater successors borrow a particular method and develop a particular mode of using their artistic instruments.

But I think sometimes we forget another and quite different service which these forerunners did. They began to make the atmosphere, the climate, possible, in which their greater successors are to flourish. They started the taste which their successors are going to use, and you will constantly find, therefore, that the beginners of a great literary or artistic movement are far inferior to their successors; but you have to ac-

knowledge that without them, without in the first place the additions and changes they have made in artistic method, and also without the changes they have made in that taste, in that æsthetic climate in which alone the new works can flourish, their greater successors would never have obtained the deserved fame which has enshrined them in the love of their fellow-creatures.

However, I think I said earlier in my speech that I did not much care myself for attempts to reduce literary history to a science, and I feel perhaps that in the observations I have made I have run somewhat counter to my own canon. The pleasures that I derive personally from literary history are biographical. They are the pleasures of feeling myself brought into direct contact by the writer with great men who have long passed away; and another pleasure, not at all to be despised, of being brought into contact with the living and contemporary taste of the critic himself. That double pleasure I, individually, derive from literary criticism; and I think the two things together make up, so far as I am concerned, the sum of those great feelings of gratification which literary history has always given me.

If that be the true way of considering those whose business it is to deal with the great men of letters of the past, I suppose I ought to try before I sit down, I will not say to offer a criticism upon the present, but to give expression to a personal predilection with regard to contemporary literature.

There was a brilliant novel written by a contemporary author which narrated the cheerful successes of the hero, who went from one fortunate enterprise to another, until at the end he reached the goal of his ambitions. The novel ends with the final triumph of the hero, and a friendly critic observes "After all, what has this man done? With what great cause is he identified?" The novel ends with the answer of another friend to this carping critic, "After all, he has contributed to the great cause of cheering us all up." Now, I am constantly being asked to contribute to causes of one sort or another. They are very seldom, I regret to say, causes which are likely to cheer us all up. I hope they are useful; I believe in many cases they are necessary: but that great function of cheering us up they do not perform. I think myself that is a great function, one of the great functions of literature.

I do not at all deny, of course, that things sad, sorrowful, tragic, even dreary, may be, and are, susceptible of artistic treatment, and that they have been, and are, admirably treated by great literary artists. But for my own part I prefer more cheerful weather.

Now, I think that literature is less cheerful than it was when I was young. It may be that it is because I am growing old that I take this gloomier view of literary effort; but still I personally like the Spring day and bright sun and the birds singing, and, if there be a shower or a storm, it should be merely a passing episode in the landscape, to be followed immediately by a return of brilliant sunshine. Whilst that is what I prefer, I of course admit that a great picturesque striking storm is a magnificent subject for artistic treatment, and is well worthy of the efforts of great artists. I am not quite sure whether the dreary day in which nothing is seen, in which the landscape does not change, in which there is a steady but not violent downpour of rain, in which you feel that you can neither look out of the window nor walk out of doors, in which every passer-by seems saddened by the perpetual and unbroken melancholy of the scene—I do not say that that ought not to be treated as a subject of literature. Everything, after all, which is real is a potential subject of literature. As long as it is treated sincerely, as long as it is

treated directly, as long as it is an immediate experience, no man has the right to complain of it. But it is not what I ask of literature.

What I ask from literature mainly is that, in a world which is full of sadness and difficulty, in which you go through a day's stress and come back from your work weary, you should find in literature something which represents life, indeed which is true, in the highest sense of truth, to what is and what is imagined to be true, but which does cheer us up.

Therefore, when I ask you, as I now do, to drink the Toast of Literature, I shall myself *sotto voce* as I drink it, say, not literature merely, but that literature in particular which serves the great cause of cheering us all up. [1912.]

MATTER

[*The extracts under this heading are taken from the Presidential Address—"Reflections suggested by the New Theory of Matter"—delivered to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, August,* 1904.]

140. It is not only inconvenient, but confusing, to describe as "phenomena" things which do not appear, which never have appeared, and which never can appear, to beings so poorly provided as ourselves with the apparatus of sense-perception. But apart from this, which is a linguistic error too deeply rooted to be easily exterminated, is it not most inaccurate in substance to say that a knowledge of Nature's laws is all we seek when investigating Nature? The physicist looks for something more than what by any stretch of language can be described as "co-existences" and "sequences" between so-called "phenomena." He seeks for something deeper than the laws connecting possible objects of experience. His object is physical reality; a reality which may or may not be capable of direct perception; a reality which is in any case independent of it; a reality which constitutes the permanent mechanism of that physical universe with which our immediate empirical connection is so slight and so deceptive. That such a reality exists, though philosophers have doubted, is the unalterable faith of science; and were that faith *per impossibile* to perish under the assaults of critical speculation, science, as men of science usually conceive it, would perish likewise.

141. But to-day there are those who regard gross matter, the matter of every-day experience, as the mere appearance of which electricity is the physical basis; who think that the elementary atom of the chemist, itself far beyond the limits of direct perception, is but a connected system of monads or sub-atoms which are not electrified matter, but are electricity itself; that these systems differ in the number of monads which they contain, in their arrangement, and in their motion relative to each other and to the ether; that on these differences, and on these differences alone, depend the various qualities of what have hitherto been regarded as indivisible and elementary atoms; and that

while in most cases these atomic systems may maintain their equilibrium for periods which, compared with such astronomical processes as the cooling of a sun, may seem almost eternal, they are not less obedient to the law of change than the everlasting heavens themselves.

But if gross matter be a grouping of atoms, and if atoms be systems of electrical monads, what are electrical monads? It may be that, as Professor Larmor has suggested, they are but a modification of the universal ether, a modification roughly comparable to a knot in a medium which is inextensible, incompressible, and continuous. But whether this final unification be accepted or not, it is certain that these monads cannot be considered *apart* from the ether. It is on their interaction with the ether that their qualities depend—and without the ether an electric theory of matter is impossible.

Surely we have here a very extraordinary revolution. Two centuries ago electricity seemed but a scientific toy. It is now thought by many to constitute the reality of which matter is but the sensible expression. It is but a century ago that the title of an ether to a place among the constituents of the universe was authentically established. It seems possible now that it may be the stuff out of which that universe is wholly built. Nor are the collateral inferences associated with this view of the physical world less surprising. It used, for example, to be thought that mass was an original property of matter: neither capable of explanation nor requiring it; in its nature essentially unchangeable, suffering neither augmentation nor diminution under the stress of any forces to which it could be subjected; unalterably attached to each material fragment, howsoever much that fragment might vary in its appearance, its bulk, its chemical or its physical condition.

142. But if the new theories be accepted, these views must be revised. Mass is not only explicable, it is actually explained. So far from being an attribute of matter considered in itself, it is due, as I have said, to the relation between the electrical monads of which matter is composed and the ether in which they are bathed. So far from being unchangeable, it changes, when moving at very high speeds, with every change in its velocity.

143. If we accept the electric theory of matter, we can then no longer hold that if the internal energy of a sun were as far as possible converted into heat either by its contraction under the stress of gravitation, or by chemical reactions between its elements or by any other inter-atomic force; and that were the heat

so generated to be dissipated (as in time it must be), through infinite space, its whole energy would be exhausted. On the contrary, the amount thus lost would be absolutely insignificant compared with what remained stored up within the separate atoms. The system in its corporate capacity would become bankrupt—the wealth of its individual constituents would be scarcely diminished. They would lie side by side, without movement, without chemical affinity, yet each one, howsoever inert in its external relations, the theatre of violent motions, and of powerful internal forces.

Or put the same thought in another form—when the sudden appearance of some new star in the telescopic field gives notice to the astronomer that he, and, perhaps, in the whole universe, he alone, is witnessing the conflagration of a world; the tremendous forces by which this far-off tragedy is being accomplished must surely move his awe. Yet not only would the members of each separate atomic system pursue their relative course unchanged, while the atoms themselves were thus riven violently apart in flaming vapour, but the forces by which such a world is shattered are really negligible compared with those by which each atom of it is held together.

In common, therefore, with all other living things we seem to be practically concerned chiefly with the feebler forces of Nature, and with energy in its least powerful manifestations. Chemical affinity and cohesion are on this theory no more than the slight residual effects of the internal electrical forces which keep the atom in being. Gravitation, though it be the shaping force which concentrates nebulæ into organised systems of suns and satellites, is trifling compared with the attractions and repulsions with which we are familiar between electrically charged bodies; while these again sink into insignificance beside the attractions and repulsions between the electric monads themselves. The irregular molecular movements which constitute heat, on which the very possibility of organic life seems absolutely to hang, and in whose transformations applied science is at present so largely concerned, cannot rival the kinetic energy stored within the molecules themselves. This prodigious mechanism seems outside the range of our immediate interests. We live, so to speak, merely on its fringe. It has for us no promise of utilitarian value. It will not drive our mills; we cannot harness it to our trains. Yet not less on that account does it stir the intellectual imagination. The starry heavens have, from time immemorial, moved the worship or the wonder of mankind. But if the dust beneath our feet be indeed compounded of innumerable systems, whose elements are ever in the most rapid motion, yet retain through

uncounted ages their equilibrium unshaken, we can hardly deny that the marvels we directly see are not more worthy of admiration than those which recent discoveries have enabled us dimly to surmise.

144. Men of science have always been restive under the multiplication of entities. They have eagerly watched for any sign that the different chemical elements own a common origin, and are all compounded out of some primordial substance. Nor for my part do I think such instincts should be ignored. John Mill, if I rightly remember, was contemptuous of those who saw any difficulty in accepting the doctrine of "action at a distance." So far as observation and experiment can tell us, bodies *do* actually influence each other at a distance; and why should they not? Why seek to go behind experience in obedience to some *a priori* sentiment for which no argument can be adduced? So reasoned Mill, and to his reasoning I have no reply. Nevertheless, we cannot forget that it was to Faraday's obstinate disbelief in "action at a distance" that we owe some of the crucial discoveries on which both our electric industries and the electric theory of matter are ultimately founded: while at this very moment physicists, however baffled in the quest for an explanation of gravity, refuse altogether to content themselves with the belief, so satisfying to Mill, that it is a simple and inexplicable property of masses acting on each other across space.

145. The common notion that he who would search out the secrets of Nature must humbly wait on experience, obedient to its slightest hint, is but partly true. This may be his ordinary attitude: but now and again it happens that observation and experiment are not treated as guides to be meekly followed, but as witnesses to be broken down in cross-examination. Their plain message is disbelieved, and the investigating judge does not pause until a confession in harmony with his preconceived ideas has, if possible, been wrung from their reluctant evidence.

146. The electric theory which we have been considering carries us into a new region altogether. It does not confine itself to accounting for the secondary qualities by the primary, or the behaviour of matter in bulk by the behaviour of matter in atoms; it analyses matter, whether molar or molecular, into something which is not matter at all. The atom is now no more than the relatively vast theatre of operations in which minute monads perform their orderly evolutions; while the monads themselves are not regarded as units of matter, but as units of electricity; so that matter is not merely explained, but is explained away.

147. There is an added emphasis given to these reflections by a train of thought which has long interested me, though I acknowledge that it never seems to have interested anyone else. Observe, then, that in order of logic sense-perceptions supply the premises from which we draw all our knowledge of the physical world. It is they which tell us there *is* a physical world; it is on their authority that we learn its character. But in order of causation they are effects due (in part) to the constitution of our organs of sense. What we see depends not merely on what there is to be seen, but on our eyes. What we hear depends not merely on what there is to hear, but on our ears. Now, eyes and ears, and all the mechanism of perception, have, according to accepted views, been evolved in us and our brute progenitors by the slow operation of natural selection. And what is true of sense-perception is of course also true of the intellectual powers which enable us to erect upon the frail and narrow platform which sense-perception provides, the proud fabric of the sciences.

148. It is certain that our powers of sense-perception and of calculation were fully developed ages before they were effectively employed in searching out the secrets of physical reality—for our discoveries in this field are the triumphs but of yesterday. The blind forces of Natural Selection which so admirably simulate design when they are providing for a present need, possess no power of prevision; and could never, except by accident, have endowed mankind, while in the making, with a physiological or mental outfit adapted to the higher physical investigation. So far as natural science can tell us, every quality of sense or intellect which does *not* help us to fight, to eat, and to bring up children, is but a by-product of the qualities which *do*. Our organs of sense-perception were not given us for purposes of research; nor was it to aid us in meting out the heavens or dividing the atom that our powers of calculation and analysis were evolved from the rudimentary instincts of the animal.

It is presumably due to these circumstances that the beliefs of all mankind about the material surroundings in which it dwells are not only imperfectly but fundamentally wrong. It may seem singular that down to, say, five years ago, our race has, without exception, lived and died in a world of illusions; and that its illusions, or those with which we are here alone concerned, have not been about things remote or abstract, things transcendental or divine, but about what men see and handle, about those "plain matters of fact" among which common-sense daily moves with its most confident step and most self-satisfied smile. Presumably, however, this is either because too direct a

vision of physical reality was a hindrance, not a help, in the struggle for existence, because falsehood was more useful than truth,—or else because with so imperfect a material as living tissue no better results could be attained. But if this conclusion be accepted, its consequences extend to other organs of knowledge beside those of perception. Not merely the senses but the intellect must be judged by it; and it is hard to see why evolution, which has so lamentably failed to produce trustworthy instruments for obtaining the raw material of experience, should be credited with a larger measure of success in its provision of the physiological arrangements which condition reason in its endeavours to turn experience to account.

149. Extend the boundaries of knowledge as you may; draw how you will the picture of the universe; reduce its infinite variety to the modes of a single space-filling ether; re-trace its history to the birth of existing atoms; show how under the pressure of gravitation they became concentrated into nebulæ, into suns, and all the host of heaven; how, at least in one small planet, they combined to form organic compounds; how organic compounds became living things; how living things, developing along many different lines, gave birth at last to one superior race; how from this race arose, after many ages, a learned handful, who looked round on the world which thus blindly brought them into being, and judged it, and knew it for what it was: perform (I say) all this, and though you may indeed have attained to science, in nowise will you have attained to a self-sufficing system of beliefs. One thing at least will remain, of which this long-drawn sequence of causes and effects gives no satisfying explanation; and that is knowledge itself. Natural science must ever regard knowledge as the product of irrational conditions, for in the last resort it knows no others. It must always regard knowledge as rational, or else science itself disappears. In addition, therefore, to the difficulty of extracting from experience beliefs which experience contradicts, we are confronted with the difficulty of harmonising the pedigree of our beliefs with their title to authority. The more successful we are in explaining their origin, the more doubt we cast upon their validity. The more imposing seems the scheme of what we know, the more difficult it is to discover by what ultimate criteria we claim to know it.

MEDICAL: ENCOURAGEMENT OF RESEARCH

150. There was a period at which almost the only subsidiary sciences to the art of healing—the only ones of practical value—were anatomy and physiology. But all that has been changed, and at the present moment if a man is to make progress in medical research he must draw his inspiration not merely from those sciences which deal with the human organism immediately, but with chemistry and with almost every branch—I think I might say every branch—of physics. But while that tendency has, on the one side, been making itself manifest; while the interdependence of all these sciences is becoming more and more manifest; while the assistance which each gives, and must give, to the other, is becoming more and more evident, the separate sciences themselves are so rapidly accumulating facts, are growing so enormously, that specialisation necessarily and inevitably is set up in every one of them: so that you have the double tendency of an interdependence between the sciences, which makes it necessary for any man who would further any one of them to have some working acquaintance with many others, and, at the same time, you have specialisation thrust upon you by the mere accumulation, the rapidly increasing accumulation, of facts in every one of the separate sciences of which I have been speaking.

Now, the result of this double tendency is that you must rely more and more for your work in research upon people whose main labour is research. You cannot expect a man in the interstices of a busy life, in the interstices of a great practice, to do much towards the advancement of his science. I have been amazed myself at the way in which doctors in large practice keep abreast of the ever-growing needs of their profession; but to ask them, in addition to a great practice, to carry on immense labours in research is to ask what, after all, very few men are able to accomplish. No doubt there are exceptions—brilliant and splendid exceptions—but the exceptions themselves in this case only prove the rule, and I am convinced that I shall have upon my side every man practically acquainted with the needs of the case when I say that the work of advancing medical knowledge must, on the whole, more and more fall into the hands of those who devote themselves to research rather than to the overwhelming labours of daily practice. . . . The man who would succeed in research, the man who at all events desires to devote himself to research, must not be asked to burden himself with other labours. He has upon his shoulders not merely what I may call the specialist work in his profession, but he must have a sympathetic eye, an appreciative eye to everything that is going on in other departments of science, so that even where he cannot follow those other departments mentally, he knows by instinct of genius where to pick up those new discoveries which may help his own special branch of research. For men of that kind I think we require further endowment. I have all my life been an ardent believer in a cause which is often laughed at—the cause of the endowment of research. In that cause I

most firmly believe, and I think there is no branch of knowledge in which it may find a more useful field of application than in that of advancing medical knowledge. It is wonderful to think how the public are prepared to pay, and in my opinion rightly prepared to pay, for the services of those whose clinical genius, whose power of absorbing all that is practically useful in the knowledge of their day, whose bedside genius—if I may so describe it—demands, and ought to have the fullest recognition—it is wonderful, I say, how the public are prepared to pay for that kind of genius, but apparently put aside with indifference the not less essential kind of genius which deals with the progress of knowledge, and the furtherance of invention. This is not selfishness; I think it is latent imagination. The work of the medical practitioner is seen at once; its value can be immediately appreciated; but he who spends his life in the pursuit of the secrets of nature, working in his laboratory, may very often receive no public recognition at all during his life, except from that restricted circle of experts who alone, after all, are capable of forming any valuable estimate as to his merits. [1898.]

151. Remember what is the life of a general practitioner in a great practice. I do not believe there is a harder life. I am sure there is no more beneficent life led by any set of men or any profession on the face of this earth. It is a hard day-to-day and night-to-night struggle with disease; no certainty of repose, no habitual opportunity of study, constant aid to the poor, to the needy, and to the suffering—aid in many cases but ill-remunerated, aid which calls forth constantly and steadily an amount of unknown and unrecognised self-devotion which, I am sure, must move the heart of any one who thoroughly realises its amount. Now, to these hard-worked and over-worked general practitioners comes the duty of attempting to make themselves familiar with the latest researches in medical science, the accumulated wealth of medical experience, the vast mass of information contained in medical and other scientific journals concerning the last results of medical science. How is it to be done? How can it be possibly done under existing conditions? It cannot be done; and the Polyclinic has set itself to work to give to these men in their rare opportunities of leisure, on the easiest and on the cheapest terms, an opportunity of bringing themselves abreast with medical science in its latest development, of coming into personal contact with the leaders of medical thought, and of each of them carrying back, into their own region of special activity, this augmented knowledge, which it were hardly possible for them to obtain under the existing conditions of stress and strain in which they live. [1901.]

152. Some unacquainted with the movement of modern science may ask why it is that we require apparatus, buildings, expenditure of all kinds infinitely in excess of what was necessary even fifty years ago, that is to say, two generations ago. It is not merely the growth of a great urban population; the necessity arises from the inherent progress of science itself. Look back fifty years and you will find, in the first place, that some of the branches of science which were then, as they are now, studied by those intending to devote their lives to medicine had, nevertheless, incomparably smaller or less obvious and direct connection with medicine than they have at the present time. Physics and biology, for instance, even some modern parts of chemistry, have a connection with medical science which at one time was not thought to be very real; they had not the connection, the intimate connection, which they now have. The border line between physics and chemistry is now a very difficult, and important, and rapidly moving branch of science, and

it is now intimately connected, and is known to be intimately connected, with all the physiological processes which come into life, those processes on which health and disease alike depend. And as the connection of other collateral sciences is becoming closer with the science and practice of medicine, so the apparatus required has greatly increased in cost, so the amount of knowledge required from the teachers, and the specialisation of the teachers, has itself grown until I sometimes wonder how it is possible for any physician in great practice even to keep himself abreast of what is being done in his own country and by researchers in all the other countries which are now engaged in a happy rivalry over the furtherance of knowledge, a rivalry indeed, far happier than the rivalry in armaments, and I sometimes think hardly less expensive. To the ordinary public a hospital seems simply to be a place where those who are sick or injured come for healing and relief. That is a very small and a very narrow view to take of its functions, because, unless a hospital was in addition to that a place where the future healers were to be trained, its functions would, as it were, die out with the existing generation, and it would not provide for the carrying on of those great philanthropic duties which for the moment it might perform, but which it would not train our new generations, with increased knowledge and increased command over nature, to carry on in future generations. And it is at least as important that our great hospitals should be made admirable training grounds for the physicians and surgeons of the future as that they should afford to the physicians and surgeons of the present a field for their beneficent enterprise.

How is that to be accomplished? After all, one must remember that to carry out this work effectively requires three separate kinds of gifts, which are not necessarily associated in any single individual, in many cases are not, and cannot be. In the first place, in the really successful professor of the healing art you must have not merely a knowledge of the science of medicine, you must have that indeed, but also the happy intuition with the power of diagnosis, and that knowledge of human nature which makes the physician a helper as well as a healer to those whom he has to attend. You must have, in the second place, if a hospital is to be a great school, you must have men who cannot only do, but you must have men who can explain. Doing and explaining are very different things, and require very different qualifications. Not always is that so, but very often. They are not always associated in the same individual. How constantly we have found those who can do a thing in any branch of life, I care not what it is, can do it perfectly, who can be trusted to carry it out effectually, but if you ask them to explain their processes, if you ask them to make the ignorant partake of their knowledge, then they are helpless; they can neither inspire others nor can they give others the knowledge on which they themselves half unconsciously work. And then, besides the man of practical intuition, besides the man who can teach, you want, if your school is to be all that it might be, a man who can investigate, the man who possesses that kind of originality which enables him to see, to map out, not indeed the provinces of which we know nothing—any fool can do that; it is easy to explain what it is we do not know, but what is not easy to point out, in what direction the next advance should be made, where progress may be expected, where nature may be, under existing conditions, most easily compelled to yield up her secrets, and who can by the happy inspiration of genius perhaps suggest a solution of some long-standing difficulty which may throw light upon a multitude of apparently separate phenomena and bring them all under one law and suggest in reference to them one line of successful investigation. That is the re-

searcher. Genius is rare in any country and in any profession, and the medical profession cannot hope to have a larger share of it than others. All that organisation can do is to give to these rarely endowed individuals some opportunity in which they can effectively exercise for the common advantage the gifts which God has given to them. I am not sure that our present medical organisation does not need amendment in that respect. Men must live, they must have a profession, we cannot ask them to give up the domestic life and the security of an assured income; and, therefore, if your man of research is going to devote to research hours which might profitably be given to general practice or to the carrying out of his professional work, you must have, so it seems to me, a position of security for him in which he can feel that he is not sacrificing, I will not say his own interests, but the interests of those nearest and dearest to him, in the pursuit and advancement of new knowledge. Our system in this country has grown up, like most things in this country, somewhat at haphazard. The result has been a great system. I do not think any one who is acquainted with the work which our great hospitals have done, not merely in the day-to-day work of healing the sick and afflicted, but in the work which looks to the future, the work of education, the work of investigation, the work of research, no man can say that they have fallen short of the great duties which they have taken voluntarily upon themselves and for which they have made immense personal sacrifices. And yet I think that such is the movement of modern thought, so rapid is it, so various are the qualities now required of the members of any great scientific and practical profession like the one we are dealing with to-day, so absolutely necessary is it to differentiate more than we have done, in the work of teaching and research, and so impossible is it now to ask that the whole of the teaching and the whole of the research should be done by men engaged more hours than is probably good for their health in the actual trying work of their profession, that I am certain that the public must assist these great hospitals by a form of endowment which will enable them, when they get a man with the genius for research, to keep him and to use him.

I have come here, ladies and gentlemen, not to make an appeal for the future, but, as it were, to congratulate ourselves upon the past. Yet I cannot forbear, though it may be somewhat outside my duties at the present moment, I cannot forbear formally making an appeal to which I have ventured to lead up by the argument which I have just laid before you. There are, as I have said, men who have got a quite unique talent for research who probably would not be very great clinical physicians, who might have a very small power of expounding doctrines to large bodies of students, and you must find a place for such men when you can get them—there are not many of them—if there is to be a true organisation of medical research for the future. I say you must find a place for those men. It is to the liberality of the general public that I make the appeal. The actual suffering of the moment touches all our hearts. Take a man, the most indifferent, through the wards of a hospital, show him what is being done to diminish suffering, and to restore a man to a happy, fruitful, effective life, and the most callous are moved, and the most indifferent may open their purse-strings. The appeal I am making has no such immediate and natural advantages. But I am appealing for the future and not for the present; I am appealing in favour of long academic lines of research, of which the public know nothing, of which if they knew nothing, therefore, they could understand nothing, and yet on which depend the future of the healing art in this and in other countries.

MUSIC

153. What is the cause of our delight in Music? It is sometimes hastily said to have originated in the ancestors of man through the action of sexual selection. This is of course impossible. Sexual selection can only work on materials already [illegible] tion, it can improve, but enjoying music (or noise) pacity for making it on the isted in a rudimentary state nave improved either one gift quite understand how sexual ove the capacity for *enjoyment*. If the taste ex.., ibt develop the means required for its gratification; but .. it improve the taste itself? The females of certain species of spiders, I believe, like to see good dancing. Sexual selection, therefore, no doubt may gradually improve the dancing of the male. The females of many animals are, it seems, fond of particular kinds of noise. Sexual selection may therefore gradually furnish the male with the apparatus by which appropriate noises may be produced. In both cases, however, a pre-existing taste is the cause of the variation, not the variation of the taste; nor, except in the case of the advanced arts, which do not flourish at a period when those who successfully practise them have any advantage in the matrimonial struggle, does taste appear to be one of the necessary qualifications of the successful artist. Of course, if violin-playing were an important aid to courtship, sexual selection would tend to develop that musical feeling and discrimination without which good violin-playing is impossible. But a grasshopper requires no artistic sensibility before it can successfully rub its wing-cases together; so that Nature is only concerned to provide the anatomical machinery by which such rubbing may result in a sibilation gratifying to the existing æsthetic sensibilities of the female, but cannot in any way be concerned in developing the artistic side of those sensibilities themselves. [1895.]

154. The procedure of those who account for music by searching for the primitive association which first in the history

[illegible]: Genius is ra[illegible]ncestors conferred æsthetic value upon noise, medical profession can explain the Amazon in its flood by pointing to All that organisation [illegible]r Andes which, as the tributary most distant viduals some opportun[illegible]ir the honour of being called its source. This common advantage [illegible]s the honour of being called its source. This sure that our pred[illegible] to stand as a geographical description, but it is that respect. M[illegible]date as a physical explanation. Dry up the rivulet, them to [illegible] and, t[illegible] huge river would still flow on, without abatement or dimihou[illegible]on. Only its titular origin has been touched; and if we would know the Amazon in its beginnings, and trace back the history of the vast result through all the complex ramifications of its contributory causes, each great confluent must be explored, each of the countless streams enumerated whose gathered waters sweep into the sea four thousand miles across the plain. [1895.]

155. In music, the artist's desire for originality of expression has been aided generation after generation by the discovery of new methods, new forms, new instruments. From the bare simplicity of the ecclesiastical chant or the village dance to the ordered complexity of the modern score, the art has passed through successive stages of development, in each of which genius has discovered devices of harmony, devices of instrumentation, and devices of rhythm which would have been musical paradoxes to preceding generations, and have become musical commonplaces to the generations that followed after. Yet, what has been the net gain? Read through the long *catena* of critical judgments, from Wagner back (if you please) to Plato, which every age has passed on its own performances, and you will find that to each of them its music has been as adequate as ours is to us. It moved them not less deeply, nor did it move them differently; and compositions which for us have lost their magic, and which we regard as at best but agreeable curiosities, contained for them the secret of all the unpictured beauties which music shows to her worshippers.

Surely there is here a great paradox. The history of Literature and Art is tolerably well known to us for many hundreds of years. During that period Poetry and Sculpture and Painting have been subject to the usual mutations of fashion; there have been seasons of sterility and seasons of plenty; schools have arisen and decayed; new nations and languages have been pressed into the service of Art; old nations have fallen out of line. But it is not commonly supposed that at the end of it all we are much better off than the Greeks of the age of Pericles in respect of the technical dexterity of the artist, or of the resources which he has at his command. During the same period, and measured by the same external standard, the development of music has been

so great that it is not, I think, easy to exaggerate it. Yet, through all this vast revolution, the position and importance of the art as compared with other arts seem, so far as I can discover, to have suffered no sensible change. It was as great four hundred years before Christ as it is at the present moment. It was as great in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries as it is in the nineteenth. How, then, can we resist the conclusion that this amazing musical development, produced by the expenditure of so much genius, has added little to the felicity of mankind; unless, indeed, it so happens that in this particular art a steady level of æsthetic sensation can only be maintained by increasing doses of æsthetic stimulant. [1895.]

156. Music is the art which perhaps most clearly shows how futile is the search for agreement among men of "trained sensibility." It is indeed an art which, I may parenthetically observe, has many peculiar merits as a subject of æsthetic study. It makes no assertions; so its claims on our admiration can have nothing to do with "the True." It serves no purpose; so it raises no question as to the relation between "the beautiful" and "the useful." It copies nothing; so the æsthetic worth of imitation and the proper relation of Art to Nature are problems which it never even suggests. From the endless controversies about Realism, Idealism, and Impressionism, with which the criticism of other arts has been encumbered, musical criticism is thus happily free: while the immense changes which have revolutionised both the artistic methods and the material resources of the musician—changes without a parallel either in literature, in painting, in sculpture, or even in architecture—have hindered the growth of an orthodox tradition. Music thus occupies in some respects a place apart: but its theoretic importance cannot on that account be ignored. On the contrary, it becomes all the more imperative to remember that no æsthetic principle which fails to apply to it can be other than partial and provincial. It can never claim to be a law governing the whole empire of artistic beauty.

That collisions of expert taste abound in the history of music will be generally admitted. But leaving on one side minor oscillations of opinion, let us take, as an illustration of our point, the contrast between the beginning and end of the period during which music has played a known part in European culture.

The contrast is certainly most striking. Our knowledge of ancient music is unsatisfactory: but it seems to be admitted that among the Greeks harmony, in the modern sense, was scarcely used, and that their instrumentation was as rudimentary as their harmony. Of their compositions we know little. But it is plain

that, however exquisite may have been the airs rendered by means so modest as these, their charms to modern ears would be thin and colourless compared with those that modern music itself is able to convey,—not because the Greek genius was inferior, but because it had not the means, in this particular art, of giving itself full expression. Titian limited to a lead pencil. [1908.]

157. Music has ever been one of the great arts in which Welshmen have excelled. A great Welsh writer said that Wales and some parts of Yorkshire were places in which choral singing was natural to the people. Believe me, there cannot be a greater gift to any people. There cannot be a gift which carries with it higher pleasures, pleasures more easy of attainment, which have no after-sting, no after-taste of evil, which raises, and must raise, the whole level of civilised pleasures among people who practise them. Music knows no national barriers; it is not subject to the limitations which unhappily beset language. Music speaks to men of all races, of all tongues, of all nationalities. It speaks to them in tones which are understood of all, and it speaks to them in language which appeals more immediately and more directly to their imaginations than perhaps any others of the arts, and, more than this, as it seems to me to be a good and true sense of the much-abused word, the most democratic of all the arts. Pictures are apt to be the luxury of the rich. They cannot have any universality. Do what you will, put them even in your galleries, but if they are not in their original setting they lose something. They lose also by the very fact that they are merely gazed upon by the stream of passers-by. They are not lived in, as pictures ought to be. You have to consider that music is subject to no such limitations. Music does not pay death duties. You have not to find £80,000 to prevent music going out of your country. You have not got to consider whether a foreign millionaire will not absorb all your works of art as time goes on. Music is of the people, and at its best should be, and ought to be, the greatest of popular arts. [1909.]

158. The history of the art, the theory of the art, matters æsthetic, matters dealing with music as it was, with music as it is, with the evolution of the art, which of all the arts is at this moment showing itself more eager about the future than about the past, looking forward with a more confident belief to what it is going to be, and not merely casting, as some of the arts are apt to do, longing glances back into the historic past, appraising what has been done—music, I say, which is in this living and vital stage, is surely, of all the arts, the one in which those who take an interest in its future, as well as those who have a learned knowledge of its past, may meet together and exchange ideas.

Indeed, I think from all points of view discussion about music, as well as the practice of music and the creation of music, is well deserving the attention of those interested in æsthetic problems. I believe that it would be well worth while for all those who take a deep interest in that kind of problem, for a moment to put aside all other arts and concentrate on music; and for this reason, that we have got, through centuries of discussion on matters literary and artistic, into—I will not say, a jargon of criticism; but we employ terms as if they were of universal validity in literature and other arts, having absolutely no meaning that I can see when applied to the art in which we are primarily interested.

You may see such phrases as "romanticism," "classicism," "materialism," and "impressionism," scattered up and down programmes at concerts of good music; but they really have no meaning and no relevance to musical art. They are borrowed from literature, and when they are applied outside the scheme of literature to the æsthetics of music, they become, in my opinion, if not absolutely unmeaning, as nearly unmeaning as possible. For music has no element of copying Nature like art. It is not framed upon a study of Nature or man, as literature is; it stands by itself, self-supporting, self-sufficing, not having to borrow either terminology or ideas from any of the sister arts.

There is another most interesting peculiarity of music from the philosophic point of view, which is that of all the arts it seems to be more intimately connected with what I may call dry scientific facts. You can state in terms of mathematical physics certain very important truths with which music is intimately connected; and at first sight it might seem, therefore, as if science was to give you some assistance in building up a theory of musical æsthetics. I confess my own opinion is that that belief will prove to be illusory. The circumstance to which I have adverted is a most interesting fact. It separates music from all the other arts and puts it on quite a separate basis. And although I do not believe that out of the mathematical theory of the scale or of the chords, or of the theory of harmony, you can ever deduce anything in the nature of a true musical æsthetic, still, this intimate relation with mathematics and physics puts it upon entirely separate ground.

I am afraid I have started off rather upon a hobby of my own which may interest very few of those who are listening to me—and I will revert to what is more properly the subject which has brought us here together, which is the interchange of social, scientific, and artistic ideas upon the great art of which so many I am addressing are distinguished representatives.

Leaving the philosophy of æsthetics far on one side, and turning our gaze to what is, after all, the object of all art, the joy of human beings, surely we stand in these modern times at the head of all the other arts, and have advantages which none of them can pretend to. The painter of pictures, endow him with what genius you like, after all embodies his ideas upon a piece of canvas which, from the very nature of the case, can only be in one place at one time; which can at one moment give pleasure to only a very limited number of human beings; which cannot be moved without difficulty and without risk. Music is independent of space. You can have a symphony of Beethoven played in every musical centre of the world at the same time, if you have a sufficiency of musicians capable of rendering it. Time does not touch it. Neither does that other great barrier to the common artistic enjoyment of civilised nations, the difference of language, affect it. The translator of a masterpiece is not merely a copyist; his personality is not merely interposed, like the personality of all copyists, between the spectator and the original producer. He is a copyist in a different medium from that in which the original was produced. To compare painting with language, you are compelling him to copy in *tempera* what was painted in oils, or to render as a drawing what was originally a coloured picture. No progress will make it possible for a masterpiece of one language to be in the same full sense a masterpiece in another. It must always be confined to the country of its birth, and in the main to those who have learned from infancy the language in which it is rendered. No such limitations attach to our art. All can understand it, whatever be their mother-tongue. And now that the thoughts of so many of us are

occupied in extending widely among the whole community the highest, the greatest, and the best of pleasures, I am perfectly certain that of all the arts and of all the finer forms of imagination, that which chooses music as its means of expression is the one which has the greatest future among the masses of all nations. [1911.]

Handel

[*The extracts under this heading are taken from the article contributed to the "Edinburgh Review," January,* 1887.]

159. In music, not less than in poetry and painting, each generation desires to have, and insists on having, that which best suits its moods,—which most effectually appeals to the special quality of its emotions: and this universal principle of change, which makes it necessary that the artistic productions of every age, be they better or be they worse, shall at least be different from those of the preceding one, has been in the case of music supplemented by other causes which have made the process of alteration one not of change merely, but also of growth. For music alone among her sister arts has profited by the material development of society and the progress of mechanical invention; music alone has been able in any important respect to multiply the methods by which she moves the imagination of mankind. In poetry and in painting, the work of every age and of every man of genius will doubtless be distinguished by its characteristic note. Yet, however differently used, the artistic resources of a poet or a painter to-day are not materially greater than those which a poet or a painter of the sixteenth or seventeenth century had at his command. We cannot flatter ourselves that we know more of colouring than Titian, or of versification than Milton. We could not teach drawing to Michael Angelo, nor rhythm to Shakespeare. In music the case is otherwise. Since the death of Handel there has not only been a remarkable development of musical form, an increased freedom in the use of harmonic resources, and a prodigious growth both in the art of instrumentation and in the variety of instruments, but the modern musician has at his command far better players, far larger orchestras, and far more powerful choirs, than his predecessors; so that the pettiest composer of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-six is able to produce effects of which Handel and Bach never dreamed, and may employ methods of which they were utterly ignorant. Thus it comes about that we are divided from the great musical creations of bygone times by more than the inevitable veil which, talk as we may of the immortality of

genius, does always somewhat alter, and must, in some cases, dim our perception of the artistic work of the generations which have preceded us. Whatever be the language in which these may speak, whether that of poetry, of painting, or of music, their voices come to us across the centuries with something, be it ever so little, of a foreign accent. But, in the case of music, their language has not merely a somewhat unfamiliar turn, it is in certain important respects imperfectly developed; and the ideas it expresses are necessarily limited with its limitations. So it comes about that the man of average musical cultivation is incomparably more dependent on modern productions than the man of average literary cultivation. Go back a century and a quarter, and take the year 1760, the one which followed Handel's death: how poverty-stricken would our libraries be if all the literary works of imagination which appeared before that date were suddenly destroyed,—if our earliest playwright was Sheridan, our earliest poet Goldsmith, our earliest master of prose Dr. Johnson! It is not merely the student who would suffer by such a catastrophe, the whole educated world would lose an important fraction of its daily literary food. But with music the case is otherwise. The largest portion of the works of even the great musicians before the date I have named have either perished beyond hope of recovery, or slumber in their original manuscripts undisturbed on the shelves of our libraries and museums. And it would, I think, be rash to say that, with the exception of Handel and Bach, there is a single composer whose most important works are the familiar companions of the ordinary musical amateur.

160. It must, I think, be admitted, in the first place, that he cannot be said to have aided the advance of music in the same degree, or even in the same sense, as some other of the great composers I have named. We can assert with confidence that without Haydn we should not have the Mozart we know; that without Mozart we should not have the Beethoven we know; and that without Beethoven the whole musical history of the nineteenth century would have been utterly different from what it is. No such proposition can be advanced respecting Handel. In England he left behind him some humble imitators, who were more successful in stealing his phrases than in catching his inspiration, but he left no school. On the Continent he did even less. His works form, as it were, a monument, solitary and colossal, raised at the end of some blind avenue from which the true path of advance has already branched; a monument which, stately and splendid though it be, is not the vestibule through

which art has passed to the discovery and exploration of new regions of beauty.

Intimately connected with this peculiarity is another, deserving of notice in the same connection. Handel was not, as regards the technical method of producing musical effects, in any sense a great innovator; as regards form, he rather exhausted the possibilities of those already in use than added to their number. Consider, for example, his overtures. Delightful and spirited as these are, admirably as they are contrived—not, indeed, like modern overtures, to give a kind of foretaste of the drama which is to follow, but—to attune the minds of the audience to its opening scenes, they are, with rare exceptions, framed on one unvarying model. For more than fifty years he was content to preface opera and oratorio alike with the kind of introduction that was in fashion when, as a youth of nineteen, he wrote his first opera at Hamburg; and the overtures to the "Messiah" and to "Samson," however in other respects superior, did not differ in form from those with which, two generations previously, Lulli had delighted the Court of Louis the Fourteenth.

Similar observations may be made respecting his operas. They were, no doubt, by very much the best works of their kind which had ever been produced. Many of the airs which they contain are still familiar to us; many more deserve to be so; and, even when divorced from their dramatic setting, may continue to give exquisite delight. But on the whole it would, I suppose, be true to say that after expending for more than thirty years his time, his money, his health, and his unequalled genius, on the cultivation of the Italian opera, he left it richer, indeed, by innumerable masterpieces, but in other respects very much where he found it—fettered, that is, by endless conditions, imposed not so much to satisfy the requirements of dramatic propriety as to moderate the rivalries of competing singers. It seems at first sight strange that any man of genius should have patiently submitted to rules which, from the point of view of art, were perfectly arbitrary. The explanation is, no doubt, to be found in the circumstance that up to the middle of the eighteenth century (speaking very roughly) the orchestra was a mere adjunct to the voice, and that the revolution, which seems in these later times to have made the voice a mere adjunct to the orchestra, had not even begun. The modern composer for the stage sometimes writes as if singers were a necessary evil which have, no doubt, to be endured in order to carry on the dramatic dialogue, but which need to be treated with no sort of consideration. If this be a fault in one direction, a point on which I offer no opinion, the early composers of Italian opera fell, or were driven, into the opposite one.

They lived at a time when the powers of execution possessed by performers on every instrument (except, it is said, the trumpet) were very inferior to those which are now common, but when the voice was cultivated with an assiduity and a success which have never since been rivalled. The composers could thus command inimitable technical skill in their singers; but the singers required in their turn a degree and a kind of consideration which has never before or since been asked or received by the interpreters of a work of genius from its creator.

161. The greatest works which the world has seen have not been dedicated to an unknown posterity, but have been produced to satisfy the daily needs of their age, and have, therefore, of necessity conformed to the tastes, and usually to the fashion and the prejudices, of the period which gave them birth. So it was with Handel's operas; and, without doubt, but for two accidental circumstances, it is to the production of operas that he would have mainly devoted himself, to the infinite loss of posterity, even to the very end of his career. These two circumstances were—the rivalries and quarrels already adverted to, which made it impossible profitably to perform operas,—and the observance of Lent, which made it possible profitably to perform oratorios. The debt which all the arts owe to the Church is infinite; but, perhaps, the heaviest liabilities have been incurred by music. It was the liturgies of the Church which supplied the inspiration of all the greatest compositions down to comparatively recent times; it was Church choirs which supplied the musical training; it was Church funds which supplied the necessary endowments. Slight, indeed, would be our musical heritage if all was subtracted from it which had been written for the Church, or by those whom the Church had helped to teach or to support. These benefits to art were due to the *positive* action of the Church. That Handel devoted himself exclusively in his later years to oratorio is due to its *negative* action. During Lent, operas were discontinued, and it was mainly through the accidental advantage thus given to oratorio in the "struggle for existence" that they were able to contend successfully against their more showy rivals. We owe, therefore, "Israel in Egypt," the "Messiah," "Semele," and "Hercules" to liturgical observance less directly, but not less really, than the "Missa Papæ Marcelli," the "Passion, according to St. Matthew," or the "Mass in D."

162. But the superiority of the oratorio over its dramatic rival as an "art form" is not more decisive than its superiority over its Church rivals, the Passion and the Mass. We must not

be misled in this matter by the splendour of the music associated with these names; for it is not the music I am discussing, but the use to which the music has been put; the "poetic form" to which it has been wedded. Now the libretto of a Passion music was simply a mediæval miracle play born out of due season. It had all the limitations which arise from the fact that it dealt with only one subject in only one way, added to all the limitations due to the circumstance that its object was not æsthetic, but devotional—that it was intended to promote, not pleasure, but edification. It is impossible but that the music with which it was associated should suffer from these disadvantages; that it has so suffered may be inferred from the fact that it has been (comparatively speaking) seldom set by musicians of genius, that of all the settings there is but one in which posterity takes much interest, and that to do full justice to this one we have to remember that it must be judged from the point of view of a religious ceremony in which the audience were expected to take a part.

Observations not wholly dissimilar may be made respecting the Mass as a theme for musical treatment. If intended for use in church, it can only be regarded as an accessory to the most solemn act of Christian worship, and must necessarily be interrupted by those parts of the service which are not sung by the choir. If intended for the concert-room, it can only be considered as a sacred cantata on a somewhat extended scale, of which the succession of ideas, however consecrated by usage, has been determined by liturgical and not by artistic considerations.

The oratorio, then, stands pre-eminent, at least in the infancy of orchestration, among all the modes in which music may be wedded to dramatic poetry. It, and it alone, gives the musician the utmost latitude in the choice of his subject, and in the employment of his resources. It is Handel's glory to have perceived its capabilities, and to have developed them in a manner undreamed of by his predecessors, and unsurpassed by even the greatest of his successors. He brought to this task a peculiar combination of gifts. His long connection with the operatic stage had brought to perfection the dramatic genius and inexhaustible flow of melody which he inherited from Nature. He was able to combine this with a power of choral composition already exercised in the great series of "Chandos Anthems," in the various settings of the "Te Deum," and in other compositions for the Church, and which, in its kind, has never since been approached. All that was great in opera, all that was great in Church music, together with much that stage limitations excluded from the first, and religious feeling from the second, thus united to adorn dramatic narratives, which, however indifferent

as literature, were seldom deficient in powerful situations well fitted for musical treatment.

163. Rarely, therefore, unless in the case of a *pièce d'occasion*, do these borrowed pieces bear the marks of being foisted into their places to save the composer trouble, or to cover a momentary failure of inspiration; in the great majority of cases (I do not say in all) the appropriated ideas seem only then to have found the setting and the use for which nature originally intended them, when Handel impressed them into his service. They are wanderers, which have at last reached their home,—migrating souls, which, not till then, have found their fitting and perfect embodiment.

This, I apprehend, indicates the test which we ought to apply in forming a judgment on the artistic merits of a plagiarism. If the borrowed fragment shows like the marble capitol of a Corinthian column built into the brickwork of a mediæval wall, the theft is a mistake; and mistakes are crimes,—indeed, the only crimes recognised in the jurisprudence of art. But if it not only fits harmoniously into the new structure, but shows there for the first time its latent capabilities of beauty or of grandeur, then, whatever judgment we may pass on the morality of the plagiarist, the plagiarism, as I conceive, stands justified at the bar of criticism. To suppose, indeed, that the originality of a work like "Israel in Egypt" is affected by any amount of such plagiarism as I have described seems to me to ignore the essence of that in which creative originality consists. Of all Handel's works, none perhaps owe less than the "Messiah," and none owe more than "Israel," to the labours of other composers. Of these two immortal creations it is hard to say which is the most perfect. But there can be no doubt, as I think, not only that "Israel" is the one most characteristically Handelian, but that it stands out amid all creations of the last century, whether of poets, painters, or musicians, unique in its unborrowed majesty. To suppose that any amount of laborious grubbing among the scattered MSS. of forgotten musicians can shake a conclusion like this, if in other respects it be well founded, is as rational as to suppose that, by dint of sedulous inquiry, we could mete out the glory of having built St. Paul's among the quarrymen who provided the materials.

164. I turn to the more grateful task of dwelling for a moment on the nature and extent of our debts to him. And perhaps, if I had to describe his special and transcendent merit in a few words, I should say that it consisted in his unequalled

power of using chorus to express every shade of definite dramatic emotion. And in this connection I do not think sufficient attention has been paid to the astonishing range which Handel attempted to cover in his choral compositions, or to the success which attended his efforts. Other composers, though surely not many, have equalled him in the dramatic treatment of the solo voice. One other man has equalled him in the easy and admirable mastery of choral technique. But no man has equalled him, scarcely any man has tried to equal him, in the free application of chorus to every dramatic purpose, and to the delineation of every human emotion which language is capable of describing. Before his time, and to no small extent since, chorus-writing on a grand scale was reserved almost exclusively for the service of the Church. It was used, with scarcely an exception, as the vehicle of devotion and as the handmaid of liturgical observance—an august and splendid function, but one, from the very nature of the case, circumscribed and limited. No art, indeed, has exhausted, or will ever exhaust, the possibilities of religious feeling. But no art has consented to confine its efforts to the expression of religious feeling alone. Sooner or later, each has sought new worlds to conquer, and, so far as regards music, with which alone we are now concerned, it is to Handel that we owe the most convincing proof that the greatest resources of chorus could find a use outside the limits of Passion music, Anthem, and Mass, in the vast and varied field of secular emotion.

165. Even of the "Messiah" it would not be accurate to say that it is religious in the same sense (though doubtless it is so in as true a sense) as the Mass in B minor. A Mass, like all other music that is or may be used for ecclesiastical purposes, is in the main intended to give heightened expression to the religious feelings of the individual believers engaged in a common act of worship. The "Messiah," on the other hand, is a drama, though a drama unique in its kind. While it might be too much to say that worship is absolutely excluded from it, since it incidentally contains, not prayer indeed, but praise, yet worship is in no sense its object, but, as in the case of other dramas, the presentation of a series of facts, external to the audience, united into an artistic and organic whole. But, though a drama, it is not an historic drama. If it touches, when necessary, on such historical events, as, for instance, the Nativity, it does so only in their most generalised and symbolic form, not as events in a chronological narrative. Its theme is nothing less than the New Dispensation, as understood and accepted by Christendom; and only familiarity, I think, blinds us to the singularity of the

subject, and the skill with which it has been treated by librettist and composer (if, indeed, these are, in this case, to be distinguished). The dangers of the subject, artistically speaking, are obvious. The composer, with such a theme to deal with, might have been tempted to set to music a theological system; he might even have had the perversity to make his system controversial, and given, in admirable counterpoint, his special views on justification by faith and baptismal regeneration. Handel committed no such error. The work is perfect, not merely in its separate parts, but it is perfect as a whole. Everywhere the emotional side proper for musical treatment has been kept before the hearer; and, through the admirable selection of the words, the theme has not unfrequently risen to heights where Handel's strength of wing, and his perhaps alone, has been able to follow it. Few even of the greatest among poets, musicians, and (since the Revised Version, we may now add) scholars, have succeeded in touching the words of our English Bible without rushing on disaster. That which they have found strong they have too often left feeble. That which they have found sublime they have not seldom left ridiculous. Of Handel, and of Handel only can we say that the most splendid inspirations of Hebrew poetry gain an added glory from his music, and that thousands exist for whom passages of Scripture which have for eighteen centuries been very near the heart of Christendom acquire a yet deeper meaning, a yet more spiritual power through the strains with which his genius has inseparably associated them.

166. Our first impression, perhaps, of the composer's choral style is that, putting aside music of a strictly religious kind, it lends itself most easily to the expression of popular sentiment in all its massive directness. A nation's mourning or a nation's triumph, national thanksgiving, national worship, the din of battle and the song of victory—these may seem the subjects best suited to the large canvas and the broad touch of the Handelian manner. Yet this would, perhaps, be a rash judgment unless we can show that he fell short of success in dealing with subjects and situations of a different kind. Love, which occupies a large space in Handel's as in all other dramatic narrative, and which is dragged into his Biblical oratorios in a manner which not seldom verges, according to modern ideas, on the ludicrous, naturally falls, as a rule, to be treated by the single voice or in duet. But the three choruses I have already quoted, "Draw the tear from hopeless love," "May no rash intruder," and "Wanton god of amorous fire," absolutely diverse as they are both in sentiment and musical treatment, are a sufficient proof that the writer of "Love in

her eyes sits playing," and of "Where e'er you walk," could, when he so desired it, throw as much passion into his choruses as he could into his solos. Again, what could be more perfect than the manner in which the composer of "Israel in Egypt" has caught the pastoral note in "Acis and Galatea"? The task was far from an easy one. With rare exceptions it may be asserted that every poem of the last century, in so far as it is either pastoral or mythological, is certain to be frigid and artificial, and almost certain to be intolerably dull. Gay's poem was both pastoral and mythological. Yet, as treated by Handel, so far is it from being either frigid or dull, that there is not a frigid or a dull thing in it. The unhappy loves of Nymph and Shepherd are portrayed with a tender sentiment, from which the tragic note is yet carefully excluded. The "Monster Polypheme," grotesque and yet terrible, is not only drawn in both characters with admirable skill, but plays his part as villain of the piece with no undue or discordant emphasis, while the whole drama is acted against a pastoral background, so fresh and delicious, so like the country on a breezy summer-day, and so unlike the country as it was portrayed in the fashionable pastorals of that period, that it is manifestly not from such sources that Handel drew his inspiration.

167. The variety and dramatic force of the effects which he obtained by the use of chorus are as remarkable and unique as are their simplicity and grandeur. But let it not be inferred from the insistence with which I have spoken of his choruses either that his airs and recitatives are other than of supreme excellence or that his choruses can be with advantage considered as independent and isolated compositions, apart from the setting in which Handel originally placed them. The truth is that no musician who has ever lived—not Mozart nor Schubert—has been endowed by nature with a more copious, fluent, and delightful gift of melody than he. The aria, indeed, suffers more quickly from the touch of Time than the less fragile structure of chorus or symphony. It wears less well, in part, no doubt, because it was in many cases originally written as much to display the agility of the singer as the genius of the composer. Yet, make what abatement we choose from the enduring merit of Handel's compositions for the solo voice, either on account of their old-fashioned and somewhat formal arrangement into a *first* part, a *second* part, and a *da capo;* or on account of the well-worn "divisions" and turns of phrase, characteristic, indeed, of the age, but most of all characteristic of a composer who, with all his originality, never sought for a new device when an old one would serve his

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168. It must at once be conceded that Handel's genius is but faintly tinged with this special emotional colour. He was an unrivalled master of direct and simple sentiment; of love, fear, triumph, mourning; of patriotism untroubled by scruples, and of religion that knows no doubts. But he was in no sense *modern*. He no more anticipated a succeeding age in the character of the emotions to which he sought to give expression than in the technical methods which he employed to express them. To many this may seem matter of regret. With some it is undoubtedly the cause why Handel's work arouses in them but a cold and imperfect sympathy. Yet for my own part I cannot wish it otherwise. To each stage in the long development of art there is an appropriate glory. I do not grudge it to those who are the first heralds of a new order of things, in whose work is visible the earliest flush of a fresh artistic dawn. But it is not for them that I feel disposed to reserve my enthusiasm. It is for those who have brought to the highest perfection a style, which, because perfected, must have been probably in the main inherited,—who have pressed out of it every possibility of excellence that it contained,—and who leave to their successors, if these must need attempt the same task, no alternative but to perform it worse. Of such was Handel. And rather than lament that, living in the first half of the eighteenth century, he did not anticipate the peculiar triumphs of the nineteenth, let us with more reason wonder at what he succeeded in accomplishing. Among the many excellent qualities of the early Georgian epoch spiritual fervour has never yet been reckoned. Yet in the age of Voltaire and of Hume, Handel produced the most profoundly religious music which the world has yet known. Among the many delightful qualities of its literature, sublimity has not hitherto been counted. Yet in the age of Pope and of Swift, Handel conceived works whose austere grandeur has never been surpassed. This is an astonishing fact. We should have expected, judging from analogy, that the music of that period would have shown excellent, if somewhat artificial, workmanship; that it would never have aspired to dangerous heights, or been apt to fall below a certain and by no means contemptible level;

it would have kept within rather narrow limits, but that beside those limits it would have been admirable. And, indeed, these things are true of much of Handel's work and of that of his contemporaries. But what we should never have anticipated is that at the very moment that Pope was producing the most finished of his satires, music should have been performed in London which, in the qualities of imagination and sublimity, we cannot parallel in the literary world without going back to "Paradise Lost."

169. But though, from the mere fact of their being contemporaries, Handel and Bach inevitably employed the same idiom, the uses to which they put it were wide as the poles asunder. Their genius was utterly different. Their modes of thought were even opposed. And this it is which makes a comparison of their respective merits useless, if indeed it does not, by turning critics into partisans, make it positively pernicious. The truth is, that we are here brought face to face not with the question of *taste*, but a question of *tastes*. It would be as reasonable to try and determine which was the more admirable poet, Shakespeare or Homer, Milton or Dante. Where both have reached supreme excellence in styles which are utterly different, but which all must admit to be great, who is to pronounce judgment? Each man will, doubtless, have his cherished predilection, but who will attempt to impose it on mankind? Those who are the most devoted to one will, perhaps, be the readiest to acknowledge that they could ill afford to spare the other.

170. Time has done much to redress the balance. Side by side the two great names will live as marking in different ways, but with equal lustre, the culminating point of one phase of musical development. The history of art, and assuredly the history of musical art, does not repeat itself. As one kind of tree succeeds another with inevitable sequence in the virgin forests of America, so has each generation its peculiar artistic growth, which after-ages may admire, but which they cannot reproduce without a conscious and but half-effectual effort of imitation. The years that have elapsed since "Israel," the "Messiah," and the "Mass in B" were first given to the world have been fruitful in musical revolutions, which make it impossible that we should ever see anything like them again. Handel and Bach themselves, if they returned to earth, neither could nor would produce works in any way resembling, possibly not equalling, their former masterpieces. Yet, though (as musical chronology goes) these masterpieces are old, they are not yet antiquated. In some respects we are probably more capable of appreciating them than the audiences for

whom they were in the first instance written; and Time, which has raised them up no rivals in their own kind, has not as yet materially dulled their charm. Will this be always so? Will the year 1985 see a Handel tricentenary as successful and as truly popular as the bicentenary of 1885, or the (so-called) centenary of 1784? Or will his music by that time have sunk into the purely honorary dignity of an historic curiosity, to be discussed learnedly, to be treated reverently, to be heard in public not at all?

It is hard to say. Literary immortality is an unsubstantial fiction devised by literary artists for their own especial consolation. It means, at the best, an existence prolonged through an infinitesimal fraction of that infinitesimal fraction of the world's history during which man has played his part upon it. And, during this fraction of a fraction, what, or rather how many things, does it mean? A work of genius begins by appealing to the hearts of men; moving their fancy, warming their imagination, entering into their inmost life. In this period immortality is still young; and life really means living. But this condition of things has never yet endured. What at first was the delight of nations declines by slow but inevitable gradation into the luxury, or the business or even the vanity of a few. What once spoke in accents understood by all is now painfully spelt out by a small band of scholars. What was once read for pleasure is now read for curiosity. It becomes "an interesting illustration of the taste of a bygone age," a "remarkable proof of such-and-such a theory of æsthetics." "It still repays perusal by those who have sufficient historic sympathy to look at it from the proper point of view," and so on. The love of those who love it best is largely alloyed with an interest which is half antiquarian and half scientific. It is no longer Tithonus in his radiant youth, gazed at with the passion-lit eyes of Luna, but Tithonus in extremest age reported on as a most remarkable and curious case by a Committee of the Royal College of Physicians.

171. Physical decay slowly despoils us of the masterpieces of painting. Artistic evolution will even more surely despoil us of the masterpieces of music. Let us, then, rejoice that we live in an age to whose ears the sublimest creations of the modern imagination, in the only art which owes nothing to antiquity, have not yet grown flat and unprofitable; that we are not driven to rake painfully among the ashes of the past in order to detect some faint traces of that fire of inspiration which once dazzled the world; that for us "Israel" and the "Messiah" are still "immortal," because they live in our affections, not because they lie in honourable sepulture upon the shelves of our museums.

NATURALISM

Naturalism and Ethics; Naturalism and Æsthetics; Naturalism and Reason; Rationalism.

[See also "BERGSON."]

[For further views upon "Æsthetics," reference should be made to "BEAUTY, AND THE CRITICISM OF BEAUTY," "FASHION," and "MUSIC."]

[*Extracts* 172 *and* 173 *are taken from "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt" (published in* 1879), *and Extracts* 174 *to* 215 *from "The Foundations of Belief" (published in* 1895).]

172. All imperatives, all propositions prescribing actions, have this in common: That if they are to have any cogency, or are to be anything but empty sound, the actions they prescribe must be to the individual by whom they are regarded as binding, either mediately or immediately desirable. They must conduce, directly or indirectly, to something which he regards as of worth for itself alone. The number of things which are thus in themselves desirable or of worth to somebody or other is, of course, very great. Pleasure or happiness in the abstract, other people's pleasure or happiness, money (irrespective of its power of giving pleasure), power, the love of God, revenge, are some of the commonest of them, and every one of these is regarded by some person or other as an end to be attained for its own sake, and not as a means to something else. Now, it is evident that to every one of the ultimate propositions prescribing these ends, and for which, as the ends are ends-in-themselves, no further reason can be given, there will belong a system of dependent propositions, the reasons for which are that the actions they prescribe conduce to the ultimate end or end-in-itself.

If, for instance, revenge against a particular individual is for me an end-in-itself, a proposition which prescribes shooting him from behind a hedge may be one of the subordinate or dependent propositions belonging to that particular system. But whereas the indefinite number of such systems is thus characterised by a common form, it is divided by ordinary usage into three classes,

the moral, the non-moral, and the immoral, about the *de*notation of which there is a tolerable agreement. It would be universally admitted, for instance, that a system founded on the happiness of others was a moral system, while one founded on revenge was immoral: and, though there would be more dispute as to the members of the non-moral class, this is not a question on which I need detain the reader. The denotation then of these names being presumably fixed, what is the connotation? or, to limit the inquiry, what is the connotation of a *moral* system? The apparent answers are as numerous as the number of schools of Moralists. But however numerous they may be, they can all be divided into two classes. The *first* class merely re-state the denotation; in other words, announce the ultimate end-in-itself of the system, and so, properly speaking, give no answer at all. A Utilitarian, for example, may simply assert that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is for him the ultimate end of action. If he stops there he evidently shows no philosophic reason for distinguishing the system he adopts from the countless others which exist, or have existed. If he attempts to give any further characteristic of his system, he then belongs to the *second* class, who do indeed explain the connotation of the word "moral" according to their usage of it, but whose explanations have, and can have, nothing to do with the grounds of action or the theory of obligation. The sanction of conscience, the emotion of approval, the expectation of reward, the feeling of good desert, glow of conscious merit—these are all most undoubtedly marks or characteristics of moral actions: how they came to be so, whether by education, association of ideas, innate tendency, or howsoever it has happened, matters nothing whatever, except to the psychologist; that they are so is certain, but the significance of the fact is habitually misunderstood. Are they simply the *causes* of good action? Then they have nothing to do with Ethics, which is concerned not with the causes but with the grounds or reasons for action, and would remain wholly unchanged if not a single man ever had done or could do right. Are they the *ends* of action? Is the fact that they are obtained by a certain course a valid reason for pursuing that course? In that case they stand to a person holding that opinion in precisely the same relation as money does to the miser, or revenge to the savage. They are the groundwork of an ethical system, and to state them is simply to denote *what* ethical system it is which is being alluded to. Are they, finally, not ends of action, but merely marks by which certain actions may be known to belong to a particular system? In that case, and for that very reason, they can have nothing to do with the grounds or theory of obligation. Therefore, I am justified in asserting that though

under the general name "ethical" are included not only moral, but also non-moral and immoral systems, the distinctions regarded from the outside between these subdivisions are not essential, and have no philosophic import—which was the thing to be proved.

173. The important duties of the moralist, for he has important duties, arise from the confused state in which the greater part of mankind are with regard to their ethical first principles. The two questions each man has to ask himself are—What do I hold to be the ultimate ends of action? and—If there is more than one such end, how do I estimate them in case of conflict? These two questions, it will be observed, are questions of fact, not of law; and the duty of the moralist is to help his readers to discover the fact, not to force his own view down their throat by attempting a proof of that which is essentially, and by its very nature, incapable of proof. Above all, he must beware of substituting some rude simplification for (what may perhaps be) the complexity of nature, by deducing (as the Utilitarians do) all subordinate rules from one fundamental principle, when, it may be, this principle only approximately contains actual existing ethical facts.

Since these two questions can be answered, not by ratiocination, but only by simple inspection, the art of the moralist will consist in placing before the enquirer various problems in Ethics free from the misleading particulars which surround them in practice. In other words, his method will be casuistical, and not dogmatic.

174. The two subjects on which the professors of every creed, theological and anti-theological, seem least anxious to differ, are the general substance of the Moral Law, and the character of the sentiments with which it should be regarded. That it is worthy of all reverence; that it demands our ungrudging submission; and that we owe it not merely obedience, but love—these are commonplaces which the preachers of all schools vie with each other in proclaiming. And they are certainly right. Morality is more than a bare code of laws, than a *catalogue raisonné* of things to be done or left undone. Were it otherwise, we must change something more important than the mere customary language of exhortation. The old ideals of the world would have to be uprooted, and no new ones could spring up and flourish in their stead; the very soil on which they grew would be sterilised, and the phrases in which all that has hitherto been regarded as best and noblest in human life has been expressed, nay, the words

"best" and "noblest" themselves, would become as foolish and unmeaning as the incantation of a forgotten superstition.

175. Nothing but habit could blind us to the strangeness of the fact that the man who believes that morality is based on *a priori* principles, and the man who believes it to be based on the commands of God, the transcendentalist, the theologian, the mystic, and the evolutionist, should be pretty well at one both as to what morality teaches, and as to the sentiments with which its teaching should be regarded.

It is not my business in this place to examine the Philosophy of Morals, or to find an answer to the charge which this suspicious harmony of opinion among various schools of moralists appears to suggest, namely, that in their speculations they have taken current morality for granted, and have squared their proofs to their conclusions, and not their conclusions to their proofs.

176. Practically, human beings being what they are, no moral code can be effective which does not inspire, in those who are asked to obey it, emotions of reverence; and, practically, the capacity of any code to excite this or any other elevated emotion cannot be wholly independent of the origin from which those who accept that code suppose it to emanate.

177. My point is, that in the case of those holding the naturalistic creed the sentiments and the creed are antagonistic; and that the more clearly the creed is grasped, the more thoroughly the intellect is saturated with its essential teaching, the more certain are the sentiments thus violently and unnaturally associated with it to languish or to die.

178. Kant, as we all know, compared the Moral Law to the starry heavens, and found them both sublime. It would, on the naturalistic hypothesis, be more appropriate to compare it to the protective blotches on the beetle's back, and to find them both ingenious. But how on this view is the "beauty of holiness" to retain its lustre in the minds of those who know so much of its pedigree? In despite of theories, mankind—even instructed mankind—may, indeed, long preserve uninjured sentiments which they have learned in their most impressionable years from those they love best; but if, while they are being taught the supremacy of conscience and the austere majesty of duty, they are also to be taught that these sentiments and beliefs are merely samples of the complicated contrivances, many of them mean and many of them disgusting, wrought into the physical or into the social organism by the shaping forces of selection and elimination, assuredly much

of the efficacy of these moral lessons will be destroyed, and the contradiction between ethical sentiment and naturalistic theory will remain intrusive and perplexing, a constant stumbling-block to those who endeavour to combine in one harmonious creed the bare explanations of Biology and the lofty claims of Ethics.

179. The fact no doubt remains (at least so it seems to me: there are, however, eminent psychologists who differ) that every individual, while balancing between two courses, is under the inevitable impression that he is at liberty to pursue either, and that it depends upon "himself" and himself alone, "himself" as distinguished from his character, his desires, his surroundings, and his antecedents, which of the offered alternatives he will elect to pursue. I do not know that any explanation has been proposed of what, on the naturalistic hypothesis, we must regard as a singular illusion. I venture with some diffidence to suggest, as a theory provisionally adequate, perhaps, for scientific purposes, that the phenomenon is due to the same cause as so many other beneficent oddities in the organic world, namely, to natural selection. To an animal with no self-consciousness a sense of freedom would evidently be unnecessary, if not, indeed, absolutely unmeaning. But as soon as self-consciousness is developed, as soon as man begins to reflect, however crudely and imperfectly, upon himself and the world in which he lives, then deliberation, volition, and the sense of responsibility become wheels in the ordinary machinery by which species-preserving actions are produced; and as these psychological states would be weakened or neutralised if they were accompanied by the immediate consciousness that they were as rigidly determined by their antecedents as any other effects by any other causes, benevolent Nature steps in, and by a process of selective slaughter makes the consciousness in such circumstances practically impossible. The spectacle of all mankind suffering under the delusion that in their decision they are free, when, as a matter of fact, they are nothing of the kind, must certainly appear extremely ludicrous to any superior observer, were it possible to conceive, on the naturalistic hypothesis, that such observers should exist; and the comedy could not be otherwise than greatly relieved and heightened by the performances of the small sect of philosophers who, knowing perfectly as an abstract truth that freedom is an absurdity, yet in moments of balance and deliberation invariably conceive themselves to possess it, just as if they were savages or idealists.

180. I admit that there is nothing in the theory of determinism which need modify the substance of the moral law. That

which duty prescribes, or the "Practical Reason" recommends, is equally prescribed and recommended whether our actual decisions are or are not irrevocably bound by a causal chain which reaches back in unbroken retrogression through a limitless past. It may also be admitted that no argument against good resolutions or virtuous endeavours can fairly be founded upon necessitarian doctrines. No doubt he who makes either good resolutions or virtuous endeavours does so (on the determinist theory) because he could not do otherwise; but none the less may these play an important part among the antecedents by which moral actions are ultimately produced. An even stronger admission may, I think, be properly made. There is a fatalistic temper of mind found in some of the greatest men of action, religious and irreligious, in which the sense that all that happens is foreordained does in no way weaken the energy of volition, but only adds a finer temper to the courage. It nevertheless remains the fact that the persistent realisation of the doctrine that voluntary decisions are as completely determined by external and (if you go far enough back) by material conditions as involuntary ones, does really conflict with the sense of personal responsibility, and that with the sense of personal responsibility is bound up the moral will. Nor is this all. It may be a small matter that determinism should render it thoroughly irrational to feel righteous indignation at the misconduct of other people. It cannot be wholly without importance that it should render it equally irrational to feel righteous indignation at our own. Self-condemnation, repentance, remorse, and the whole train of cognate emotions, are really so useful for the promotion of virtue that it is a pity to find them at a stroke thus deprived of all reasonable foundation, and reduced, if they are to survive at all, to the position of amiable but unintelligent weaknesses. It is clear, moreover, that these emotions, if they are to fall, will not fall alone. What is to become of moral admiration? The virtuous man will, indeed, continue to deserve and to receive admiration of a certain kind—the admiration, namely, which we justly accord to a well-made machine; but this is a very different sentiment from that at present evoked by the heroic or the saintly; and it is, therefore, much to be feared, that, at least in the region of the higher feelings, the world will be no great gainer by the effective spread of sound naturalist doctrine.

181. If a complete accord between practice and speculation were required of us, philosophers would long ago have been eliminated. Nevertheless, the persistent conflict between that which is thought to be true, and that which is felt to be noble and

of good report, not only produces a sense of moral unrest in the individual, but makes it impossible for us to avoid the conclusion that the creed which leads to such results is, somehow, unsuited for "such beings as we are in such a world as ours."

182. Those who hold, as I do, that "reasonable self-love" has a legitimate position among ethical ends; that as a matter of fact it is a virtue wholly incompatible with what is commonly called selfishness; and that society suffers not from having too much of it, but from having too little, will probably take the view that, until the world undergoes a very remarkable transformation, a complete harmony between "egoism" and "altruism," between the pursuit of the highest happiness for one's self and the highest happiness for other people, can never be provided by a creed which refuses to admit that the deeds done and the character formed in this life can flow over into another, and there permit a reconciliation and an adjustment between the conflicting principles which are not always possible here. To those, again, who hold (as I think, erroneously) both that the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" is the right end of action, and also that, as a matter of fact, every agent invariably pursues his own, a heaven and a hell, which should make it certain that principle and interest were always in agreement, would seem almost a necessity. Not otherwise, neither by education, public opinion, nor positive law, can there be any assured harmony produced between that which man must do by the constitution of his will, and that which he ought to do according to the promptings of his conscience. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that those moralists who are of opinion that "altruistic" ends alone are worthy of being described as moral, and that man is not incapable of pursuing them without any self-regarding motives, require no future life to eke out their practical system. But even they would probably not be unwilling to admit, with the rest of the world, that there is something jarring to the moral sense in a comparison between the distribution of happiness and the distribution of virtue, and that no better mitigation of the difficulty has yet been suggested than that which is provided by a system of "rewards and punishments," impossible in any universe constructed on strictly naturalistic principles.

183. It is no reply to say that the substance of the Moral Law need suffer no change through any modification of our views of man's place in the universe. This may be true, but it is irrelevant. We desire, and desire most passionately when we are most ourselves, to give our service to that which is Universal, and to

that which is Abiding. Of what moment is it, then (from this point of view), to be assured of the fixity of the Moral Law when it and the sentient world, where alone it has any significance, are alike destined to vanish utterly away within periods trifling beside those with which the geologist and the astronomer lightly deal in the course of their habitual speculations? No doubt to us ordinary men in our ordinary moments considerations like these may seem far off and of little meaning. In the hurry and bustle of everyday life, death itself—the death of the individual—seems shadowy and unreal; how much more shadowy, how much less real, that remoter but not less certain death which must some day overtake the race! Yet, after all, it is in moments of reflection that the worth of creeds may best be tested; it is through moments of reflection that they come into living and effectual contact with our active life. It cannot, therefore, be a matter to us of small moment that, as we learn to survey the material world with a wider vision, as we more clearly measure the true proportions which man and his performances bear to the ordered Whole, our practical ideal gets relatively dwarfed and beggared, till we may well feel inclined to ask whether so transitory and so unimportant an accident in the general scheme of things as the fortunes of the human race can any longer satisfy aspirations and emotions nourished upon beliefs in the Everlasting and the Divine.

184. Naturalism (as commonly held) is deeply committed to the distinction between the *primary* and the *secondary* qualities of matter; the former (extension, solidity, and so forth) being supposed to exist as they are perceived, while the latter (such as sound and colour) are due to the action of the primary qualities upon the sentient organism, and apart from the sentient organism have no independent being. Every scene in Nature, therefore, and every work of art, whose beauty consists either directly or indirectly, either presentatively or representatively, in colour or in sound, has, and can have, no more permanent existence than is possessed by that relation between the senses and our material environment which gave them birth, and in the absence of which they perish. If we could perceive the succession of events which constitute a sunset exactly as they occur, as they are (physically, not metaphysically speaking) *in themselves,* they would, so far as we can guess, have no æsthetic merit, or even meaning. If we could perform the same operation on a symphony, it would end in a like result. The first would be no more than a special agitation of the ether; the second would be no more than a special agitation of the air. However much they might excite the curi-

osity of the physicist or the mathematician, for the artist they could no longer possess either interest or significance.

185. The persistent and almost pathetic endeavours of æsthetic theory to show that the beautiful is a necessary and unchanging element in the general scheme of things, if they prove nothing else, may at least convince us that mankind will not easily reconcile themselves to the view which the naturalistic theory of the world would seemingly compel them to accept. We feel no difficulty, perhaps, in admitting the full consequences of that theory at the lower end of the æsthetic scale, in the region, for instance, of bonnets and wall-papers. We may tolerate it even when it deals with important elements in the highest art, such as the sense of technical excellence, or sympathy with the craftsman's skill. But when we look back on those too rare moments when feelings stirred in us by some beautiful object not only seem wholly to absorb us, but to raise us to the vision of things far above the ken of bodily sense or discursive reason, we cannot acquiesce in any attempt at explanation which confines itself to the bare enumeration of psychological and physiological causes and effects. We cannot willingly assent to a theory which makes a good composer only differ from a good cook in that he deals in more complicated relations, moves in a wider circle of associations, and arouses our feelings through a different sense. However little, therefore, we may be prepared to accept any particular scheme of metaphysical æsthetics—and most of these appear to me to be very absurd—we must believe that somewhere and for some Being there shines an unchanging splendour of beauty of which in Nature and in Art we see, each of us from our own standpoint, only passing gleams and stray reflections, whose different aspects we cannot now co-ordinate, whose import we cannot fully comprehend, but which at least is something other than the chance play of subjective sensibility or the far-off echo of ancestral lusts. No such mystical creed can, however, be squeezed out of observation and experiment; Science cannot give it us; nor can it be forced into any sort of consistency with the Naturalistic Theory of the Universe.

186. The inadequacy of our intellect to resolve the questions which it is capable of asking is acknowledged (at least in words) both by students of science and by students of theology. But they do not seem so much impressed with the inadequacy of our senses. Yet if the current doctrine of evolution be true, we have no choice but to admit that with the great mass of natural fact we are probably brought into no sensible relation at all. I

am not referring here merely to the limitations imposed upon such senses as we possess, but to the total absence of an indefinite number of senses which conceivably we might possess, but do not. There are sounds which the ear cannot hear, there are sights which the eye cannot see. But besides all these there must be countless aspects of external Nature of which we have no knowledge; of which, owing to the absence of appropriate organs, we can form no conception; which imagination cannot picture nor language express. Had Voltaire been acquainted with the theory of evolution, he would not have put forward his Micromegas so much as an illustration of a paradox which cannot be disproved, as of a truth which cannot be doubted. For to suppose that a course of development carried out not with the object of extending knowledge or satisfying curiosity, but solely with that of promoting life, on an area so insignificant as the surface of the earth, between limits of temperature and pressure so narrow, and under general conditions so exceptional, should have ended in supplying us with senses even approximately adequate to the apprehension of Nature in all her complexities, is to believe in a coincidence more astounding than the most audacious novelist has ever employed to cut the knot of some entangled tale.

For it must be recollected that the same natural forces which tend to the evolution of organs which are useful tend also to the suppression of organs that are useless. Not only does Nature take no interest in our general education, not only is she quite indifferent to the growth of enlightenment, unless the enlightenment improve our chances in the struggle for existence, but she positively objects to the very existence of faculties by which these ends might, perhaps, be attained. She regards them as mere hindrances in the only race which she desires to see run; and not content with refusing directly to create any faculty except for a practical purpose, she immediately proceeds to destroy faculties already created when their practical purpose has ceased; for thus does the eye of the cave-born fish degenerate and the instinct of the domesticated animal decay.

187. It is impossible, therefore, to resist the conviction that there must be an indefinite number of aspects of Nature respecting which science never can give us any information, even in our dreams. We must conceive ourselves as feeling our way about this dim corner of the illimitable world, like children in a darkened room encompassed by we know not what; a little better endowed with the machinery of sensation than the protozoon, yet poorly provided indeed as compared with a being, if such a one could be conceived, whose senses were adequate to the infinite

variety of material Nature. It is true, no doubt, that we are possessed of reason, and that protozoa are not. But even reason, on the naturalistic theory, occupies no elevated or permanent position in the hierarchy of phenomena. It is not the final result of a great process, the roof and crown of things. On the contrary, it is, as I have said, no more than one of many experiments for increasing our chance of survival, and, among these, by no means the most important or the most enduring.

188. People sometimes talk, indeed, as if it was the difficult and complex work connected with the maintenance of life that was performed by intellect. But there can be no greater delusion. The management of the humblest organ would be infinitely beyond our mental capacity were it possible for us to be entrusted with it; and as a matter of fact, it is only in the simplest jobs that discursive reason is permitted to have a hand at all; our tendency to take a different view being merely the self-importance of a child who, because it is allowed to stamp the letters, imagines that it conducts the correspondence.

189. If the conscious adaptation of means to ends was always necessary in order to perform even those few functions for the first performance of which conscious adaptation was originally required, life would be frittered away in doing badly, but with deliberation, some small fraction of that which we now do well without any deliberation at all. The formation of habits is, therefore, as has often been pointed out, a necessary preliminary to the "higher" uses of mind; for it, and it alone, sets attention and intelligence free to do work from which they would otherwise be debarred by their absorption in the petty needs of daily existence.

190. I know not how it may strike the reader; but I at least am left sensibly poorer by this deposition of Reason from its ancient position as the Ground of all existence to that of an expedient among other expedients for the maintenance of organic life; an expedient, moreover, which is temporary in its character and insignificant in its effects. An irrational Universe which accidentally turns out a few reasoning animals at one corner of it, as a rich man may experiment at one end of his park with some curious "sport" accidentally produced among his flocks and herds, is a Universe which we might well despise if we did not ourselves share its degradation. But must we not inevitably share it? Pascal somewhere observes that Man, however feeble, is yet in his very feebleness superior to the blind forces of Nature; for he knows himself, and they do not. I confess that on the naturalistic

hypothesis I see no such superiority. If, indeed, there were a Rational Author of Nature, and if in any degree, even the most insignificant, we shared His attributes, we might well conceive ourselves as of finer essence and more intrinsic worth than the material world which we inhabit, immeasurable though it may be. But if we be the creation of that world; if it made us what we are, and will again unmake us; how then? The sense of humour, not the least precious among the gifts with which the clash of atoms has endowed us, should surely prevent us assuming any airs of superiority over members of the same family of "phenomena," more permanent and more powerful than ourselves.

191. If naturalism be true, or, rather, if it be the whole truth, then is morality but a bare catalogue of utilitarian precepts; beauty but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure; reason but the dim passage from one set of unthinking habits to another. All that gives dignity to life, all that gives value to effort, shrinks and fades under the pitiless glare of a creed like this; and even curiosity, the hardiest among the nobler passions of the soul, must languish under the conviction that neither for this generation nor for any that shall come after it, neither in this life nor in another, will the tie be wholly loosened by which reason, not less than appetite, is held in hereditary bondage to the service of our material needs.

192. Poets and artists have been wont to consider themselves, and to be considered by others, as prophets and seers, the revealers under sensuous forms of hidden mysteries, the symbolic preachers of eternal truths. All this is, of course, on the naturalistic theory, very absurd. They minister, no doubt, with success to some phase, usually a very transitory phase, of public taste; but they have no mysteries to reveal, and what they tell us, though it may be very agreeable, is seldom true, and never important. This is a conclusion which, howsoever it may accord with sound philosophy, is not likely to prove very stimulating to the artist, nor does it react with less unfortunate effect upon those to whom the artist appeals. Even if their feeling of delight in the beautiful is not marred for them in immediate experience, it must suffer in memory and reflection. For such a feeling carries with it, at its best, an inevitable reference, not less inevitable because it is obscure, to a Reality which is eternal and unchanging; and we cannot accept without suffering the conviction that in making such a reference we were merely the dupes of our emotions, the victims of a temporary hallucination induced, as it were, by some spiritual drug.

193. Our capacity for standing outside ourselves and taking stock of the position which we occupy in the universe of things has been enormously, and, it would seem, unfortunately, increased by recent scientific discovery. We have learned too much. We are educated above that station in life in which it has pleased Nature to place us. We can no longer accept it without criticism and without examination. We insist on interrogating that material system which, according to naturalism, is the true author of our being, as to whence we come and whither we go, what are the causes which have made us what we are, and what are the purposes which our existence subserves. And it must be confessed that the answers given to this question by our oracle are extremely unsatisfactory. We have learned to measure space, and we perceive that our dwelling-place is but a mere point, wandering with its companions, apparently at random, through the wilderness of stars. We have learned to measure time, and we perceive that the life not merely of the individual or of the nation, but of the whole race, is brief, and apparently quite unimportant. We have learned to unravel causes, and we perceive that emotions and aspirations whose very being seems to hang on the existence of realities of which naturalism takes no account, are in their origin contemptible and in their suggestion mendacious.

To me it appears certain that this clashing between beliefs and feelings must ultimately prove fatal to one or the other. Make what allowance you please for the stupidity of mankind, take the fullest account of their really remarkable power of letting their speculative opinions follow one line of development and their practical ideals another, yet the time must come when reciprocal action will perforce bring opinions and ideals into some kind of agreement and congruity. If, then, naturalism is to hold the field, the feelings and opinions inconsistent with naturalism must be foredoomed to suffer change; and how, when that change shall come about, it can do otherwise than eat all nobility out of our conception of conduct and all worth out of our conception of life, I am wholly unable to understand.

194. I am not aware that any one has as yet endeavoured to construct the catechism of the future, purged of every element drawn from any other source than the naturalistic creed. It is greatly to be desired that this task should be undertaken in an impartial spirit; and, as a small contribution to such an object, I offer the following pairs of contrasted propositions, the first member of each pair representing current teaching, the second representing the teaching which ought to be substituted for it if the naturalistic theory be accepted.

A. The universe is the creation of Reason, and all things work together towards a reasonable end.

B. So far as we can tell, reason is to be found neither in the beginning of things nor in their end; and though everything is predetermined, nothing is fore-ordained.

A. Creative reason is interfused with infinite love.

B. As reason is absent, so also is love. The universal flux is ordered by blind causation alone.

A. There is a moral law, immutable, eternal; in its governance all spirits find their true freedom and their most perfect realisation. Though it be adequate to infinite goodness and infinite intelligence, it may be understood, even by man, sufficiently for his guidance.

B. Among the causes by which the course of organic and social development has been blindly determined are pains, pleasures, instincts, appetites, disgusts, religions, moralities, superstitions; the sentiment of what is noble and intrinsically worthy; the sentiment of what is ignoble and intrinsically worthless. From a purely scientific point of view these all stand on an equality; all are action-producing causes developed, not to improve, but simply to perpetuate, the species.

A. In the possession of reason and in the enjoyment of beauty, we in some remote way share the nature of that infinite Personality in Whom we live and move and have our being.

B. Reason is but the psychological expression of certain physiological processes in the cerebral hemispheres; it is no more than an expedient among many expedients by which the individual and the race are preserved; just as Beauty is no more than the name for such varying and accidental attributes of the material or moral worlds as may happen for the moment to stir our æsthetic feelings.

A. Every human soul is of infinite value, eternal, free; no human being, therefore, is so placed as not to have within his reach, in himself and others, objects adequate to infinite endeavour.

B. The individual perishes; the race itself does not endure. Few can flatter themselves that their conduct has any appreciable effect upon its remoter destinies; and of those few none can say with reasonable assurance that the effect which they are destined to produce is the one which they desire. Even if we were free, therefore, our ignorance would make us helpless; and it may be almost a consolation to reflect that our conduct was determined for us by unthinking forces in a remote past, and that if we are impotent to foresee its consequences, we were not less impotent to arrange its causes.

The doctrines embodied in the second member of each of these alternatives may be true, or may at least represent the nearest approach to truth of which we are at present capable. Into this question I do not yet inquire. But if they are to constitute the dogmatic scaffolding by which our educational system is to be supported; if it is to be in harmony with principles like these that the child is to be taught at its mother's knee, and the young man is to build up the ideals of his life, then, unless I greatly mistake, it will be found that the inner discord which exists, and which must gradually declare itself, between the emotions proper to naturalism and those which have actually grown up under the shadow of traditional convictions, will at no distant date most unpleasantly translate itself into practice.

195. In its perfected shape it is evident that the philosophic series, though it reaches out to the farthest confines of the known, must for each man trace its origin to something which *he* can regard as axiomatic and self-evident truth. There is no theoretical escape for any of us from the ultimate "I." What "I" believe as conclusive must be drawn by some process which "I" accept as cogent, from something which "I" am obliged to regard as intrinsically self-sufficient, beyond the reach of criticism or the need for proof. The philosophic order and the scientific order of statement, therefore, cannot fail to be wholly different. While the scientific order may start with the dogmatic enunciation of some great generalisation valid through the whole unmeasured range of the material universe, the philosophic order is perforce compelled to find its point of departure in the humble personality of the enquirer. *His* grounds of belief, not the things believed in, are the subject-matter of investigation. *His* reason, or, if you like to have it so, his share of the Universal Reason, but in any case something which is *his*, must sit in judgment, and must try the cause. The rights of this tribunal are inalienable, its authority incapable of delegation; nor is there any superior court by which the verdict it pronounces can be reversed.

196. If now the question were asked, "On what sort of premises rests ultimately the scientific theory of the world?" science and empirical philosophy, though they might not agree on the meaning of terms, would agree in answering, "On premises supplied by experience." It is experience which has given us our first real knowledge of Nature and her laws. It is experience, in the shape of observation and experiment, which has given us the raw material out of which hypothesis and inference have slowly elaborated that richer conception of the material world which

constitutes perhaps the chief, and certainly the most characteristic, glory of the modern mind.

197. Whereas common-sense tells us that our experience of objects provides us with a knowledge of their nature which, so far as it goes, is immediate and direct, science informs us that each particular experience is itself but the final link in a long chain of causes and effects, whose beginning is lost amid the complexities of the material world, and whose ending is a change of some sort in the "mind" of the percipient. It informs us, further, that among these innumerable causes, the thing "immediately experienced" is but one; and is, moreover, one separated from the "immediate experience" which it modestly assists in producing by a very large number of intermediate causes which are never experienced at all.

198. I am not here arguing that the theory of experience now under consideration, the theory, that is, which confines the field of immediate experience to our own states of mind, is inconsistent with science, or even that it supplies an inadequate empirical basis for science. On these points I may have a word to say presently. My present contention simply is, that it is not experience *thus understood* which has supplied men of science with their knowledge of the physical universe. They have never suspected that, while they supposed themselves to be perceiving independent material objects, they were in reality perceiving quite another set of things, namely, feelings and sensations of a particular kind, grouped in particular ways, and succeeding each other in a particular order. Nor, if this idea had ever occurred to them, would they have admitted that these two classes of things could by any merely verbal manipulation be made the same.

199. Yet an even stronger statement would seem to be justified. We must not only say that the experiences on which science is founded have been invariably misinterpreted by those who underwent them, but that, if they had not been so misinterpreted, science as we know it would never have existed. We have not merely stumbled on the truth in spite of error and illusion, which is odd, but because of error and illusion, which is odder. For if the scientific observers of Nature had realised from the beginning that all they were observing was their own feelings and ideas, as empirical idealism and mental physiology alike require us to hold, they surely would never have taken the trouble to invent a Nature (i.e., an independently existing system of material things) for no

other purpose than to provide a machinery by which the occurrence of feelings and ideas might be adequately accounted for. To go through so much to get so little, to bewilder themselves in the ever-increasing intricacies of this hypothetical wheel-work, to pile world on world and add infinity to infinity, and all for no more important object than to find an explanation for a few fleeting impressions, say of colour or resistance, would, indeed, have seemed to them a most superfluous labour. Nor is it possible to doubt that this task has been undertaken and partially accomplished only because humanity has been, as for the most part it still is, under the belief not merely that there exists a universe possessing the independence which science and common-sense alike postulate, but that it is a universe immediately, if imperfectly, revealed to us in the deliverances of sense-perception.

200. There remains but one problem further with which I need trouble the readers of this chapter. It is that raised by the proposition which asserts that the principle of causation, and, by parity of reasoning, any other universal principle of sense-interpretation, may by some process of logical alchemy be extracted, not merely from experience in general, but even from the experience of a single individual.

But who, it may be asked, is unreasonable enough to demand that it should be extracted from the experience of a single individual? What is there in the empirical theory which requires us to impose so arbitrary a limitation upon the sources of our knowledge? Have we not behind us the whole experience of the race? Is it to count for nothing that for numberless generations mankind has been scrutinising the face of Nature, and storing up for our guidance innumerable observations of the laws which she obeys? Yes, I reply, it *is* to count for nothing; and for a most simple reason. In making this appeal to the testimony of mankind with regard to the world in which they live, we take for granted that there is such a world, that mankind has had experiences of it, and that, so far as is necessary for our purpose, we know what those experiences have been. But by what right do we take those things for granted? They are not axiomatic or intuitive truths; they must be proved by something; and that something must, on the empirical theory, be in the last resort experience, and experience alone. But whose experience? Plainly it cannot be *general* experience, for that is the very thing whose reality has to be established, and whose character is in question. It must, therefore, in every case and for each individual man be his own personal experience. This, and only this, can supply him with evidence for those fundamental beliefs, without whose

guidance it is impossible for him either to reconstruct the past or to anticipate the future.

Consider, for example, the law of causation; one, but by no means the only one, of those general principles of interpretation which, as I am contending, are presupposed in any appeal to general experience, and cannot, therefore, be proved by it. If we endeavour to analyse the reasoning by which we arrive at the conviction that any particular event or any number of particular events have occurred outside the narrow ring of our own immediate perceptions, we shall find that not a step of this process can we take without assuming that the course of Nature is uniform; or, if not absolutely uniform, at least sufficiently uniform to allow us to argue with tolerable security from effects to causes, or, if need be, from causes to effects, over great intervals of time and space. The whole of what is called historical evidence is, in its most essential parts, nothing more than an argument or series of arguments of this kind. The fact that mankind have given their testimony to the general uniformity of Nature, or, indeed, to anything else, can be established by the aid of that principle itself, and by it alone; so that, if we abandon it, we are in a moment deprived of all logical access to the outer world, of all cognisance of other minds, of all usufruct of their accumulated knowledge, of all share in the intellectual heritage of the race. While if we cling to it (as, to be sure, we must, whether we like it or not), we can do so only on condition that we forego every endeavour to prove it by the aid of general experience; for such a procedure would be nothing less than to compel what is intended to be the conclusion of our argument to figure also among the most important of its premises.

201. When we come to the more complex phenomena with which we have to deal, the plain lesson taught by personal observation is not the regularity, but the irregularity, of Nature. A kind of ineffectual attempt at uniformity, no doubt, is commonly apparent, as of an ill-constructed machine that will run smoothly for a time, and then for no apparent reason begin to jerk and quiver; or of a drunken man who, though he succeeds in keeping to the highroad, yet pursues along it a most wavering and devious course. But of that perfect adjustment, that all-penetrating governance by law, which lies at the root of scientific inference we find not a trace. In many cases sensation follows sensation, and event hurries after event to all appearances absolutely at random; no observed order of succession is ever repeated, nor is it pretended that there is any direct causal connection between the members of the series as they appear one after the

other in the consciousness of the individual. But even when these conditions are reversed, perfect uniformity is never observed. The most careful series of experiments carried out by the most accomplished investigators never show identical results; and as for the general mass of mankind, so far are they from finding, either in their personal experiences or elsewhere, any sufficient reason for accepting in its perfected form the principle of Universal Causation, that, as a matter of fact, this doctrine has been steadily ignored by them up to the present hour.

202. Doubtless if empiricism be shattered, it must drag down naturalism in its fall; for, after all, naturalism is nothing more than the assertion that empirical methods are valid, and that no others are so. But because any effectual criticism of empiricism is the destruction of naturalism, is it therefore the destruction of science also? Surely not. The adherent of naturalism is an empiricist from necessity; the man of science, if he be an empiricist, is so only from choice. The latter may, if he please, have no philosophy at all, or he may have a different one. He is not obliged, any more than other men, to justify his conclusions by an appeal to first principles; still less is he obliged to take his first principles from so poor a creed as the one we have been discussing. Science preceded the theory of science, and is independent of it. Science preceded naturalism, and will survive it. Though the convictions involved in our practical conception of the universe are not beyond the reach of theoretic doubts, though we habitually stake our all upon assumptions which we never attempt to justify, and which we could not justify if we would, yet is our scientific certitude unshaken; and if we still strive after some solution of our sceptical difficulties, it is because this is necessary for the satisfaction of an intellectual ideal, not because it is required to fortify our confidence either in the familiar teachings of experience or in their utmost scientific expansion.

203. Who would pay the slightest attention to naturalism if it did not force itself into the retinue of science, assume her livery, and claim, as a kind of poor relation, in some sort to represent her authority and to speak with her voice? Of itself it is nothing. It neither ministers to the needs of mankind, nor does it satisfy their reason. And if, in spite of this, its influence has increased, is increasing, and as yet shows no signs of diminution; if more and more the educated and the half-educated are acquiescing in its pretensions, and, however reluctantly, submitting to its domination, this is, at least in part, because they have not learned to distinguish between the practical and inevitable claims

which experience has on their allegiance, and the speculative but quite illusory title by which the empirical school have endeavoured to associate naturalism and science in a kind of joint supremacy over the thoughts and consciences of mankind.

204. Men value Plato for his imagination, for the genius with which he hazarded solutions of the secular problems which perplex mankind, for the finished art of his dialogue, for the exquisite beauty of his style. But even if it could be said—which it cannot—that he left a system, could it be described as a system which, as such, has any effectual vitality? It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to sum up our debts to Aristotle. But assuredly they do not include a tenable theory of the universe. The Stoic scheme of life may still touch our imagination; but who takes any interest in its metaphysics? Who cares for the Soul of the world, the periodic conflagrations, and the recurring cycles of mundane events? The Neo-Platonists were mystics; and mysticism is, as I suppose, an undying element in human thought. But who is concerned about their hierarchy of beings connecting through infinite gradations the Absolute at one end of the scale with Matter at the other?

These, however, it may be said, were systems belonging to the ancient world; and mankind have not busied themselves with speculation for these two thousand years and more without making some advance. I agree; but in the matter of providing us with a philosophy—with a reasoned system of knowledge—has this advance been as yet substantial? If the ancients fail us, do we, indeed, fare much better with the moderns? Are the metaphysics of Descartes more living than his physics? Do his two substances or kinds of substance, or the single substance of Spinoza, or the innumerable substances of Leibnitz, satisfy the searcher after truth? From the modern English form of the empiricism which dominated the eighteenth century, and the idealism which disputes its supremacy in the nineteenth, I have already ventured to express a reasoned dissent. Are we, then, to look to such schemes as Schopenhauer's philosophy of Will, and Hartmann's philosophy of the Unconscious, to supply us with the philosophical metaphysics of which we are in need? They have admirers in this country, but hardly convinced adherents. Of those who are quite prepared to accept their pessimism, how many are there who take seriously its metaphysical foundation?

205. Philosophers have mined for truth in many directions, and the whole field of speculation seems cumbered with the dross and lumber of their abandoned workings. But though they have

not found the ore they sought for, it does not therefore follow that their labours have been wholly vain. It is something to have realised what *not* to do. It is something to discover the causes of failure, even though we do not attain any positive knowledge of the conditions of success. It is an even more substantial gain to have done something towards disengaging the questions which require to be dealt with, and towards creating and perfecting the terminology without which they can scarcely be adequately stated, much less satisfactorily answered.

206. Because reasoning occupies so large a place in metaphysical treatises, we are apt to forget that, as a rule, these are works of imagination at least as much as of reason. Metaphysicians are poets who deal with the abstract and the super-sensible instead of the concrete and the sensuous. To be sure they are poets with a difference. Their appropriate and characteristic gifts are not the vivid realisation of that which is given in experience; their genius does not prolong, as it were, and echo through the remotest regions of feeling the shock of some definite emotion; they create for us no new worlds of things and persons; nor can it be often said that the product of their labours is a thing of beauty. Their style, it must be owned, has not always been their strong point; and even when it is otherwise, mere graces of presentation are but unessential accidents of their work. Yet, in spite of all this, they can only be justly estimated by those who are prepared to apply to them a quasi-æsthetic standard; some other standard, at all events, than that supplied by purely argumentative comment. It may perhaps be shown that their metaphysical constructions are faulty, that their demonstrations do not convince, that their most permanent dialectical triumphs have fallen to them in the paths of criticism and negation. Yet even then the last word will not have been said. For claims to our admiration will still be found in their brilliant intuitions, in the subtlety of their occasional arguments, in their passion for the Universal and the Abiding, in their steadfast faith in the rationality of the world, in the devotion with which they are content to live and move in realms of abstract speculation too far removed from ordinary interests to excite the slightest genuine sympathy in the breasts even of the cultivated few. If, therefore, we are for a moment tempted, as surely may sometimes happen, to contemplate with respectful astonishment some of the arguments which the illustrious authors of the great historic systems have thought good enough to support their case, let it be remembered that for minds in which the critical intellect holds undisputed sway, the creation of any system whatever in the present state of our

knowledge is, perhaps, impossible. Only those in whom powers of philosophical criticism are balanced, or more than balanced, by powers of metaphysical imagination can be fitted to undertake the task. Though even to them success may be impossible, at least the illusion of success is permitted; and but for them mankind would fall away in hopeless discouragement from its highest intellectual ideal, and speculation would be strangled at its birth.

207. If faith be provisionally defined as conviction apart from or in excess of proof, then it is upon faith that the maxims of daily life, not less than the loftiest creeds and the most far-reaching discoveries, must ultimately lean. The ground on which constant habit and inherited predispositions enable us to tread with a step so easy and so assured, is seen on examination to be not less hollow beneath our feet than the dim and unfamiliar regions which lie beyond. Certitude is found to be the child, not of Reason, but of Custom; and if we are less perplexed about the beliefs on which we are hourly called upon to act than about those which do not touch so closely our obvious and immediate needs, it is not because the questions suggested by the former are easier to answer, but because as a matter of fact we are much less inclined to ask them.

208. Though the contented acquiescence in inconsistency is the abandonment of the philosophic quest, the determination to obtain consistency at all costs has been the prolific parent of many intellectual narrownesses and many frigid bigotries. It has shown itself in various shapes; it has stifled and stunted the free movement of thought in different ages and diverse schools of speculation; its unhappy effects may be traced in much theology which professes to be orthodox, in much criticism which delights to be heterodox. It is, moreover, the characteristic note of a not inconsiderable class of intelligences who conceive themselves to be specially reasonable because they are constantly employed in reasoning, and who can find no better method of advancing the cause of knowledge than to press to their extreme logical conclusions principles of which, perhaps, the best that can be said is that they contain, as it were in solution, some element of truth which no reagents at our command will as yet permit us to isolate.

209. Systems are, and must be, for the few. The majority of mankind are content with a mood or temper of thought, an impulse not fully reasoned out, a habit guiding them to the acceptance and assimilation of some opinions and the rejection of others, which acts almost as automatically as the processes of

physical digestion. Behind these half-realised motives, and in closest association with them, may sometimes, no doubt, be found a "theory of things" which is their logical and explicit expression. But it is certainly not necessary, and perhaps not usual, that this theory should be clearly formulated by those who seem to obey it.

210. Now, what is Rationalism? Some may be disposed to reply that it is the free and unfettered application of human intelligence to the problems of life and of the world; the unprejudiced examination of every question in the dry light of emancipated reason. This may be a very good account of a particular intellectual ideal; an ideal which has been sought after at many periods of the world's history, although assuredly it has been attained in none. Usage, however, permits and even encourages us to employ the word in a much more restricted sense: as indicating a special form of that reaction against dogmatic theology which became prominent at the end of the seventeenth century; which dominated so much of the best thought in the eighteenth century, and which has reached its most complete expression in the Naturalism which occupied our attention through the first portion of these Notes.

211. The mind of man cannot, any more than the body, vary in one direction alone. The whole organism suffers, or gains, from the change, and every faculty and every limb must be somewhat modified in order successfully to meet the new demands thrown upon it by the altered balance of the remainder. So is it also in matters intellectual. It is hopeless to expect that new truths and new methods of investigation can be acquired without the old truths requiring to be in some respects reconsidered and restated, surveyed under a new aspect, measured, perhaps, by a different standard. Much had, therefore, to be modified, and something—let us admit it—had to be destroyed. The new system could hardly produce its best results until the refuse left by the old system had been removed; until the waste products were eliminated which, like those of a muscle too long exercised, poisoned and clogged the tissues in which they had once played the part of living and effective elements.

The world, then, required enlightenment, and the rationalists proceeded after their own fashion to enlighten it. Unfortunately, however, their whole procedure was tainted by an original vice of method which made it impossible to carry on the honourable, if comparatively humble, work of clearness and purification, without, at the same time, destroying much that ought properly to have been preserved. They were not content with protesting against

practical abuses, with vindicating the freedom of science from theological bondage, with criticising the defects and explaining the limitations of the somewhat cumbrous and antiquated apparatus of prevalent theological controversy—apparatus, no doubt, much better contrived for dealing with the points on which theologians differ than for defending against a common enemy the points on which theologians are for the most part agreed. These things, no doubt, to the best of their power, they did; and to the doing of them no objection need be raised. The objection is to the principle on which the things were done. That principle appeared under many disguises and was called by many names. Sometimes describing itself as Common-sense, sometimes as Science, sometimes as Enlightenment, with infinite varieties of application and great diversity of doctrine, Rationalism consisted essentially in the application, consciously or unconsciously, of one great method to the decision of every controversy, to the moulding of every creed. Did a belief square with a view of the universe based exclusively upon the prevalent mode of interpreting sense-perception? If so, it might survive. Did it clash with such mode, or lie beyond it? It was superstitious; it was unscientific; it was ridiculous; it was incredible. Was it neither in harmony with nor antagonistic to such a view, but simply beside it? It might live on until it became atrophied from lack of use, a mere survival of a dead past.

These judgments were not, as a rule, supported by any very profound arguments. Rationalists as such are not philosophers. They are not pantheists nor speculative materialists. They ignore if they do not despise metaphysics, and in practice eschew the search for first principles. But they judge as men of the world, reluctant either to criticise too closely methods which succeed so admirably in everyday affairs, or to admit that any other methods can possibly be required by men of sense.

212. Theism, Deism, Design, Soul, Conscience, Morality, Immortality, Freedom, Beauty—these and cognate words associated with the memory of great controversies mark the points at which rationalists who are not also naturalists have sought to come to terms with the rationalising spirit or to make a stand against its onward movement. It has been in vain. At some places the fortunes of battle hung long in the balance; at others the issues may yet seem doubtful. Those who have given up God can still make a fight for conscience; those who have abandoned moral responsibility may still console themselves with artistic beauty. But, to my thinking, at least, the struggle can have but one termination. Habit and education may delay the

inevitable conclusion; they cannot in the end avert it. For these ideas are no native growth of a rationalist epoch, strong in their harmony with contemporary moods of thought. They are the products of a different age, survivals from, as some think, a decaying system. And howsoever stubbornly they may resist the influences of an alien environment, if this undergoes no change, in the end they must surely perish.

Naturalism, then, the naturalism whose practical consequences have already occupied us so long, is nothing more than the result of rationalising methods applied with pitiless consistency to the whole circuit of belief. It is the completed product of rationalism, the final outcome of using the "current methods of interpreting sense-perception," as the universal instrument for determining the nature and fixing the limits of human knowledge. What wealth of spiritual possession this creed requires us to give up I have already explained. What, then, does it promise us in exchange? It promises us Consistency. Religion may perish at its touch, it may strip Virtue and Beauty of their most precious attributes; but in exchange it promises us Consistency. True, the promise is in any circumstances but imperfectly kept. This creed, which so arrogantly requires that everything is to be made consistent with it, is not as we have seen consistent with itself. The humblest attempts to co-ordinate and to justify the assumptions on which it proceeds with such unquestioning confidence bring to light speculative perplexities and contradictions whose very existence seems unsuspected, whose solution is not even attempted. But even were it otherwise, we should still be bound to protest against the assumption that consistency is a necessity of the intellectual life, to be purchased, if need be, at famine prices. It is a valuable commodity, but it may be bought too dear. No doubt a principal function of Reason is to smooth away contradictions, to knock off corners, and to fit, as far as may be, each separate belief into its proper place within the framework of one harmonious creed. No doubt, also, it is impossible to regard any theory which lacks self-consistency as either satisfactory or final. But principles going far beyond admissions like these are required to compel us to acquiesce in rationalising methods and naturalistic results, to the destruction of every form of belief with which they do not happen to agree. Before such terms of surrender are accepted, at least the victorious system must show, not merely that its various parts are consistent with each other, but that the whole is authenticated by Reason. Until this task is accomplished (and how far at present it is from being accomplished in the case of naturalism the reader knows) it would be an act of mere blundering Unreason to set up as the universal

standard of belief a theory of things which itself stands in so great need of rational defence, or to make a reckless and unthinking application of the canon of consistency when our knowledge of first principles is so manifestly defective.

213. If "our ordinary method of interpreting sense-perception," which gives us Science, is able also to supply us with Theology, then at least, whether it be philosophically valid or not, the majority of mankind may very well rest content with it until philosophers come to some agreement about a better. If it does not satisfy the philosophic critic, it will probably satisfy every one else; and even the philosophic critic need not quarrel with its practical outcome.

The system by which these results are thought to be attained pursues the following method. It divides Theology into Natural and Revealed. Natural Theology expounds the theological beliefs which may be arrived at by a consideration of the general course of Nature as this is explained to us by Science. It dwells principally upon the numberless examples of adaptation in the organic world, which apparently display the most marvellous indications of ingenious contrivance, and the nicest adjustment of means to ends. From facts like these it is inferred that Nature has an intelligent and a powerful Creator. From the further fact that these adjustments and contrivances are in a large number of cases designed for the interests of beings capable of pleasure and pain, it is inferred that the Creator is not only intelligent and powerful, but also benevolent; and the inquiring mind is then supposed to be sufficiently prepared to consider without prejudice the evidence for there having been a special Revelation by which further truths may have been imparted, not otherwise accessible to our unassisted powers of speculation.

The evidences of Revealed Religion are not drawn, like those of Natural Religion, from general laws and widely disseminated particulars; but they profess none the less to be solely based upon facts which, according to the classification I have adhered to throughout these Notes, belong to the scientific order. According to this theory, the logical burden of the entire theological structure is thrown upon the evidence for certain events which took place long ago, and principally in a small district to the east of the Mediterranean, the occurrence of which it is sought to prove by the ordinary methods of historical investigation, and by these alone—unless, indeed, we are to regard as an important ally the aforementioned presumption supplied by Natural Theology. It is true, of course, that the immediate reason for accepting the beliefs of Revealed Religion is that the religion *is* revealed. But

it is thought to be revealed because it was promulgated by teachers who were inspired; the teachers are thought to have been inspired because they worked miracles; and they are thought to have worked miracles because there is historical evidence of the fact, which it is supposed would be more than sufficient to produce conviction in any unbiased mind.

Now it must be conceded that if this general train of reasoning be assumed to cover the whole ground of "Christian Evidences," then, whether it be conclusive or inconclusive, it does at least attain the desideratum of connecting Science on the one hand, Religion—"Natural" and "Revealed"—on the other, into one single scheme of interconnected propositions. But it attains it by making Theology in form a mere annex or appendix to Science; a mere footnote to history; a series of conclusions inferred from data which have been arrived at by precisely the same methods as those which enable us to pronounce upon the probability of any other events in the past history of man, or of the world in which he lives. We are no longer dealing with a creed whose real premises lie deep in the nature of things. It is no question of metaphysical speculation, moral intuition, or mystical ecstasy with which we are concerned. We are asked to believe the Universe to have been designed by a Deity for the same sort of reason that we believe Canterbury Cathedral to have been designed by an architect; and to believe in the events narrated in the Gospels for the same sort of reason that we believe in the murder of Thomas à Becket.

Now I am not concerned to maintain that these arguments are bad; on the contrary, my personal opinion is that, as far as they go, they are good. The argument, or perhaps I should say *an* argument, from design, in some shape or other, will always have value; while the argument from history must always form a part of the evidence for any historical religion. The first will, in my opinion, survive any presumptions based upon the doctrine of natural selection; the second will survive the consequences of critical assaults. But more than this is desirable; more than this is, indeed, necessary. For however good arguments of this sort are, or may be made, they are not equal by themselves to the task of upsetting so massive an obstacle as developed Naturalism. They have not, as it were, sufficient intrinsic energy to effect so great a change. They may not be ill-directed, but they lack momentum. They may not be technically defective, but they are assuredly practically inadequate.

214. Supposing, however, you have induced your Naturalistic philosopher to accept, if only for the sake of argument, your

version of Natural Religion, what will he say to your method of extracting the proofs of Revealed Religion from the Gospel history? Explain to him that there is good historic evidence of the usual sort for believing that for one brief interval during the history of the Universe, and in one small corner of this planet, the continuous chain of universal causation has been broken; that in an insignificant country inhabited by a unimportant branch of the Semitic peoples events are alleged to have taken place which, if they really occurred, at once turn into foolishness the whole theory in the light of which he has been accustomed to interpret human experience, and convey to us knowledge which no mere contemplation of the general order of Nature would enable us even dimly to anticipate. What would be his reply? His reply would be, nay, is (for our imaginary interlocutor has unnumbered prototypes in the world about us), that questions like these can scarcely be settled by the mere accumulation of historic proofs. Granting all that was asked, and more, perhaps, than ought to be conceded; granting that the evidence for these wonders was far stronger than any that could be produced in favour of the apocryphal miracles which crowd the annals of every people; granting even that the evidence seemed far more than sufficient to establish any incident, however strange, which does not run counter to the recognised course of Nature; what then? We were face to face with a difficulty, no doubt; but the interpretation of the past was necessarily full of difficulties. Conflicts of testimony with antecedent probability, conflicts of different testimonies with each other, were the familiar perplexities of the historic enquirer. In thousands of cases no absolutely satisfactory solution could be arrived at. Possibly the Gospel histories were among these. Neither the theory of myths, nor the theory of contemporary fraud, nor the theory of late invention, nor any other which the ingenuity of critics could devise, might provide a perfectly clean-cut explanation of the phenomena. But at least it might be said with confidence that no explanation could be less satisfactory than one which required us, on the strength of three or four ancient documents—at the best written by eye-witnesses of little education and no scientific knowledge, at the worst spurious and of no authority—to remodel and revolutionise every principle which governs us with an unquestioned jurisdiction in our judgments on the Universe at large.

Thus, slightly modifying Hume, might the disciple of Naturalism reply. And as against the rationalising theologian, is not his answer conclusive? The former has borrowed the premises, the methods, and all the positive conclusions of Naturalism. He advances on the same strategic principles, and from the same base

of operations. And though he professes by these means to have overrun a whole continent of alien conclusions with which Naturalism will have nothing to do, can he permanently retain his conquests? Is it not certain that the huge expanse of his theology, attached by so slender a tie to the main system of which it is intended to be a dependency, will sooner or later have to be abandoned; and that the weak and artificial connection which has been so ingeniously contrived will snap at the first strain to which it shall be subjected by the forces either of criticism or sentiment?

215. If Naturalism by itself be practically insufficient, if no conclusion based on its affirmations will enable us to escape from the cold grasp of its negations, and if, as I think, the contrasted system of Idealism has not as yet got us out of the difficulty, what remedy remains? One such remedy consists in simply setting up side by side with the creed of natural science another and supplementary set of beliefs, which may minister to needs and aspirations which science cannot meet, and may speak amid silences which science is powerless to break. The natural world and the spiritual world, the world which is immediately subject to causation and the world which is immediately subject to God, are, on this view, each of them real, and each of them the object of real knowledge. But the laws of the natural world are revealed to us by the discoveries of science; while the laws of the spiritual world are revealed to us through the authority of spiritual intuitions, inspired witnesses, or divinely guided institutions. And the two regions of knowledge lie side by side, contiguous but not connected, like empires of different race and language, which own no common jurisdiction nor hold any intercourse with each other, except along a disputed and wavering frontier where no superior power exists to settle their quarrels or determine their respective limits.

To thousands of persons this patchwork scheme of belief, though it may be in a form less sharply defined, has, in substance, commended itself; and if and in so far as it really meets their needs I have nothing to say against it, and can hold out small hope of bettering it. It is much more satisfactory as regards its content than Naturalism; it is not much less philosophical as regards its method; and it has the practical merit of supplying a rough and ready expedient for avoiding the consequences which follow from a premature endeavour to force the general body of belief into the rigid limits of one too narrow system.

It has, however, obvious inconveniences. There are many persons, and they are increasing in number, who find it difficult or impossible to acquiesce in this unconsidered division of the

"Whole" of knowledge into two or more unconnected fragments. Naturalism may be practically unsatisfactory. But at least the positive teaching of Naturalism has secured general assent; and it shocks their philosophic instinct for unity to be asked to patch and plaster this accepted creed with a number of heterogeneous propositions drawn from an entirely different source, and on behalf of which no such common agreement can be claimed.

What such persons ask for, and rightly, is a philosophy, a scheme of knowledge, which shall give rational unity to an adequate creed. But, as the reader knows, I have it not to give; nor does it even seem to me that we have any right to flatter ourselves that we are on the verge of discovering some all-reconciling theory by which each inevitable claim of our complex nature may be harmonised under the supremacy of Reason.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

[See also "PROGRESS."]

[*The extracts under this heading are taken from the Lecture delivered in connection with the Cambridge University Local Lectures, August,* 1900.]

216. When we isolate a century for particular consideration, what kind of period have we in our minds? The negative answer at all events seems plain. It is seldom, except by accident, precisely the same period for two aspects of what we loosely but conveniently call the same century. Nature does not exhibit her uniformity by any pedantic adherence to the decimal system; and if we insist on substituting rigid and arbitrary divisions of historical time for natural ones, half the significance of history will be lost for us.

217. It so happens, for example, that I dislike the seventeenth century and like the eighteenth. I do not pretend to justify my taste. Perhaps it is that there is a kind of unity and finish about the eighteenth century wanting to its predecessor. Perhaps I am prejudiced against the latter by my dislike of its religious wars, which were more than half-political, and its political wars, which were more than half-religious. In any case, the matter is quite unimportant. What is more to our present purpose is to ask, whether the nineteenth century yet presents itself to any of us sufficiently as a whole to suggest any sentiment of the kind I have just illustrated. I confess that, for my own part, it does not. Of that part of it with which most of us are alone immediately acquainted—say the last third—I feel I can in this connection say nothing. We are too much of it to judge it. The two remaining thirds, on the other hand, seem to me so different that I cannot criticise them together; and, if I am to criticise them separately, I acknowledge at once that it is the first third, and not the second, that engages my sympathies. There are those, I am aware, who think that the great Reform Bill was the beginning of wisdom. Very likely they are right. But this is not a question of right, but a question of personal pre-

dilection, and from that point of view the middle third of the nineteenth century does not, I acknowledge, appeal to me. It is probably due to the natural ingratitude which we are apt to feel towards our immediate predecessors. But I justify it to myself by saying that it reminds me too much of Landseer's pictures and the revival of Gothic; that I feel no sentiment of allegiance towards any of the intellectual dynasties which then held sway; that neither the thin lucidity of Mill nor the windy prophesyings of Carlyle, neither Comte nor yet Newman, were ever able to arouse in me the enthusiasm of a disciple; that I turn with pleasure from the Corn Law squabbles to the great War, from Thackeray and Dickens to Scott and Miss Austen, even from Tennyson and Browning to Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley.

Observations like these, however, are rather in the nature of individual fancies than impersonal or "objective" criticisms.

218. In the last hundred years the world has seen great wars, great national and social upheavals, great religious movements, great economic changes. Literature and Art have had their triumphs, and have permanently enriched the intellectual inheritance of our race. Yet, large as is the space which subjects like these legitimately fill in our thoughts, much as they will occupy the future historian, it is not among them that I seek for the most important and the most fundamental differences which separate the present from preceding ages. Rather is this to be found in the cumulative products of scientific research, to which no other period offers a precedent or a parallel. No single discovery, it may be, can be compared in its results to that of Copernicus. No single discoverer can be compared in genius to Newton. But in their total effects the advances made by the nineteenth century are not to be matched. The difficulty is not so much to find the departments of knowledge which are either entirely new or have suffered complete reconstruction, but to find the departments of knowledge in which no such revolutionary change has taken place. Classical scholarship, the political history of certain limited periods, abstract mechanics, astronomy, in so far as it depends on abstract mechanics—can this list be very greatly lengthened? I hardly think so. And if not, consider how vast must be the regions first effectively conquered for knowledge during the period under discussion.

But not only is this surprising increase of knowledge new, but the use to which it has been put is new also. The growth of industrial invention is not a fact we are permitted to forget; we do, however, sometimes forget how much of it is due to a close con-

nection between theoretic knowledge and its utilitarian application, which in its degree is altogether unexampled in the history of mankind. It was dreamed of in the speculations of poet-philosophers like Bacon; here and there it has been sporadically exemplified. Thus surgery must, I suppose, have always depended largely on anatomy, navigation upon astronomy, telescope-making upon optics, and so on. But, speaking broadly, it was not till the present century that the laboratory and the workshop were brought into intimate connection; that the man of practice began humbly to wait on the man of theory; that the man of practice even discovered that a little theory would do him no irretrievable damage in the prosecution of his business.

I suppose that at this moment if we were allowed a vision of the embryonic forces which are predestined most potently to affect the future of mankind, we should have to look for them, not in the legislature, nor in the press, nor on the platform, not in the schemes of practical statesmen, nor the dreams of political theorists, but in the laboratories of scientific students whose names are but little in the mouths of men, who cannot themselves forecast the results of their own labours, and whose theories could scarce be understood by those whom they will chiefly benefit.

219. Marvellous as is the variety and ingenuity of modern industrial methods, they almost all depend, in the last resort, upon our supply of useful power, and our supply of useful power is principally provided for us by methods which, so far as I can see, have altered not at all in principle, and strangely little in detail, since the days of Watt. Coal, as we all know, is the chief reservoir of energy from which the world at present draws; and from which we in this country must always draw. But our main contrivance for utilising it is the steam-engine; and by its essential nature the steam-engine is extravagantly wasteful; so that when we are told, as if it was something to be proud of, that this is the age of steam, we may admit the fact, but can hardly share the satisfaction. Our coalfields, as we know too well, are limited. We certainly cannot increase them; the boldest legislator would hesitate to limit their employment for purposes of domestic industry; so that the only possible alternative is to economise our method of consuming them. And for this there would indeed seem to be a sufficiency of room. Let a second Watt arise; let him bring into general use some mode of extracting energy from fuel which shall *only* waste 80 per cent of it—and lo! your coalfields, as sources of power, are doubled at once!

The hope seems a modest one, but apparently we are not yet in sight of its fulfilment; and therefore it is that we must qualify

the satisfaction with which, at the end of the century, we contemplate the unbroken course of its industrial triumphs. We have, in truth, been little better than brilliant spendthrifts. Every new invention seems to throw a new strain upon the vast, but not illimitable, sources of nature. We dissipate in an hour what it required a thousand years to accumulate. Sooner or later the stored-up resources of the world will be exhausted. Humanity, having used or squandered its capital, will thenceforward have to depend upon such current income as can be derived from the diurnal heat of the sun and the rotation of the earth, till, in the sequence of the ages, these also begin to fail. With such remote speculations we are not now concerned; it is enough for us to take note how rapidly the prodigious progress of recent discovery has increased the drain upon the natural wealth of old manufacturing countries, and especially of Great Britain; and at the same time frankly to recognise that it is only by new inventions that the collateral evils of old inventions can be mitigated; that to go back is impossible; that our only hope lies in a further advance.

After all, however, it is not necessarily the material and obvious results of scientific discoveries which are of the deepest interest. They have effected changes more subtle, and perhaps less obvious, which are at least as worthy of our consideration, and are at least as unique in the history of the civilised world.

220. The discoveries in physics and in chemistry which have borne their share in thus re-creating for us the evolution of the past are in process of giving us quite new ideas as to the inner nature of that material Whole of which the worlds traversing space are but an insignificant part. Differences of quality, once thought ultimate, are constantly being resolved into differences of motion or configuration. What were once regarded as things are now known to be movements. Phenomena apparently so wide apart as light, radiant heat, and electricity are, as it is unnecessary to remind you, now recognised as substantially identical. The arrangement of atoms in the molecule, not less than their intrinsic nature, produces the characteristic attributes of the compound. The atom itself has been pulverised, and speculation is forced to admit as a possibility that even the chemical elements themselves may be no more than varying arrangements of a common substance. Plausible attempts have been made to reduce the physical universe, with its infinite variety, its glory of colour and of form, its significance, and its sublimity, to one homogeneous medium, in which there are no distinctions to be discovered but distinction of movement or of stress; and although no such hypothesis can, I suppose, be yet accepted, the gropings of physicists after this,

or some other not less audacious unification, must finally, I think, be crowned with success.

The change of view which I have endeavoured to indicate is purely scientific, but its consequences cannot be confined to science. How will they manifest themselves in other regions of human activity—in Literature, in Art, in Religion? The subject is one rather for the lecturer on the twentieth century than for the lecturer on the nineteenth. I at least cannot endeavour to grapple with it. But, before concluding, I will ask one question about it and hazard one prophecy. My question relates to Art. We may, I suppose, say that artistic feeling constantly expresses itself in the vivid presentation of sensuous fact and its remote emotional suggestion. Will it in time be dulled by a theory of the world which carries with it no emotional suggestion, which is perpetually merging the sensuous fact in its physical explanation, whose main duty indeed it is to tear down the cosmic scene-painting and expose the scaffolding and wheelwork by which the world of sense-perception is produced? I do not know. I do not hazard a conjecture. But the subject is worth consideration.

So much for my question. My prophecy relates to Religion. We have frequently seen in the history of thought that any development of the mechanical conception of the physical world gives an impulse to materialistic speculation. Now, if the goal to which, consciously or unconsciously, the modern physicist is pressing, be ever reached, the mechanical view of things will receive an extension and a completeness never before dreamed of. There would then in truth be only one natural science, namely, physics; and only one kind of explanation, namely, the dynamic. If any other science claimed a separate existence it could only be because its work was as yet imperfectly performed, because it had not as yet pressed sufficiently far its analysis of cause and effect. Would this conception, in its turn, foster a new and refined materialism? For my own part I conjecture that it would not. I believe that the very completeness and internal consistency of such a view of the physical world would establish its inadequacy. The very fact that within it there seemed no room for Spirit would convince mankind that Spirit must be invoked to explain it. I know not how the theoretic reconciliation will be effected; for I mistrust the current philosophical theories upon the subject. But that in some way or other future generations will, each in its own way, find a practical *modus vivendi* between the natural and the spiritual I do not doubt at all; and if, a hundred years hence, some lecturer, whose parents are not yet born, shall discourse to your successors in this place on the twentieth century, it may

be that he will note the fact that, unlike their forefathers, men of his time were no longer disquieted by the controversies once suggested by that well-worn phrase "the conflict between Science and Religion."

NOVELS

[See also "LITERATURE."]

221. Statisticians devote themselves to many calculations of small interest to the world at large. There is one calculation which I wish they could make, and that is, to give us the percentage of persons who ever take a sincere interest in anything which deserves to be called literature which is not in the shape of a novel. It is hard to believe that there was a time when the world did without novels, and, in its own opinion, did well without novels. Like tobacco and the daily Press, novels have now become a general necessity. You may have your own special views both as to tobacco and as to the daily Press, but, whatever your individual views may be, every impartial observer has long ago come to the conclusion that the world will insist upon having both of these luxuries to the end of time. They belong to these superfluities which, by the progress of events, have become general necessities. And what is true of these luxuries or of these necessities—call them which you please—is equally true of the modern novel. It is impossible to conceive a time arriving when the great bulk of the reading world will be content to be deprived of their annual supply of narrative literature, poured forth each year apparently in a stream of ever-increasing volume—a stream which, whether it carries cargoes of value or not, is not likely, in my judgment at all events, ever to be allowed to go unfreighted to the sea. It is an interesting speculation, a speculation like most others connected with the future, of a very small practical value, but an interesting speculation nevertheless, to reflect as to what the future of the novel is to be. I take it that there is hardly any instance in literature of any sub-class of composition being cultivated with success for an indefinite period. Such classes seem to have, like other natural products, their periods of rise, their periods of culmination, and their periods of decay. And the cause of that decay is commonly to be found either in the habit they have of driving peculiarities to excess, so that the whole species of composition seems weighed down by its own exaggerations, or else dying away in a kind of senile imbecility, and perishing slowly amid general contempt. I think you may find an example of the first case in the death of the Elizabethan Drama, and of the second in that particular kind of literature of which Pope was the greatest ornament. But the novel, as far as I can judge, appears likely to suffer, or at all events likely to perish, from neither of these diseases. If there be any signs of weariness, of fatigue at all, any signs of decadence or decay, perhaps we should look for it in the obvious difficulty which novelists now find in getting hold of appropriate subjects for their art to deal with. Scott, remember, had not only his unique genius to depend upon, but he had the special good fortune to open an entirely new vein, to strike practically an entirely new subject or set of subjects, to give to the world the delight of looking at a set of pictures, of periods, of countries, of ranks of society, of forms of civilisation, of which they had no notion before.

Where is the modern novelist to find a new vein? Every country has been ransacked to obtain theatres on which their imaginary characters are to show themselves off. Every period has been ransacked to supply historical characters, or imaginary characters belonging to particular ages, who are to provide the *dramatis personæ* of these imaginary tales. We have stories of civilised life, of semi-civilised life, of barbarous life. There is hardly an island in the Pacific Ocean—there is not a part of Africa, of America, of Asia, or of Europe—in which the novelist has not sought for, and often found with great success, fresh material on which to exercise himself. We have novels of the natural and the supernatural; we have scientific novels; we have thaumaturgic novels; we have novels dealing not only with what is beautiful but with what is ugly, not only with what is interesting but with what is uninteresting; we have novels in which everything which could happen to anybody happens to the hero in the course of the three volumes; and we have novels in which the peculiarity seems to be that nothing happens to anybody from the beginning to the end. Finally, so hardly set are we for subjects that even the quintessence of dullness is extracted from the dullest lives of the dullest localities, and turned into a subject of artistic treatment. A dullness that never was on sea or land—to parody the quotation so happily used by our Chairman this evening—is now employed with exquisite and admirable skill to furnish forth entertainment for mankind at large. I am far from denying that even this may be, and is, a legitimate subject for artistic treatment, though I frankly admit that the works produced under that particular form of inspiration are works which I prefer to admire at a distance.

If it be true, as I think it is true, that the whole field of history, the whole world of geography, that every class, every section of mankind, has been ransacked for subjects, there is yet one, strange as it may seem —there really is one aspect of human nature, and perhaps the most interesting of all, which, for obvious reasons, has been very sparingly treated by the novelist. I mean the development of character extending through the life of the individual. The development of character arising out of the stress of some particular shock, some particular concatenation of circumstances, has of course been from time immemorial the great theme of dramatic authors and of authors of fiction: but the aspect of human nature which is dealt with by biography has from the very nature of the case not lent itself readily to artistic treatment in the form of fiction. You hear it sometimes stated that a novel is after all an imaginary biography. In truth, no description could be less accurate. A novel never—well, I was going to put it too strongly—a novel seldom or never, not in one case in a hundred, not in one case in a thousand, attempts to take an individual and to trace what in natural science would be called his life history. The very pleasure which we get from a good biography—the tracing of a man's life from childhood to youth, from youth to maturity, from maturity to age—is practically excluded from the sphere of the novelist; and it is curious that that should be so at a time when the historical aspect of things, when the life history of individuals, of institutions, of nations, of species, of the great globe itself, forms so large a portion of the subject-matter of science, and gives so great an interest to all scientific and to all historical studies. It would be very inappropriate and very unnecessary to dwell upon the reasons why this biographical form of fiction is difficult—I will not say impossible, but difficult; and I certainly do not venture to foretell that any artist will be found able to overcome the difficulty.

But whatever be the future of the novel, whatever be the future of

creative and imaginative literature—and sometimes most of us are tempted to feel that the future is clouded with many doubts—we may always console ourselves by the reflection that every great literary revival has been preceded by a period in which no revival could by any possibility have been anticipated by the closest critic of the time. I doubt whether any contemporary of Sidney could have foreseen Shakespeare. I doubt whether anybody living under the Commonwealth could really have foreseen Dryden in his maturity. I feel sure that nobody who lived at the time of the death of Johnson could really have foreseen Wordsworth and Coleridge and Scott. It may be true that, looking back, we can find the germs of what ultimately burst out into those great literary revivals; but no contemporary spectator, however acute his vision, however anxious to see the first dawn of some new literary day, could have ventured to prophesy of that which only a few years was destined to bring to the birth; and, therefore, if, though admiring greatly the contemporary efforts of our novel writers, I feel that nevertheless, in spite of their scholarly ability, their inventiveness, their power of style, something of fatigue, something of weariness, appears to hang over contemporary production, that is no ground in my judgment for despairing of the future. We can convince ourselves by studying the past that literary prophecy is, of all prophecy, the vainest, and in this particular instance we may draw consolation from that conclusion. [1897.]

POLAR EXPLORATION

222. I suppose it is about three centuries and a half since this country took the lead, which it has never yet lost, in the exploration of new and unknown regions of the world. We all look back with pride to the great days of Elizabeth, and to the long list of heroes, who, exploring and fighting by turns, added so much to the knowledge of the world, and, let me add, to the sphere of influence of the Empire. Sir Ernest Shackleton has chosen as the sphere of his activities, not the region on which public attention has been most concentrated of recent years, namely, the North Pole; he has chosen the opposite end of the axis on which this earth revolves, and I think he is right. After all, there is no special interest attaching to the geographical or astronomical expression "the Poles of the Earth." What is of interest, and what is of importance, is that we should gain some knowledge of those portions of the world hitherto hidden from human eyes, and that we should do all that we can to make those scientific explorations in themselves profoundly interesting, which, quite apart from their speculative interest, have proved, and are likely to prove, of such great importance to the prosperity of the race.

In the North Pole, or so far as the North Pole is concerned, I take it there is little to be discovered. The region round the North Pole is all of one character, and scientific observations could be made, I imagine, just as well fifty miles, or a hundred miles, in any direction south of it, as they could at the critical point which has been the object of so much courageous endeavour to reach. Far otherwise is it with the South Pole; and, speaking for myself, my imagination is far more stirred by the hope of exploring, for example, the untrodden valleys and peaks of the Himalayas, and those great fields which are no mere oceans covered with ice, but, as Sir Ernest will tell you later, great areas with vast mountains, glaciers, volcanoes, of which nothing practically was known in our grandfathers' time, of which much still remains to explore, and of which Sir Ernest himself has not been the first indeed, but the greatest of explorers.

I mentioned the great explorers and fighters of the sixteenth century. Their courage and their love of adventure were beyond praise. But there is the great difference between their endeavours and the endeavour of explorers like Sir Ernest Shackleton and his comrades, for behind all the great work of the Elizabethan voyages there lay always the desire for gold, the desire for territory, the desire for some great material advantage, which, no doubt, was accompanied by a sincere desire to spread religion, a sincere desire to do the best they could for their country, but which remains on the very surface of all the history of the time as showing, at all events, that their idealism was touched, and perhaps alloyed, by some baser element. Let nobody believe that the idealism of our century is inferior to that of our forefathers. That is not so; and such courageous adventures as this on which Sir Ernest Shackleton is engaged are the standing proof of it, for there is no territory to be gained, no enemies to be conquered, no vulgar ambitions to

be satisfied. Knowledge, science—ends which all nations without jealousy may join together to further—these were the ends which he pursued, and these are the ends which he has done so much to attain. There are critics who tell you that these expeditions may have their value; they may satisfy a barren curiosity; they may add to the manhood and the vigour of the nation, but they do nothing else. Believe them? No! These expeditions have, and must have, great results for science, and there has never yet been a great result attained for science which has not sooner or later had its reaction upon the material fortunes of the whole human race. [1910.]

POLITICAL ECONOMY

223. The study of economic facts is a necessary preliminary to any judicious treatment of some of the most important problems of the day. . . . The true, if obvious, antidote to the disgust excited by the extravagant claims put forward on behalf of political economy, is to reduce those claims within strictly reasonable limits. Now what are those limits? Two there are, constantly violated, and sometimes by the greatest economic authorities, to which I would specially draw your attention. The first depends on the fact that political economy is a science, and, as such, deals in strictness only with laws of nature, and not with the rules of conduct or policy which may be founded on those laws. The second depends on a fact (too often forgotten) that the science of political economy, dealing as it does with only a few of the complex facts of life, cannot on most questions supply the politician with adequate grounds for framing his policy. [1885.]

224. A political economist, as such, has no business to be a politician. However strong his convictions may be, however much his own inclinations may tempt him to the advocacy of any particular mode of social organisation, he should rigidly abstain, in his investigation of the laws of wealth, from loading his pages with any practical propaganda. Science is of no party. It seeks no object, selfish or unselfish, good or bad. It is unmoved by any emotion; it feels no pity, nor is it stirred by any wrong. Its sole aim is the investigation of truth and the discovery of law, wholly indifferent to the use to which those investigations and those discoveries may afterwards be put. [1885.]

225. Many of the most important considerations which should determine a political decision lie altogether outside the field with which an economist is at liberty to deal. The economist investigates only the laws regulating the production, exchange, and distribution of wealth; and in order to get this problem within a manageable compass, in order to avoid being confronted with calculations of hopeless complexity, he usually assumes that the

human beings who produce, exchange, and consume, are actuated by no other motive than that of securing, under a régime of free competition, as large a share as possible of this wealth for themselves. The politician, on the other hand, who has to decide what course should be pursued, not in the abstract world of science, but in the concrete world of fact, cannot so limit his views. He has to provide, in so far as in him lies, for the spiritual and material well-being of the real human being, not of the imaginary wealth producer and wealth consumer which science is obliged to assume; and knowing this, knowing that man does not live by bread alone, but is a creature of infinite variety living in a most complicated world, he can seldom decide any practical problem on purely economic grounds. [1885.]

226. I plead not for any special scientific doctrine, but for the application to social phenomena of scientific methods. Nor has there ever been a time when, in my judgment, this was more required than it is now. Society is becoming more and more sensitive to the evils which exist in its midst; more and more impatient of their continued existence. In itself this is wholly good; but, in order that good may come of it, it behoves us to walk warily. It is, no doubt, better for us to apply appropriate remedies to our diseases than to put our whole trust in the healing powers of nature. But it is better to put our trust in the healing powers of nature than to poison ourselves straight off by swallowing the contents of the first phial presented to us by any self-constituted physician. And such self-constituted physicians are about and in large numbers—gentlemen who think that they pay Providence a compliment by assuming that for every social ill there is a speedy and effectual specific lying to hand; who regard it as impious to believe that there may be chronic diseases of the body politic as well as of any other body, or that Heaven will not hasten to bless the first heroic remedy which it pleases them in their ignorance to apply. It is true that without enthusiasm nothing will be done. But it is also true that without knowledge nothing will be done well. Philanthropic zeal supplies admirable motive power, but makes a very indifferent compass; and of two evils it is better, perhaps, that our ship shall go nowhere than that it shall go wrong, that it should stand still than that it should run upon the rocks. As, therefore, nature knows nothing of good intentions, rewarding and punishing not motives but actions; as things are what they are, describe them as we may, and their consequences will be what they will be, prophesy of them as we choose; it behoves us at this time of all others to approach the consideration of impending social questions in the spirit of sci-

entific inquiry, and to be impartial investigators of social facts before we become zealous reformers of social wrongs. [1885.]

227. Political economy, if it is anything in the world, is a science. If it is not a science, we exist—this Society exists—in vain, for our object, that for which we exist, for which we have come together, is to promote directly scientific investigations. Now the public have never yet mixed themselves up in scientific investigations without spoiling the investigations and doing themselves a good deal of harm. Take medicine. Perhaps it is flattering medicine to describe it as a science; at all events those who pursue it do their best to pursue it on scientific principles. But directly the public mix themselves in it, directly Party feeling, which is an essential element in all popular feeling, arises, you have the most paradoxical, and in some cases the most disastrous results. Consider vaccination. Now I have never attempted to fathom the medical theory lying behind vaccination, to theorise on the subject as an expert, and therefore I look with a sort of remote interest on the quarrel between the doctors, on the one hand, who think they have settled the matter in a scientific spirit, and that section of the people, on the other hand, which have not studied it in a scientific spirit at all, but are determined that their feelings shall override science. Science has often been proved wrong: instinctive, uneducated public opinion has in many cases been proved right. But I have no doubt that if you are going to allow questions of scientific interest to be decided by universal suffrage, you will not do much good to universal suffrage, and you will absolutely ruin science. For though science is often wrong, it can only get right and develop itself in the direction of truth by being allowed free play, outside the influence of those popular forces which tend to divert it out of a scientific direction.

Fortunately for us, the other branches of science, closely as they are connected with the development of civilisation, are so far beyond popular interest or knowledge that the public are ready to leave them alone. I suppose if we could make a true diagnosis of the causes which have produced the great social improvement and development of the last hundred or hundred and fifty years, we should put at the very head of these causes first the growth of scientific knowledge in mathematical, in physical, and in other directions. But the public who have profited by these labours hardly realise themselves how much they have profited by them. At all events, they never venture to put their finger in the pie or to suggest to the mathematical physicist or chemist what view he ought to take of the properties of matter, or the mode in which energy can most usefully be applied for the purposes of human nature, interest, and progress in these branches of science. The public have left the scientific man alone. They have but vaguely understood the character of his labours—they have been content to profit by them without apprehending them.

In political economy it has been, and is now more and more, different every day. It always has been different, and the difference has emphasised itself day by day; and the result is that you do not leave the economist to work out his results in scientific independence as you permit the chemist or the physicist, but the public insist on coming in at any moment and pronouncing on the results of labours from which, therefore, they do not draw the full profit which they might draw. I do not pretend to be able to see any solution of this difficulty. The idea that a democracy—or without using the word democracy, which appears to suggest controversies which are far from our minds on the present

occasion—the idea that any large body of public opinion can express views worth having on difficult economic subjects appears to me to be absurd. You have only to ask the first man in the street what his views are upon some very simple economic problem, not at all more difficult to understand than the fifth proposition of Euclid, and he will tell you those are abstract metaphysical discussions far above his ability, but that common-sense tells him this or the other with regard to the practical issue. The man you meet in the street is the man who rules our destinies, and whether our destinies are going to be better ruled under his scientific guidance than they would be if we were really permitted to profit by the unselfish scientific investigations of economists, I do not pretend to say. At all events, of this I despair. I do not believe that we shall ever get newspapers which are run on commercial principles to insist upon their readers understanding scientific political economy. I do not believe you will ever get the public to take the trouble to master the real elements of the problem on which it may be in some cases that its own economic prosperity depends. Therefore, unless they will consent to follow the teaching of those who are prepared to devote their minds to these subjects, or unless, which is possible, the untutored instincts of the community—which is, I say, possible, though I think unlikely—are to be a better guide of public policy than are the carefully-thought-out deductions of men of science—unless one of these two contingencies occurs, I confess I think it is more than probable that the community will commit many economic blunders, from which both the generation which commits them and those who come after for many generations will suffer. [1894.]

228. After all, privacy and detachment from public controversy is an immense advantage for any body of persons who desire to treat a scientific subject in a strictly scientific spirit. I do not say that there are not advantages in the great publicity to which economic discussion has now reached. I do not say that times in which economic subjects have become for the moment popular, and for the moment occupy the minds of the public and the mouths of platform speakers, are not periods in which much gain may accrue to those who are prepared to treat these subjects in a strictly scientific and, to use rather an un-English word, objective spirit. But it is vain to hope that when any scientific subject comes down into the market-place it will be treated in the market-place in a strictly scientific manner. It never has been so, and it never will be so. I do not venture to balance the gains and the losses of the two methods of treatment. There are gains on both sides, and there are losses on both sides.

I confess that, speaking for myself, who perhaps come across the platform side of the matter rather more than many gentlemen in this room, I rather prefer the quiet shade of scientific investigation to the rather perturbing glare to which we are now getting almost painfully accustomed. The duties which such a change of circumstances imposes upon this Society are no doubt considerable. It is, I believe, quite impossible that when a subject which has a scientific and a popular side comes up for popular discussion you should not find that that popular discussion harks back, as it were, to old, and in some respects, antiquated controversies. You find it in all departments of thought; you find it perhaps most in theological discussions, when the really cultivated theologian speaks and thinks in almost a different language (I do not say that in fundamentals he differs) from the language of those who have just learned or have inherited a mode of expression and a mode of thought which was fitting

in the times of our fathers or grandfathers, but no longer fits the changed conditions of a changing time.

It is so in every science which comes down for popular discussion; and we have to bear with it, because neither your eloquence nor mine can possibly change it. We have to submit to the fact that the popular mind insists upon catchwords, and is determined to divide opinion as opinion was divided in different circumstances and when different controversies raged. The public mind dislikes qualifications; it regards distinctions with which it is not familiar as almost carrying with them an element of hypocrisy; and it is hard to know in those circumstances how those who treat a scientific subject in a scientific spirit ought to demean themselves. I need not say that I am not talking of myself, because being a politician my character is already, and has long been, entirely gone! Nobody would ever consent to suppose that any utterance of mine, either in the House of Commons or on the platform, was dictated by a simple-minded eye to scientific truth! I am not speaking of persons so unfortunately situated as I am, but of the Society of which we are all members; and many of these members have the good fortune, so far at all events, to have escaped being involved in strictly party or sectarian controversies. [1904.]

229. If a man of science once lets the public think that he is speaking not in the interests of his science, but in the interests of his party; if he once allows the view to get abroad that his expression of opinion may have its origin in his scientific views, but has a double parentage, and that the scientific views are in some sense moulded in conformity with our political differences, his whole authority from that moment will absolutely vanish,—he will sink to the level of the unfortunate person who now addresses you. Let him at all costs avoid that danger. It is quite true that he will in those circumstances not feel that he is to any great extent influencing the current of contemporary thought; but he will be wrong. He is influencing it if he treats a scientific subject in a scientific spirit. He may not be quoted by this or that politician; he may not figure largely in election addresses; but he will do what the great economists in the past have done—he will slowly mould public opinion; and if he aims too quickly at attaining that result he will only sacrifice what he can get for something which he cannot get and which, if he could get, would not be worth having. After all, in so far as political economy is a science at all (and I am the last person to deny it that proud title to distinction), it must be absolutely international in its character. People talk of an English, a German, a French, or an American school of political economy. In so far as they talk in that way they show conclusively that political economy to that extent has not yet thoroughly earned its title to a position among the sciences. There is no such thing as English physics as distinguished from German physics, or German mathematics as distinguished from French mathematics. I do not say there may not be certain schools having the impress of great teachers belonging to one or the other nationally, but *quâ* science, and as a science, political economy must be, and is, and will be, absolutely international in its character. Let everybody who has the chance, not only treat economic problems in a strictly objective spirit, but let him make it clear that that is the spirit in which he is trying to treat them. Thus, and thus only, will the student and the investigator obtain that authority over the changing forces of ordinary public opinion which it should be the proudest boast of men of science to obtain, which if they truly pursue science in a scientific spirit they have always

obtained in the past, and which I cannot doubt for a moment they will always obtain in the future. [1904.]

230. Now what is it we mean by economics in its wider sense? I take it it is an attempt to consider the industrial and commercial work of the world in its widest and broadest aspects. I am unfortunately not a man who has had any opportunity of actually dealing with manufactures or commerce or trade or industry in the direct practical manner which a man has to do who earns his livelihood, or whose work is thrown in these special directions. But I have often talked to the best of my ability with those who have a far wider and deeper knowledge of particular branches of industry, and I have always been struck by the difficulty they have found in expressing their experiences in the broader categories, and in the wider descriptions which are generally applicable. They can see their own business in the special light of their own experience; but they cannot bring it into harmony with general laws or general rules applicable to other places and other times, nor do they see the general relations in which their particular branch of business stands to other branches of business. On the other hand, the man of speculation, the man who devotes his time to studying the valuable work of the economists of this and other countries, he has not, and cannot have, any direct experience, or can rarely have any direct experience, of the business methods which are adopted, and which experience teaches us ought to be adopted in commerce, in finance, in railway work, and in the other great businesses on which the economic welfare of the world depends. And you have, therefore, at the two poles the theorist who teaches with clearly-cut ideas, with laws which can be expressed in very precise language and from which very accurate deductions can logically be made—I mean logically accurate deductions can be made; and you have at the other end of the scale a man intimately acquainted with the details of business, capable of himself undertaking or aiding in the carrying on of some vast railway or commercial enterprise, who has never in his life taught himself to look at the business which he conducts under the more general aspect which would naturally occur to any man properly trained in the wider views which it is the object of a school like the London School of Economics to inculcate on those who are its pupils. [1906.]

POSITIVISM

[See also "NATURALISM."]

[*The extracts under this heading are taken from the Address, "The Religion of Humanity," delivered at the Church Congress, Manchester, October,* 1888.]

231. The word Positivism, as used by us to-day, I understand to carry with it no special reference to the peculiarities of Comte's system, to his views on the historic evolution of thought, to his classification of the sciences, to his theories of sociology, or to those curious schemes of polity and ritual contained in his later writings, which have tried the fidelity of his disciples and the gravity of his critics. I rather suppose the word to be used in a wider sense. I take Positivism to mean that general habit or scheme of thought which, on its negative side, refuses all belief in anything beyond phenomena and the laws connecting them, and, on its positive side, attempts to find in the "worship of humanity," or, as some more soberly phrase it, in the "service of man," a form of religion unpolluted by any element of the supernatural.

232. Some will deny at the outset that the term "religion" can ever be appropriately used of a creed which has nothing in it of the supernatural. It is a question of words, and, like all questions of words, a question of convenience. In my judgment the convenience varies in this case with the kind of investigation in which we happen to be engaged. If we are considering religions from their dogmatic side, as systems of belief, to be distinguished as such both from ethics and from science, no doubt it would be absurd to describe Positivism, which allows no beliefs except such as are either scientific or ethical, as having any religious element at all. So considered it is a negation of all religion. But if, on the other hand, we are considering religion not merely from the outside, as a system of propositions, stating what can be known of man's relations to a supernatural power, and the rules of conduct to be framed thereon, but from the inside, as consisting of acts of belief penetrated with religious emotion, then I think it would be unfair to deny that some such emotion

may centre round the object of Positivist cult, and that if it does so it is inconvenient to refuse to describe it as a religion. It is doubtless unnecessary for me to dwell upon this double aspect of every religion, and of every system of belief which aspires to be a substitute for religion. For many purposes it may be enough to regard religion as a mere collection of doctrines and precepts. It is often enough when we are dealing with its history, or its development; with the criticism of documents or the evidence of dogmas. But when we are dealing not merely with the evolution of religion or its truth, but with its function among us men here and now, we are at least as much concerned with the living emotions of the religious consciousness as with the framework of doctrine, on which no doubt they ultimately depend for their consistency and permanence.

Now, as it is certain that there may be supernaturalism without religious feeling, so we need not deny that there may be something of the nature of religious feeling without supernaturalism. The Deists of the last century accepted the argument from design. The existence of the world showed in their view that there must have been a First Cause. The character of the world showed that this First Cause was intelligent and benevolent. They thus provided themselves with the dogmatic basis of a religion, which, however inadequate, nevertheless has been and still is a real religion to vast numbers of men. But to the thinkers of whom I speak this theory was never more than a speculative belief. The chain of cause and effect required a beginning, and their theory of a First Cause provided one. The idea of an infinitely complex but orderly universe appeared by itself to be unsatisfactory, if not unintelligible, so they rounded it off with a God. Yet, while the savage who adores a stone, for no better reason than that it has an odd shape, possesses a religion, though a wretched and degraded one, the Deists of whom I speak had nothing more than a theology, though of a kind only possible in a comparatively advanced community. While there may thus be a speculative belief in the supernatural, which through the absence of religious feeling does not in the full sense of that word amount to a religion, there may be religious feeling divorced from any belief in the supernatural. It is indeed obvious that such feeling must be limited. To the variety and compass of the full religious consciousness it can, from the very nature of the case, never attain. The spectacle of the Starry Heavens may inspire admiration and awe, but cannot be said, except by way of metaphor, to inspire love and devotion. Humanity may inspire love and devotion, but does not, in ordinarily constituted minds, inspire either admiration or awe. If we wish to find these and other religious

feelings concentrated on one object, transfusing and vivifying the bare precepts of morality, the combining power must be sought for in the doctrines of Supernatural Religion.

233. The belief in a future state is one of the most striking —I will not say the most important—differences between positive and supernatural religion. It is one upon which no agreement or compromise is possible. It admits of no gradations—of no less or more. It is true, or it is false. And my purpose is to contribute one or two observations towards a *qualitative* estimate of the immediate gain or loss to some of the highest interests of mankind, which would follow upon a substitution of the Positivist for the Christian theory on the subject.

I say a qualitative estimate, because it is not easy to argue about a quantitative estimate in default of a kind of experience in which we are at present wholly deficient. The religion of humanity, divorced from any other religion, is professed by but a small and, in many respects, a peculiar sect. The cultivation of emotions at high tension towards humanity, deliberately dissociated from the cultivation of religious feeling towards God, has never yet been practised on a large scale. We have so far had only laboratory experiments. There has been no attempt to manufacture in bulk. And even if it had been otherwise, the conclusion to be drawn must for a long time have remained doubtful. For the success of such attempts greatly depends on the character of the social medium in which they are carried on; and if, as I should hope, the existing social medium is favourable to the growth of philanthropic feelings, its character is largely due to the action of Christianity. It remains to be proved whether, if Christianity were destroyed, a "religion of humanity" could long maintain for itself the atmosphere in which alone it could permanently flourish.

234. To say that the doctrine of Immortality provides us with a ready-made solution of the problem of evil, is of course absurd. If there be a problem, it is insoluble. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that it may profoundly modify the whole attitude of mind in which we are able to face the insistent facts of sin, suffering, and misery. I am no pessimist. I do not profess to weigh against one another the sorrows and the joys of humanity, and to conclude that it had been better for us had we never been born. Let anyone try to perform such a calculation in his own case (about which he may be presumed to have exceptional sources of information); let him, in the same spirit of unimpassioned inquiry in which he would carry on any other piece of

scientific measurement, attempt to estimate how much of his life has been above and how much below that neutral line which represents the precise degree of well-being at which existence is neither a blessing nor a curse, and he will henceforth treat with derision all attempts to perform the same operation for the human race.

But though this be so, yet the sense of misery unrelieved, of wrongs unredressed, of griefs beyond remedy, of failure without hope, of physical pain so acute that it seems the one overmastering reality in a world of shadows, of mental depression so deadly that it welcomes physical pain itself as a relief—these, and all the crookednesses and injustices of a crooked and unjust world, may well overload our spirits and shatter the springs of our energies, if to this world only we must restrict our gaze. For thus narrowed the problem is hopeless. Let us dream what dreams we please about the future; let us paint it in hues of our own choosing; let us fashion for ourselves a world in which war has been abolished, disease mitigated, poverty rooted out; in which justice and charity determine every relation in life, and we shall still leave untouched a residue of irremediable ills—separation, decay, weariness, death. This distant and doubtful millennium has its dark shadows; and then how distant and doubtful it is! The most intrepid prophet dare hardly say with assurance whether the gorgeous mountain shapes to which we are drifting be cloud or solid earth. And while the future happiness is doubtful, the present misery is certain. Nothing that humanity can enjoy in the future will make up for what it has suffered in the past: for those who will enjoy are not the same as those who have suffered: one set of persons is injured, another set will receive compensation.

Now I do not wish to be guilty of any exaggeration. It may freely be conceded that many persons exist to whom the knowledge that there are wrongs to be remedied is a stimulus to remedying them, and is nothing more; who can abstract their minds from everything but the work in hand, and remain, like an experienced doctor, wholly undisturbed by the sufferings of those whom they are endeavouring to relieve. But I am not sure that this class is common, or is getting commoner. The sensitiveness to social evils is increasing, and it is good that it should increase. But the good is not unmixed. In proportion as the general sympathy gets wider, as the social imagination gets more comprehensive and more responsive, so will the number of those increase who according to their temper either rush frantically to the first quack remedy that presents itself, or, too clear-sighted to be sanguine, but not callous enough to be indifferent, yield themselves bonds-

men to a sceptical despair. For the first of these classes I know not that anything can be done. There is no cure for stupidity. But for the second, the faith that what we see is but part, and a small part, of a general scheme which will complete the destiny, not merely of humanity, but (which is a very different thing) of every man, woman, and child born into the world, has supplied, and may again supply, consolation and encouragement, energy, and hope.

235. Conceive for one moment what an infinitely better and happier world it would be if every action in it were directed by a reasonable desire for the agent's happiness! Excess of all kinds, drunkenness and its attendant ills would vanish; disease would be enormously mitigated; nine-tenths of the petty vexations which embitter domestic life would be smoothed away; the competition for wealth would be lessened, for wealth would be rated at no more than the quantity of pleasure which it is capable of purchasing for its possessor; the sympathetic emotions would be sedulously cultivated as among those least subject to weariness and satiety; while self-sacrifice itself would be practised as the last refinement of a judicious luxury.

Now, love of self thus understood we should be right in ranking infinitely lower among springs of action than the love of God or the love of man. But we should assuredly be utterly wrong in confounding it with self-indulgence, of which it is usually the precise opposite, or in describing it as in any respect base and degraded. The world suffers not because it has too much of it, but because it has too little; not because it displaces higher motives, but because it is itself habitually displaced by lower ones. But though this be so, yet it must sometimes happen, however rarely, that rational love of self conflicts with the disinterested love of man, if results in this world alone be taken into account. It is only if we are permitted to assume another phase of existence in direct moral relation with this one, that the contradiction between these guiding principles of conduct can be solved certainly and universally in a higher harmony.

236. I have sketched for you what the world might be if it were governed solely by reasonable self-love; and a comparison between this picture and the reality should satisfy any one how feeble a motive self-love is compared with the work which it has to perform. In this lies the explanation of a fact which, strangely enough, has been used as an argument to show the worthlessness of Christianity as an instrument for moralising the world. How comes it, say these objectors, that in the ages when (as they read

history) the sufferings and joys of eternity were present with special vividness to the mind of Christendom, more effect was not produced upon the lives of men; that licentiousness and devotion so often went hand in hand; that the terrors of Hell and the hopes of Heaven were powerless to stay the hand of violence and oppression? The answer is, that then, as now, the conviction that happiness lies along one road and misery along another is seldom adequate to determine the path of the traveller. He will choose the wrong way, knowing it to be the wrong way, and well assured in his moments of reflection that he is doing not merely what he knows to be wicked, but what he knows to be inexpedient. Surely, however, this is not only conformable to the facts of human nature, but to the doctrines of Christianity. If the practice of the noblest conduct is a fruit that can spring from the enlightened desire for happiness, then have theologians in all ages been notably mistaken. But it is not so. However closely in theory the actions prescribed by self-love may agree with those prescribed by benevolence, no man has ever succeeded in performing them from the former motive alone. No conviction, for instance, that unselfishness "pays" has ever made any man habitually and successfully unselfish. To promote the happiness of others solely as a means to our own, may be, and is, a perfectly logical and reasonable policy, but it is not a policy which human beings are capable of pursuing: and, as experience shows that the love of self must be barren unless merged in the love of others, so does the Church teach that rarely can this love of others be found in its highest perfection unless associated with the love of God. These three great principles—great, but not coequal, distinct in themselves, harmonious in the actions they prescribe, gaining strength from a combination often so intimate as to defy analysis, are yet, even in combination, insufficient to control the inordinate ambitions, desires, and passions over which they are *de jure,* but seldom *de facto,* the unquestioned rulers.

237. The question, Is life worth living? when it is not a mere exclamation of weariness and satiety, means or should mean, Is there any object worth striving for, not merely as a matter of duty, but for its intrinsic greatness? Can we look at the labours of man from any point of view which shall satisfy, not the conscience merely, but also the imagination? For if not, if the best we can say of life is that, though somewhat lacking in meaning, yet where circumstances are propitious, it is not otherwise than agreeable, then assuredly in our moments of reflection it would *not* seem worth living; and the more we contemplate it as a

whole, the more we raise ourselves above the distractions of the passing moment, the less worth living will it seem.

238. Consider for a moment the complexity of human affairs: our ignorance of the laws which govern the growth of societies; the utter inadequacy of any power of calculation that we possess to apply with confidence our knowledge of those laws (such as it is) to the guidance of the contending forces by which the social organisation is moved. The man who would sacrifice the good of the next generation for the greater good of the generation next but one is a fool. He neglects an age of which he may know a little for the sake of an age respecting which he can know nothing. He might, if he pleased, stumble along in the twilight; he prefers to adventure himself in the blackness of utter night. Yet what is a generation in the history of man? Nothing. And we, who cannot be sure whether our efforts will benefit or injure our grandchildren, are quietly to assume that we are in the way to contribute to the fortunes of the remotest representatives of the human race.

239. If we, then, regard the Universe in which we have to live as a mere web of connected phenomena, created for no object, informed by no purpose, stamped with no marks of design other than those which can be imitated by Natural Selection, I see no ground for the faith that all honest effort will work together for the production of a regenerate man and a perfected society. Such a conclusion cannot be drawn from the notion of God, for by hypothesis there is no God. It cannot be drawn from any general survey of the plan on which the world is framed, or of the end for which it is constructed: for the world is framed on no plan, nor is it constructed to carry out any end. It cannot be drawn from a consideration of the histories of individual species or nations, for the inference to be drawn from these is that Nature has set bounds beyond which no alteration brings with it any sensible improvement. It cannot be deduced from what we know of man, for we have no knowledge of man more certain than that he is powerless consciously to bend towards the attainment of any remote ideal, forces whose interaction he is powerless to calculate or to comprehend. To me, therefore, it seems that the "positive" view of the world must needs end in a chilling scepticism concerning the final worth of human effort, which can hardly fail to freeze and paralyse the warmest enthusiasm and the most zealous energy.

240. Comte was, I think, well advised when, in his later writings, he discouraged research into matters remote from

obvious human interest, on the ground that such research is inimical to the progress of the Positive faith. Not Christianity, but Positivism, shrinks and pales in the light of increasing knowledge. For, while the Positive faith professes to base itself upon science, its emotions centre in humanity, and we are therefore treated to the singular spectacle of a religion in which each great advance in the doctrines which support it dwarfs still further the dignity of the object for which it exists. For, what is man, considered merely as a natural object among other natural objects? Time was when the fortunes of his tribe were enough to exhaust the energies and to bound the imagination of the primitive sage. The gods' peculiar care, the central object of an attendant universe, that for which the sun shone and the dew fell, to which the stars in their courses ministered, it drew its origin in the past from divine ancestors, and might by divine favour be destined to an indefinite existence of success and triumph in the future.

241. One of the objects of the "religion of humanity," and it is an object beyond all praise, is to stimulate the imagination till it lovingly embraces the remotest fortunes of the whole human family. But in proportion as this end is successfully attained, in proportion as we are taught by this or any other religion to neglect the transient and the personal, and to count ourselves as labourers for that which is universal and abiding, so surely must the increasing range which science is giving to our vision over the times and spaces of the material universe, and the decreasing importance of the place which man is seen to occupy in it, strike coldly on our moral imagination, if so be that the material universe is all we have to do with. It is no answer to say that scientific discovery cannot alter the moral law, and that so long as the moral law is unchanged our conduct need be modified by no opinions as to the future destiny of this planet or its inhabitants. This contention, whether true or not, is irrelevant. All developed religions, and all philosophies which aspire to take the place of religion, Lucretius as well as St. Paul, give us some theory as to the destiny of man and his relation to the sum of things. My contention is that every such religion and every such philosophy, so long as it insists on regarding man as merely a phenomenon among phenomena, a natural object among other natural objects, is condemned by science to failure as an effective stimulus to high endeavour. Love, pity, and endurance it may indeed leave with us: and this is well. But it so dwarfs and impoverishes the ideal end of human effort, that though it may encourage us to die with dignity, it hardly permits us to live with hope.

242. A philosophy of belief, I do not mean of religious belief, exclusively or even principally, but of all belief, has yet to be constructed. I do not know that its foundations are yet laid; nor are they likely to be laid by Positivist thinkers, on whose minds it does not for the most part seem yet to have dawned that such a philosophy is in any way required. Until some progress is made in this work I must adhere to an opinion which I have elsewhere defended, that much current controversy about the possibility of miracles, about the evidence for design, about what is commonly, though very absurdly, described as the "conflict between science and religion," can at best be only provisional. But when the time comes at which mankind shall have attained some coherent method of testing the validity of those opinions respecting the natural and the spiritual worlds on which in their best moments they desire to act, then I hazard the guess, since to guesses we are at present confined, that adaptation to the moral wants and aspirations of humanity will not be regarded as wholly alien to the problems over which so many earnest minds are at present disquieting themselves in vain.

243. The "religion of humanity" seems specially fitted to meet the tastes of that comparatively small and prosperous class who are unwilling to leave the dry bones of Agnosticism wholly unclothed with any living tissue of religious emotion, and who are at the same time fortunate enough to be able to persuade themselves that they are contributing, or may contribute, by their individual efforts to the attainment of some great ideal for mankind. But what has it to say to the more obscure multitude who are absorbed, and well-nigh overwhelmed, in the constant struggle with daily needs and narrow cares; who have but little leisure or inclination to consider the precise rôle they are called on to play in the great drama of "humanity," and who might in any case be puzzled to discover its interest or its importance? Can it assure them that there is no human being so insignificant as not to be of infinite worth in the eyes of Him who created the Heavens, or so feeble but that his action may have consequence of infinite moment long after this material system shall have crumbled into nothingness? Does it offer consolation to those who are in grief, hope to those who are bereaved, strength to the weak, forgiveness to the sinful, rest to those who are weary and heavy laden? If not, then, whatever be its merits, it is no rival to Christianity. It cannot penetrate and vivify the inmost life of ordinary humanity. There is in it no nourishment for ordinary human souls, no comfort for ordinary human sorrow, no help for ordinary human weakness. Not less than the crudest irre-

ligion does it leave us men divorced from all communion with God, face to face with the unthinking energies of nature which gave us birth, and into which, if supernatural religion be indeed a dream, we must after a few fruitless struggles be again resolved.

THE PRESS

244. The thing that interests me most in the modern development of the Press is a point which I have seldom seen taken, but which is nevertheless of profound significance, so far as my judgment goes, in estimating the importance of the Press as a great social organism. We habitually assume what is, no doubt, the fact that a newspaper must necessarily be both a means of communicating news, and a means of promoting particular kinds of opinion. There is really no necessary connection between the two. It is a fact, no doubt, that every newspaper which communicates news also has its leading articles, in which it propagates certain opinions, gives effect to certain criticisms, and does its best to promote the growth of a certain class of public sentiment: but there is no necessary connection between those two functions, though both are undertaken by the Newspaper Press; and it has always struck me as most singular, looked at from a purely abstract and philosophic point of view, that, as a matter of fact, the functions of a newspaper as a means of communicating news give it a power of supporting particular opinions wholly different, wholly alien, as it were, to the popularity of those particular opinions or to the number of the public who desire to see those particular opinions expressed. I do not, of course, at all mean that in the long run it is not necessary for every newspaper, by its leading articles, by the general opinions which it expresses and enforces, to gain the favour of the particular class to whom it appeals; but everybody knows that a newspaper may gain such a position as an organ for disseminating news that on the basis of its purely commercial success it may advocate and promote for a period almost any opinions which it chooses. In a different sphere we call that an endowment. It is practically an endowment of a particular political or religious or social party, and the peculiarity of it is that those who are called upon to endow it have no notion of what they are doing, and very often strongly object to what is being done. I am addressing a Society which represents all newspapers, but which probably more represents the great Provincial Press of this country than it does the London Press. At all events, in its historic origin it did so, and it does so still. I remember a long time ago—it is within my memory—that a great provincial newspaper advocated, in its capacity as a guide to public opinion, sentiments which were not at all congenial to the great mass of the persons who advertised in its columns, and it occurred to them to try, by advertising in some other newspapers, with less circulation, to bring this particular newspaper to its knees, as it were. They totally failed in their attempt. It was discovered that this species of "boycotting"—to use a modern phrase—really would not stand against the individual interest of the advertiser, and the result was that a great community, by the mere fact that a newspaper got hold of a certain public and a certain circulation, were compelled, against their will, to subsidise opinions from which they profoundly dissented. I believe that a not very dissimilar case has happened recently in connection with a very interesting and important social problem—I mean the problem of publishing betting and

gambling. There have been newspapers which have written very strongly upon that subject in their capacity as guides to public opinion, while in their capacity of purveyors of news they very properly, in my opinion, gave the odds on all the races. And what was the result? The result was that people who wanted to know the odds bought the paper, and by so doing subsidised or endowed the propaganda of the very opinions from which they most profoundly dissented.

Just conceive what some visitant from another planet, ignorant of the history of the Press, ignorant, let us say, of the general principles on which we regulate, and properly regulate, our social life, would say to such a state of things. He would say: "What are we to think of a community which deliberately permits an arrangement by which those are taxed to endow certain opinions who dissent from the opinions in almost everything?" I think he would justly say that a more remarkable contrivance never had been devised by any intelligent being. Of course, we all know that this is a question which has grown up by a natural process; and by a process so natural that no human being would think of interfering: but when I hear of the freedom of the Press, so ably eulogised by Sir Evelyn Wood, I do not think that, though by our laws we permit, and rightly permit, wisdom to cry in the market-place where she chooses, that anybody will regard her unless she is properly supplemented by a large advertisement sheet, and by very carefully compiled columns of news agreeable to the public which has to buy the paper.

I have dwelt upon this peculiarity of our modern journalism because the very circumstance that it has grown up naturally conceals how very singular it is. The growth itself has happened by a process so obvious that we are not lost in any surprise or admiration at the strange results ultimately arrived at; and the question that forces itself upon us is: if we have amongst us these great endowed corporations, which practically have it in their power to promote, irrespective of almost all public opinion, what views they choose to take on public policy, do we not run some danger that powers so great may be abused? I think that if this question had been put *a priori*, and without experience to my imaginary visitant from Saturn, he would have said there would be such a chance. I do not think, however, that if he had been accustomed to our system in its actual working, he would have thought that would be the case. Great as is the power of newspapers, I do not think anybody could say that it is to an important extent abused. They practically, being themselves the critics, are almost above criticism; and yet, though probably every public man feels that occasionally he receives an undeserved castigation from some important members of that great body, I do not think that any person would maintain that, as a whole, the immense and irresponsible powers of the English Press are abused for any base purpose whatever. [1895.]

245. Above all, let nobody suppose that I do not recognise to the full the function of the Imperial Press in promoting that mutual comprehension which is the basis of mutual esteem between different parts of the Empire.

There is always a difficulty in different sections of one great community fully understanding, fully sympathising with, and being always fair to other and different parts. I have heard it said that many gentlemen who come from Canada, or Australia, or New Zealand, or the Cape, are sometimes pained by the ignorance shown by dwellers in this part of the Empire with regard to even the largest of their domestic interests. They need not be pained that ignorance is to be found within these small

islands, and you will find illustrations of it as regards centres of population no further distant than would occupy you in reaching them two or three or a half dozen hours in a railway carriage. Let us remember that busy men, moving in the narrow circle of their own personal affairs, do not always find it easy sympathetically to grasp or thoroughly to understand the affairs of even their closest friends and neighbours in other parts of the same great community. That ignorance is perhaps greater at this moment in these islands of the Colonies than it is in the Colonies of these islands; but that is not going to be permanently the case. Every year the number of our countrymen who are born in other portions of the Empire is relatively increasing, and the time will certainly come when, unless trouble be taken to break down these artificial barriers, it will be as difficult for a Canadian or an Australian to understand and imaginatively to grasp the constitution and even the external appearance of these islands, the cradle of their race and the origin of their constitution, as it is for some of us to understand the condition of settlers in a new country with all the vast future which a new country opens out to its inhabitants.

If that be the present difficulty, and if it be a difficulty which time is likely to augment rather than to diminish, to what instruments can we look to check what every one must admit would be, if left unchecked, a great evil and a great danger to the Empire? We are all of us parochial by instinct. It is natural to concentrate your mind upon the immediate controversy in which you yourselves and your own interests are obviously mainly concerned. But unless we can inculcate successfully among the great bulk of our population, wherever it may be found, that imaginative, sympathetic insight based upon knowledge, which is the only solid bond of unity—unless we can do that, we shall certainly deprive ourselves of one of the greatest of all bonds that can unite scattered peoples into one organic whole. And it is to carry out the end that I thus indicate that I look above all things to the labours of the Press. They can do it as no other force can do it. [1909.]

PROGRESS

[See also "THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."]

246. There is no more interesting characteristic of ordinary social and political speculation than the settled belief that there exists a natural law or tendency governing human affairs by which, on the whole, and in the long run, the general progress of our race is ensured. I do not know that any very precise view is entertained as to the nature of this law or tendency, its mode of operation, or its probable limits; but it is understood to be established, or at least indicated, by the general course of history, and to be in harmony with modern developments of the doctrine of Evolution.

We have got into the habit of thinking that the efforts at progress made by each generation may not only bear fruit for succeeding ones, in the growth of knowledge, the bettering of habits and institutions, and the increase of wealth, but that there may also be a process, so to speak, of *physiological accumulation*, by which the dexterities painfully learned by the fathers shall descend as inherited aptitudes to the sons, and not merely the manufactured man—man as he makes himself and is made by his surroundings—but the natural man also, may thus go through a course of steady and continuous improvement. It now seems, I think, probable, that not in this more than in other cases is biology necessarily optimist. For as it has long been known that the causes by which species have been modified are not inconsistent with an immobility of type lasting through geological epochs; as it is also known that these causes may lead to what we call deterioration as well as to what we call improvement; as it is impossible to believe that selection and elimination can play any very important part in the further development of civilised man; so now the gravest doubts have been raised as to whether there are any other physiological causes in operation by which that development is likely to be secured. If this be so, we must regard the raw material, as I have called it, of civilisation as being now, in all probability, at its best, and henceforth for the amelioration of mankind we must look to the perfection of manufacture.

247. In our social and political speculations we are surely apt to think too much of ethnology, and too little of history. Sometimes from a kind of idleness, sometimes from a kind of pride, sometimes because the "principles of heredity" is now always on our lips, we frequently attribute to differences of blood effects which are really due to differences of surroundings. We note, and note correctly, the varying shades of national character; and proceed to put them down, often most incorrectly, to variations in national descent. The population of one district is Teutonic, and therefore it does this; the population of the other district is Celtic, and therefore it does that. A Jewish strain explains one peculiarity; a Greek strain explains another; and so on. Conjectures like these appear to be of the most dubious value. We know by experience that a nation may suddenly blaze out into a splendour of productive genius, of which its previous history gave but faint promise, and of which its subsequent history shows but little trace; some great crisis in its fate may stamp upon a race marks which neither lapse of time nor change of circumstance seem able wholly to efface; and empires may rise from barbarism to civilisation and sink again from civilisation into barbarism, within periods so brief that we may take it as certain, whatever be our opinion as to the transmission of acquired faculties, that no hereditary influence has had time to operate. Now, if the differences between the same nation at different times are thus obviously not due to differences in inherited qualities, is it not somewhat rash to drag in hypothetical differences in inherited qualities to account for the often slighter peculiarities of temperament by which communities of different descent may be distinguished? Are we not often attributing to heredity what is properly due to education, and crediting Nature with what really is the work of Man?

So far, then, we have arrived at the double conclusion that, while there is, to say the least, no sufficient ground for expecting that our descendants will be provided by Nature with better "organisms" than our own, it is nevertheless not impossible to suppose that they may be able to provide themselves with a much more commodious "environment." And this is not on the face of it wholly unsatisfactory; for if, on the one hand, it seems to forbid us to indulge in visions of a millennium in which there shall not only be a new heaven and a new earth, but also a new variety of the human race to enjoy them; on the other hand it permits us to hope that the efforts of successive generations may so improve the surroundings into which men are born that the community of the far future may be as much superior to us as we are to our barbarian ancestors.

248. Unquestionably mankind will be able to cultivate the field of scientific discovery to all time without exhausting it. But is it so certain that they will be able indefinitely to extend it? Industrial invention need never cease. But will our general theory of the material Universe again undergo any revolution comparable to that which it has undergone in the last four hundred years? It is at least uncertain. We seem indeed even at this moment to stand on the verge of some great co-ordination of the energies of nature, and to be perhaps within a measurable distance of comprehending the cause of gravitation and the character of that ethereal medium which is the vehicle of Light, Magnetism, and Electricity. Yet though this be true, it is also true that in whatever direction we drive our explorations we come upon limits we cannot, as it seems to me, hope to overpass.

249. No man will ever see what goes on in a gas, or know by direct vision how ether behaves. But we can all of us think of a collision or a vibration, and a few of us can deal with them by calculation. But observe how rapidly the difficulty of comprehension increases as soon as sensible analogies begin to fail, as they do in the case of many electric and magnetic phenomena; and how quickly the difficulty becomes an impossibility when, as in the case of the most important organic processes, the operations to be observed are too minute ever to be seen and too complex ever to be calculated. It is no imperfection in our instruments which here foils us. It is an incurable imperfection in ourselves. Our senses are very few and very imperfect. They were not, unfortunately, evolved for purposes of research. And though we may well stand amazed at the immense scientific structure which Mankind have been able to raise on the meagre foundations afforded by their feeble sense-perceptions, we can hardly hope to see it added to without limit. Nor is the time necessarily as far distant as we sometimes think, when we may be reduced either to elaborating the details of that which in outline is known already, or to framing dim conjectures about that which cannot scientifically be known at all.

250. How different has been the political history, and yet how similar is the social condition, of Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Though these five nations do not for the most part speak the same language nor profess the same religion, nor claim the same ancestry; though the events by which they have been moulded, and the institutions by which they have been governed, are apparently widely dissimilar; yet their culture is at this moment practically identical, their ideas form a common

stock; the social questions they have to face are the same, and such differences as exist in the material condition and well-being of their populations are unquestionably due more to the economic differences in their position, climate, and natural advantages, than to the decisions at which they may have from time to time arrived on the various political controversies by which their peoples have been so bitterly divided. We cannot, of course, conclude from this that political action or inaction has no effect upon the broad stream of human progress; still less that it may not largely determine for good or for evil the course of its smaller eddies and subsidiary currents. All that we are warranted in saying is that, as a matter of fact, the differences in the political history of these five communities, however interesting to the historian, nay, however important at the moment to the happiness of the populations concerned, are, if estimated by the scale we are at this moment applying to human affairs, almost negligible; and that it must be in connection with the points wherein their political systems agree that the importance of those systems is principally to be found.

251. The great political movements with which the historian chiefly concerns himself, must be regarded as symptoms, rather than as causes, of the vital changes which have taken place.

252. Legal equality has no necessary connection with political equivalence, and the most cursory observations, not of constitutional forms, but of the realities of life, show that organisation is the inevitable accompaniment of electoral institutions, and that organisation, from the very nature of the case, is absolutely incompatible with uniformity.

253. But though it may well seem doubtful whether a complete science of politics (and *a fortiori* of sociology) will ever exist, it is quite certain that if it ever does exist it must be confined to a small body of experts. Is there the slightest probability that in their hands it could ever produce the practical results which many persons hope for? It may be doubted. An acquaintance with the laws of nature does not always, nor even commonly, carry with it the means of controlling them. Knowledge is seldom power. And a sociologist so coldly independent of the social forces among which he lived as thoroughly to understand them, would, in all probability, be as impotent to guide the evolution of a community as an astronomer to modify the orbit of a comet.

254. Movement, whether of progress or of retrogression, can commonly be brought about only when the sentiments opposing

it have been designedly weakened or have suffered a natural decay. In this destructive process, and in any constructive process by which it may be followed, reasoning, often very bad reasoning, bears, at least in Western communities, a large share as cause, a still larger share as symptom; so that the clatter of contending argumentation is often the most striking accompaniment of interesting social changes. Its position, therefore, and its functions in the social organism, are frequently misunderstood. People fall instinctively into the habit of supposing that, as it plays a conspicuous part in the improvement or deterioration of human institutions, it therefore supplies the very basis on which they may be made to rest, the very mould to which they ought to conform; and they naturally conclude that we have only got to reason more and to reason better in order speedily to perfect the whole machinery by which human felicity is to be secured.

Surely this is a great delusion. A community founded upon argument would soon be a community no longer. It would dissolve into its constituent elements. Think of the thousand ties most subtly woven out of common sentiments, common tastes, common beliefs, nay, common prejudices, by which from our very earliest childhood we are all bound unconsciously but indissolubly together into a compacted whole. Imagine these to be suddenly loosed and their places taken by some judicious piece of reasoning on the balance of advantage, which, after making all proper deductions, still remains to the credit of social life. Imagine nicely adjusting our loyalty and our patriotism to the standard of a calculated utility. Imagine us severally suspending our adhesion to the Ten Commandments until we have leisure and opportunity to decide between the rival and inconsistent philosophies which contend for the honour of establishing them! These things we may indeed imagine if we please. Fortunately, we shall never see them. Society is founded—and from the nature of the human beings which constitute it, must, in the main, be always founded —not upon criticism but upon feelings and beliefs, and upon the customs and codes by which feelings and beliefs are, as it were, fixed and rendered stable. And even where these harmonise so far as we can judge with sound reason, they are in many cases not consciously based on reasoning; nor is their fate necessarily bound up with that of the extremely indifferent arguments by which, from time to time, philosophers, politicians, and I will add divines, have thought fit to support them.

This view may, perhaps, be readily accepted in reference, for instance, to Oriental civilisation; but to some it may seem paradoxical when applied to the free constitutions of the West. Yet, after all, it supplies the only possible justification, I will not say

for democratic government only, but for any government whatever based on public opinion. If the business of such a government was to deal with the essential framework of society as an engineer deals with the wood and iron out of which he constructs a bridge, it would be as idiotic to govern by household suffrage as to design the Forth Bridge by household suffrage. Indeed, it would be much more idiotic, because, as we have seen, sociology is far more difficult than engineering. But, in truth, there is no resemblance between the two cases. We habitually talk as if a self-governing or free community was one which managed its own affairs. In strictness, no community manages its own affairs, or by any possibility could manage them. It manages but a narrow fringe of its affairs, and that in the main by deputy. It is only the thinnest surface layer of law and custom, belief and sentiment, which can either be successfully subjected to destructive treatment, or become the nucleus of any new growth—a fact which explains the apparent paradox that so many of our most famous advances in political wisdom are nothing more than the formal recognition of our political impotence.

255. It is quite possible to conceive an absolute government with a taste for social experiments. It is quite possible, though not so easy, to conceive a popular government in which the strength of custom and tradition shall have been seriously weakened by criticism or other causes, and where the sentiments which usually support what *is*, begin, by a kind of inverted conservatism, to nourish and give strength to some ideal of what *ought to be*. Communities so situated are in a condition of unstable equilibrium. They are in danger of far-reaching changes. It is not asserted that the result of such changes must be unsuccessful, only that it is beyond our powers of calculation. The new condition of things would be a political parallel to what breeders and biologists call in natural history a "sport." Such "sports" do not often survive; still less often do they flourish and multiply. It can only be by a rare and happy accident that either in the social or the physical world they constitute a stable and permanent variety.

256. Persecution is only an attempt to do that overtly and with violence which the community is, in self-defence, perpetually doing unconsciously and in silence. In many societies variation of belief is practically impossible. In other societies it is permitted only along certain definite lines. In no society that has ever existed, or could be conceived as existing, are opinions equally free (in the *scientific* sense of the term, not the *legal*) to develop

themselves indifferently in all directions. The constant pressure of custom; the effects of imitation, of education, and of habit; the incalculable influence of man on man, produce a working uniformity of conviction more effectually than the gallows and the stake, though without the cruelty and with far more than the wisdom that have usually been vouchsafed to official persecutors. Though the production of such a community of ideas as is necessary to make possible community of life, the encouragement of useful novelties, the destruction of dangerous eccentricities, are thus among the undertakings which, according to modern notions, the State dare scarcely touch, or touches not at all, this is not because these things are unimportant, but because, though among the most important of our affairs, we no longer think we can manage them.

It would seem, then, that in all States, and not least in those which are loosely described as self-governing, the governmental action which can ever be truly described as the conscious application of appropriate means to the attainment of fully-comprehended ends, must, in comparison with the totality of causes affecting the development of the community, be extremely insignificant in amount.

257. As our expectations of limitless progress for the race cannot depend upon the blind operation of the laws of heredity, so neither can they depend upon the deliberate action of national governments. Such examination as we can make of the changes which have taken place during the relatively minute fraction of history with respect to which we have fairly full information, shows that they have been caused by a multitude of variations, often extremely small, made in their surroundings by individuals whose objects, though not necessarily selfish, have often had no intentional reference to the advancement of the community at large. But we have no scientific ground for suspecting that the stimulus to these individual efforts must necessarily continue; we know of no law by which, if they do continue, they must needs be co-ordinated for a common purpose or pressed into the service of the common good. We cannot estimate their remoter consequences; neither can we tell how they will act and re-act upon one another, nor how they will in the long run affect morality, religion, and other fundamental elements of human society. The future of the race is thus encompassed with darkness: no faculty of calculation that we possess, no instrument that we are likely to invent, will enable us to map out its course, or penetrate the secret of its destiny. It is easy, no doubt, to find in the clouds which obscure our path what shapes we please: to see in them the

promise of some millennial paradise, or the threat of endless and unmeaning travel through waste and perilous places. But in such visions the wise man will put but little confidence: content, in a sober and cautious spirit, with a full consciousness of his feeble powers of foresight, and the narrow limits of his activity, to deal as they arise with the problems of his own generation.

258. It is true that, as I think, there is nothing in what we know of the earthly prospects of humanity fitted fully to satisfy human aspirations. It is true that, as I think, much optimistic speculation about the future is quite unworthy the consideration of serious men. It is true that, as I think, the light-hearted manner in which many persons sketch out their ideas of a reconstructed society exhibits an almost comic ignorance of our limited powers of political calculation.

But I do not believe that these opinions are likely, either in reason or in fact, to weaken the springs of human effort. The best efforts of mankind have never been founded upon the belief in an assured progress towards a terrestrial millennium: if for no other reason because the belief itself is quite modern. Patriotism and public zeal have not in the past, and do not now, require any such aliment. True we do not know, as our fathers before us have not known, the hidden laws by which in any State the private virtues of its citizens, their love of knowledge, the energy and disinterestedness of their civic life, their reverence for the past, their caution, their capacity for safely working free institutions, may be maintained and fostered. But we *do* know that no State where these qualities have flourished has ever perished from internal decay; and we also know that it is within our power, each of us in his own sphere, to practise them ourselves, and to encourage them in others. As men of action, we want no more than this. Of this no speculation can deprive us. And I doubt whether any of us will be less fitted to face with a wise and cheerful courage the problems of our age and country, if reflection should induce us to rate somewhat lower than is at present fashionable, either the splendours of our future destiny, or the facility with which these splendours may be attained.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

[*The extracts under this heading are taken from the Presidential Address to the Society for Psychical Research,* 1894.]

259. We have lost another distinguished member of our body—not in this case one who was associated very closely with our work, but one, nevertheless, who by the lustre of his name added dignity to our proceedings, and who might, had his life been spared, have largely helped us, I believe, in experimental investigations—I allude to Professor Hertz, a corresponding member of our body. As those of you will know who have had the opportunity of following recent developments of physical science, he was the fortunate individual who demonstrated experimentally the identity of light and of certain electro-magnetic phenomena. This identity had been divined, and elaborated on the side of theory, by one of the greatest of English, I ought perhaps to say of Scotch, men of science, Clerk Maxwell, but it had never been conclusively proved until Professor Hertz, about five years ago, startled Europe by the experimental identification of these physical forces. The extraordinary interest and the far-reaching importance of a discovery like this will not perhaps be appreciated by every one of my audience, but all of those who take an interest in such subjects will see that by this stroke of experimental genius a very large stride has been made towards establishing the unity of the great physical powers of nature.

The mention of a great physical discovery like this, made by one of our own body, naturally suggests reflections as to our actual scientific position. What, we feel tempted to ask, is at the present time the relation of such results as we have arrived at to the general view which hitherto science has taken of that material universe in which we live? I must confess that, when I call to mind the history of these relations in the past, the record is not one on which we can dwell with any great satisfaction. Consider, for example, the attitude maintained by the great body of scientific opinion, whether medical or physical, towards the phenomena which used to be known as mesmeric, but which have now been re-baptised, with Braid's term, as hypnotic.

260. There were, I believe, no less than two or three Commissions of inquiry—three, I think,—instituted in France alone, one in Mesmer's lifetime, and the other two, unless my memory deceives me, after his death. The amount of evidence collected, at all events by one of those Commissions, composed of some of the most eminent scientific men in France, should have been enough to call the attention of all Europe to the new problems thus raised. The report which embodied this evidence was, nevertheless, allowed to lie unnoticed upon the shelf; and it has only been by a gradual process of re-discovery, a constant and up-hill fight on the part of the less prejudiced members of the community, that the truths of hypnotism, as far as they are yet attained, have reached something like general recognition; even now, perhaps, their full importance—whether

from a therapeutic or a psychological point of view—has not been sufficiently acknowledged.

What I have just very briefly and rudely sketched out to you is the history of an investigation into one small section of these alleged phenomena which fall outside the ordinary field of scientific investigation. If we took it by itself we should say that scientific men have shown in connection with it a bigoted intolerance, an indifference to strictly scientific evidence, which is, on the face of it, discreditable. I, however, do not feel inclined to pass any verdict of so harsh a character upon the action of the great body of scientific men. I believe that, although the course they pursued was not one which it is very easy rationally to justify, nevertheless there was a great deal more of practical wisdom in it than might appear at first sight. I have always been impressed by the lesson taught us by the general course of history, that you cannot expect, either of any single nation or of any single age, that it will do more than the special work which happens, so to speak, to be set before it at the moment. You cannot expect men, being what they are, to labour effectively in more than one relatively restricted field at the same time; and if they insist on diffusing their energies over too wide a surface, the necessary result, as I believe, will be that their labours will prove unfruitful. Now just consider what it is that men of science have done in the century which has elapsed since the first French Commission investigated Mesmer's discoveries. I do not believe it would be going too far to say that the whole body of the sciences, with the exception of mechanics, especially mechanics as applied to celestial motions—that the whole body of the sciences outside that limited sphere has been reconstructed from top to bottom. Our leading ideas in chemistry, our leading ideas in physics, the theory of light, the theory of sound, the whole of geology, the great generalisation known as the conservation of energy, and all the speculations and extensions which have succeeded that great generalisation, the whole theory of natural selection and of biological evolution, are all the birth of the hundred years which have elapsed since first Mesmer made hypnotic phenomena notorious through Europe. I think if scientific men, looking back upon the past, choose to set up for themselves this defence, that after all only one thing can be done at a time, that they were occupied in coördinating within certain lines the experimental data then available, and that, in harmony with a given conception of the material world, they were laying deep the foundations of that vast and imposing fabric of modern science, I for one should accept the plea as a bar to further proceedings. For the men who did that work could not have done it, I believe, unless they had rigidly confined themselves to one particular conception of the world with which they had to deal. If they had insisted on including in their survey not merely the well-travelled regions of everyday experience, but the dark and doubtful territories within which our labours lie, their work would have been worse, not better; less, not more complete. They may have been narrow; but their narrowness has been our gain. They may have been prejudiced; but their prejudices have been fruitful, and we have reaped the harvest. I have often thought that when, on looking back over the history of human speculation, we find some individual who has anticipated the discoveries of a later age, but has neither himself been able to develop those discoveries nor yet to interest his contemporaries in them, we are very apt to bestow on him an undue meed of honour. "Here," we say, "was a man before his time. Here was a man of whom his age was not worthy." Yet such men do very little indeed for the progress of the world of which at first sight they would appear to be among the most distinguished citizens. There is no use in being before your age after

such a fashion as this. If neither you nor those to whom you speak can make use of the message that you thus prematurely deliver so far as the development of the world is concerned, you might as well have not lived at all. When, therefore, we are asked to put our hands in our pockets and subscribe towards the erection of memorials to half-forgotten worthies like these, by all means let us do it. It is natural and even praiseworthy. But do not let us suppose that those whom we thus honour really stand out among the benefactors of our species. They are interesting; but hardly useful.

This, however, is merely a parenthetical reflection, to which I do not ask your agreement, and which, after all, has nothing to do with the general drift of the argument that I desire to lay before you. The question I now wish you to consider is: Granting to men of science that they had, if not a theoretical and speculative excuse, still a practical justification, for the course they have adopted in regard to these obscure psychical phenomena during the last hundred years, is that justification still valid? For myself, I think it is not. I think the time has now come when it is desirable in their own interests, and in our interests, that the leaders of scientific thought in this country and elsewhere should recognise that there are well-attested facts which, though they do not easily fit into the framework of the sciences, or of organised experience as they conceive it, yet require investigation and explanation, and which it is the bounden duty of science, if not itself to investigate, at all events to assist us in investigating.

I am, of course, aware that there are necessarily connected with our work difficulties and obstructions in the way of experiment with which scientific men are not familiar, and which not unnaturally rouse in their minds both dislike and suspicion. To begin with, there is the difficulty of fraud. The ordinary scientific man no doubt finds the path of experimental investigation strewn with difficulties, but at least he does not usually find among them the difficulty presented by human fraud. He knows that, if he is misled in any particular, it is the fault of the observer, and not the fault of the observed. He knows that, if his cross-examination of nature fails to elicit anything, it is because he has not known how to cross-examine, not because nature when put in the witness-box tells untruths. But unfortunately in matters with which we have to deal this is not the case. We have come across, and it is inevitable that we should come across, cases where either deliberate fraud or unconscious deception makes observation doubly and trebly difficult, and throws obstacles in the way of the investigator which his happier brother in the region of material and physical science has not to contend with.

And there is yet another difficulty in our work from which those who cultivate physical science are happily free. They have, as the ultimate sources of their knowledge, the "five senses" with which we are all endowed, and which are the only generally recognised inlets through which the truth of external nature can penetrate into consciousness. But we of this Society have perforce to deal with cases in which not merely the normal five or six senses, but some abnormal and half-completed sense, so to speak, comes into play; in which we have to work, not with the organisations of an ordinary and normal type, but with certain exceptional organisations who can neither explain, account for, nor control the abnormal powers they appear to possess.

This is not only a special difficulty with which we have to contend; it is the basis of a serious objection, in the eyes of many scientific men, to the admission of the subject-matter of our researches into the sphere of legitimate investigation. These critics seem to think that because we

cannot repeat and verify our experiments as we will and when we will—because we cannot, as it were, put our phenomena in a retort and boil them over a spirit lamp and always get the same results—that therefore the phenomena themselves are not worth examining. But this is, I venture to say, a very unphilosophic view of the question. Is there, after all, any inherent *a priori* improbability in there being these half-formed and imperfectly developed senses, or inlets of external information, occasionally and sporadically developed in certain members of the human race? Surely not. I should myself be disposed to say that if the theory of development be really sound, phenomena like these, however strange, are exactly what we should have expected. For what says the theory of natural selection? Why this, among other things: that there has gradually been elaborated by the slaughter of the unfit and the survival of the fit, an organism possessed of senses adapted to further its success in the struggle for existence. To suppose that the senses elaborated in obedience to this law should be in correspondence with the whole of external nature, appears to me to be not only improbable, but, on any rational doctrine of probability, absolutely impossible. There must be countless forms of being, countless real existences which, had the line of an evolution gone in a different direction, or had the necessities of our primitive ancestors been of a different kind, would have made themselves known to us through senses the very character of which we are at present unable to imagine. And, if this be so, is it not in itself likely that here and there we should come across rudimentary beginnings of such senses; beginnings never developed and probably never to be developed by the operation of selection; mere by-products of the great evolutionary machine, never destined to be turned to any useful account? And it may be—I am only hazarding an unverifiable guess—it may be, I say, that in these cases of the individuals thus abnormally endowed we really have come across faculties which, had it been worth Nature's while, had they been of any value or purpose in the struggle for existence, might have been normally developed, and thus become the common possession of the whole human race. Had this occurred, we should have been enabled to experiment upon phenomena, which we now regard as occult and mysterious, with the same confidence in the sources of our information that we now enjoy in any of our ordinary inquiries into the laws of the material world. Well, if there be, as I think, no great antecedent improbability against there being these occasional and sporadic modifications of the organism, I do not think that men of science ought to show any distrustful impatience of the apparent irregularity of these abnormal phenomena, which is no doubt one of their most provoking characteristics.

But there is another and a real difficulty, from the point of view of science, attaching to the result of our investigations, which is not disposed of by the theory which I have suggested of imperfectly developed senses. Such senses, if they exist at all, may evidently be of two kinds, or may give us two kinds of experience. They may give us a kind of experience which shall be in perfect harmony with our existing conception of the physical universe, or they may give us one which harmonises with that conception imperfectly or not at all. As an example of the first I might revert to the discovery, previously referred to, of Professor Hertz. He, as I have already told you, has experimentally proved that electro-magnetic phenomena are identical, as physical phenomena, with ordinary light. Light consists, as you all know, of undulations of what is known as the luminiferous ether; well, electro-magnetic waves are also undulations of the same ether, differing from the undulations which we call light only in their length. Now it is easy to conceive that we might have had a sense

which would have enabled us to perceive the long undulations in the same way as we now perceive the short ones. That would be a new sense, but, though new, its deliverances would have fitted in with the existing notions which scientific men have framed of the universe. But unfortunately in our special investigations we seem to come across experiences which are not so amenable. We apparently get hints of the existence of facts, which, if they be well established, as they appear to be, cannot, so far as I can judge, by any amount of squeezing or manipulation be made to fit into the interstices of our accepted view of the physical world; and, if that be so, then we are engaged in a work of prodigious difficulty indeed, but of an importance of which the difficulty is only a measure and an indicator. For we should then be actually on the threshold, so to speak, of a region ordered according to laws of which we have at present no cognisance, and which do not appear to harmonise—I do not say they are in contradiction to, but at least they do not appear to harmonise—with those which govern the regions already within our ken.

Let me dwell on this point a little more, as it is one of central interest to all who are engaged in our special investigations. What I am asserting is that the facts which we come across are very *odd* facts; and by that I do not mean merely queer and unexpected: I mean "odd" in the sense that they are out of harmony with the accepted theories of the material world. They are not merely dramatically strange, they are not merely extraordinary and striking, but they are "odd" in the sense that they will not easily fit in with the views which physicists and men of science generally give us of the universe in which we live.

In order to illustrate this distinction I will take a very simple instance. I suppose everybody would say that it would be an extraordinary circumstance if at no distant date this earth on which we dwell were to come into collision with some unknown body travelling through space, and, as the result of that collision, be resolved into the original gases of which it is composed. Yet, though it would be an extraordinary, and even an amazing, event, it is, after all, one of which no astronomer, I venture to say, would assert the impossibility. He would say, I suppose, that it was most unlikely, but that if it occurred it would not violate, or even modify, his general theories as to the laws which govern the movements of the celestial bodies. Our globe is a member of the solar system which is travelling I do not know how many miles a second in the direction of the constellation Hercules. There is no *a priori* ground for saying that in the course of that mysterious journey, of the cause of which we are perfectly ignorant, we shall not come across some body in interstellar space which will produce the uncomfortable results which I have ventured to indicate. And, as a matter of fact, in the course of the last two hundred years, astronomers have themselves been witness to stellar tragedies of incomparably greater magnitude than that which would be produced by the destruction of so insignificant a planet as the world in which we happen to be personally interested. We have seen stars which shine from an unknown distance, and are of unknown magnitude, burst into sudden conflagration, blaze brightly for a time, and then slowly die out again. What that phenomenon precisely indicates, of course, we cannot say, but it certainly indicates an accident of a far more startling and tremendous kind than the shattering of our particular world, which to us would, doubtless, seem extraordinary enough.

This, then, is a specimen of what I mean by a dramatically extraordinary event. Now I will give you a case of what I mean by a scientifically extraordinary event, which as you will at once perceive may be one which at first sight, and to many observers, may appear almost common-place

and familiar. I have constantly met people who will tell you, with no apparent consciousness that they are saying anything more out of the way than an observation about the weather, that by the exercise of their will they can make anybody at a little distance turn round and look at them. Now such a fact (if fact it be) is far more scientifically extraordinary than would be the destruction of this globe by some such celestial catastrophe as I have imagined. How profoundly mistaken, then, are they who think that this exercise of will-power, as they call it, is the most natural and most normal thing in the world, something that everybody would have expected, something which hardly deserves scientific notice or requires scientific explanation. In reality it is a profound mystery if it be true, or if anything like it be true; and no event, however startling, which easily finds its appropriate niche in the structure of the physical sciences ought to excite half so much intellectual curiosity as this dull, and at first sight common-place, phenomenon.

Now do not suppose that I want you to believe that every gentleman or lady who chooses to suppose him or her self exceptionally endowed with this so-called will-power is other than the dupe of an ill-regulated fancy. There is, however, quite apart from the testimony of such persons, a vast mass of evidence in favour of what we now call telepathy; and to telepathy the observations I have been making do in my opinion most strictly apply. For, consider! In every case of telepathy you have an example of action at a distance. Examples of real or apparent action at a distance are of course very common. Gravitation is such an example. We are not aware at the present time of any mechanism, if I may use the phrase, which can transmit gravitational influence from one gravitating body to another. Nevertheless, scientific men do not rest content with that view. I recollect it used to be maintained by the late Mr. John Mill that there was no ground for regarding with any special wonder the phenomenon of action at a distance. I do not dogmatise upon the point, but I do say emphatically that I do not think you will find a first-rate physicist who is prepared to admit that gravity is not a phenomenon which still wants an explanation. He is not ready, in other words, to accept action at a distance as an ultimate fact, though he has not even got the first clue to the real nature of the links by which the attracting bodies mutually act upon one another.

But though gravitation and telepathy are alike in this, that we are quite ignorant of the means by which in either case distant bodies influence one another, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the two modes of operation are equally mysterious. In the case of telepathy there is not merely the difficulty of conjecturing the nature of the mechanism which operates between the agent and the patient, between the man who influences and the man who is influenced; but the whole character of the phenomena refuses to fit in with any of our accepted ideas as to the mode in which force may be exercised from one portion of space to another. Is this telepathy action an ordinary case of action from a centre of disturbance? Is it equally diffused in all directions? Is it like the light of a candle or the light of the sun which radiates equally into space in every direction at the same time? If it is, it must obey the law—at least we should expect it to obey the law—of all other forces which so act through a non-absorbing medium, and its effects must diminish inversely as the square of the distance. It must, so to speak, get beaten out thinner and thinner the further it gets removed from its original source. But is this so? Is it even credible that the mere thoughts, or, if you please, the neural changes corresponding to these thoughts, of any individual could have in them the energy to produce sensible effects equally in all directions,

for distances which do not, as far as our investigations go, appear to have any necessary limit? It is, I think, incredible; and in any case there is no evidence whatever that this equal diffusion actually takes place. The will-power, whenever will is used, or the thoughts, in cases where will is not used, have an effect, as a rule, only upon one or two individuals at most. There is no appearance of general diffusion. There is no indication of any disturbance equal at equal distances from its origin, and radiating from it alike in every direction.

But if we are to reject this idea, which is the first which ordinary analogies would suggest, what are we to put in its place? Are we to suppose that there is some means by which telepathic energy can be directed through space from the agent to the patient, from the man who influences to the man who is influenced? If we are to believe this, as apparently we must, we are face to face not only with a fact extraordinary in itself, but with a kind of fact which does not fit in with anything we know at present in the region either of physics or of physiology. It is true, no doubt, that we do know plenty of cases where energy is directed along a given line, like water in a pipe, or like electrical energy along the course of a wire. But then in such cases there is always some material guide existing between the two termini, between the place from which the energy comes and the place to which the energy goes. Is there any such material guide in the case of telepathy? It seems absolutely impossible. There is no sign of it. We cannot even form to ourselves any notion of its character, and yet, if we are to take what appears to be the obvious lesson of the observed facts, we are forced to the conclusion that in some shape or other it exists. For to suppose that the telepathic agent shoots out his influence towards a particular object, as you shoot a bullet out of a gun, or water out of a hose, which appears to be the only other alternative, involves us seemingly in greater difficulties still. Here then we are face to face with what I call a scientifically extraordinary phenomenon, as distinguished from a dramatically extraordinary one.

261. If beyond the mere desire to increase knowledge many are animated by a wish to get evidence, not through any process of laborious deduction, but by direct observation, of the reality of intelligences not endowed with a physical organisation like our own, I see nothing in their action to criticise, much less to condemn. But while there is sufficient evidence, in my judgment, to justify all the labours of our Society in this field of research, it is not the field of research which lies closest to the ordinary subjects of scientific study, and, therefore, this afternoon, when I was led to deal rather with the scientific aspects of our work, I have deliberately kept myself within the range of the somewhat unpicturesque phenomena of telepathy. My object has been a very simple one, as I am desirous above all things of enlisting in our service the best experimental and scientific ability which we can command. I have thought it best to endeavour to arrest the attention, and, if possible, to engage the interest of men of science by pointing to the definite and very simple experiments which, simple as they are, yet hint at conclusions not easily to be accommodated with our habitual theories of things. If we can repeat these experiments sufficiently often and under tests sufficiently crucial to exclude the possibility of error, it will be impossible any longer to ignore them, and, willingly or unwillingly, all interested in science will be driven to help, as far as they can, to unravel the refractory class of problems which this Society is endeavouring to solve. What success such efforts will be crowned with, I know not. I have already indicated to you, at the beginning of my remarks, the special class of difficulties which beset our path.

We have not at our command the appropriate physical senses, we have not the appropriate materials for experiment, we are hampered and embarrassed in every direction by credulity, by fraud, by prejudice. Nevertheless, if I rightly interpret the results which these many years of labour have forced upon the members of this Society and upon others not among our number who are associated by a similar spirit, it does seem to me that there is at least strong ground for supposing that outside the world, as we have, from the point of science, been in the habit of conceiving it, there does lie a region, not open indeed to experimental observation in the same way as the more familiar regions of the material world are open to it, but still with regard to which some experimental information may be laboriously gleaned; and even if we cannot entertain any confident hope of discovering what laws these half-seen phenomena obey, at all events it will be some gain to have shown, not as a matter of speculation or conjecture, but as a matter of ascertained fact, that there are things in heaven and earth not hitherto dreamed of in our scientific philosophy.

PUBLIC-SPEAKING

262. I suppose, if we were concerned to distinguish the orator from the man of letters, we should say that an orator was a man whose public utterances depended, not upon himself alone, but upon the action and reaction between himself and the audience which he was addressing. We should say that he was a man who by himself was little, but in relation to his audience was much—who gave them much and who received much from them. Oratory, as so defined, has many great advantages, but it has some great defects. The orator is too apt to depend upon adventitious aids to the arguments which he is advancing. He is too apt to depend at last upon exaggeration, upon epigram, upon invective, upon personal attack, upon all the arts and devices—I use these words in no depreciatory sense—familiar from all time to those who have taken part in public affairs by debate. From these defects Lord Derby was conspicuously free. He never depended for the effect which he produced either upon a personal attack, or upon turning an opponent into ridicule, or upon exaggerating his own case, or upon unduly belittling the case of his opponent. He had the incomparable, the almost unique art of making good an argument in a speech without any of those adventitious aids, and at the same time of making it interesting to every man who heard him, or who read the speech, and of making it convincing to every man who was prepared to study it with an open mind. Those who have never tried to do this may think it an easy task. If anybody does think it an easy task, let him try to do it, and I will guarantee that he will change his opinion. It does appear to me that in these days, when the orator, as I have defined him, is having a good time, when a speaker of the temper and character of Lord Derby is rare, and even impossible now—it does appear to me that our loss is very difficult to overestimate. We are constantly told that we live in a democratic age; and undoubtedly we do. At all events, we live in an age of—I was going to say government by debate, but that would be perhaps too great a compliment to pay to it—an age of government by rhetoric.

It is an unfortunate fact that a democracy, which perhaps more than any other requires the cold and aloof reasoning of a statesman like Lord Derby, should have such a passion for the less dry light which is so abundantly provided by the modern machinery of electioneering. I have been informed—I am glad to say that I have no personal experience of the matter—that patients suffering from the gout have a peculiar appetite for those particular dishes which most minister to the fostering of their especial disease. So it appears to me to be the case of the British public at the present time. What they want is reasoning; what they love is rhetoric. Therefore, it is that, apart from all personal considerations, and apart from all considerations connected with this society, I think that this is a fitting opportunity to express my own individual regret, and I believe your regret also, at the loss of a great man who had the unique art of making reasoning as attractive to the masses as rhetoric could possibly be. I feel tempted to say that in my judgment the course of events, and the

future we have to look forward to, make that loss even more grievous than it would otherwise be. [1893.]

263. Lord Salvesen did not exaggerate in the least the extraordinary loss of influence and power which attaches to those persons whose business and occupation in life require them to address assemblies of their fellow-men, who have mastered the material that they want to put before them, but apparently are incapable of avoiding such odd habits as dropping their voice at the end of a sentence, thus making what they say practically inaudible, and have never taken even the smallest amount of pains which is required to enable the average voice to reach the average audience. I associate myself entirely with the advice of Lord Salvesen in that respect. I hope you will not misinterpret me in the sense of thinking yourselves advantaged in the attempt to study what I call the arts of elocution, methods of gesture, of raising or lowering the voice to show emotion, the things which are taught by professors of elocution, but which are not, believe me, practised by any successful person. After all, public-speaking is, or ought to be, conversation raised to a higher level; and the one fatal defect, believe me—for I have lived amongst speakers all my life—the only defect which is fatal is that when he speaks to you he should give you an appearance of artificiality. It is that which lies behind the objection to which Lord Salvesen alluded—the objection to speeches learned by heart. Lord Salvesen was perfectly right in saying that a subject properly learned by heart and properly delivered was the best of all speeches. No speech delivered impromptu could have the finish, the polish, the conciseness, the arrangement, which are the result of study, and which nothing but study can give. But the man who writes his speech, and then learns it, and then delivers it, so that every man knows he has written it—that man never will succeed as a speaker. I remember in one of Lord Brougham's letters reading an account which he himself gave of one of his own most successful pieces of oratory. He did not perhaps think he praised it, but the particular praise he gave himself on this occasion was to say part of his speech was impromptu, part was prepared and learned by heart, and the audience could not tell which was which. I do not know whether the praise was deserved, but it was very good praise. That shows that Lord Broughan was, what undoubtedly we all admit he was, a very great Parliamentary speaker; and even when he worked up particular passages of eloquence, of invective, to the highest points of which he was capable, he had the art of so delivering these to his audience that they did not see that they were prepared. But they fitted without a hitch, without a false joint, into the general fabric of a debating discourse. And further I would say, as Lord Salvesen has told you, that there is a necessity for elocution; but remember that while you are learning elocution you are learning it for the purpose of being able to be heard by the audience whom you want to persuade, to interest, or to amuse. Always have the audience, and never yourself, before your mind when you are making your speech. [1907.]

264. No man can really be regarded as master of his art unless he is capable of debating. In an assembly like the House of Commons, and I should suppose in a Law Court, the man who requires to retire and reflect, and write and learn by heart, before he can deal with the case presented by an opponent is a man whose capacity may be enormous, whose power of speech, whose command of eloquence, may be of the very highest order, but who cannot command them when wanted, who will therefore be perhaps surpassed in efficiency by some one of far smaller

gifts than himself, provided those gifts are at command and can be used the moment they are desired. Therefore, I would recommend everybody to carry out the precepts which Lord Salvesen, himself a great master of the art, has so admirably put before you.

The two great qualifications which I would advise any struggling speaker to strive for are, in the first place, the art of getting in touch with his audience, and of forgetting himself in his desire to persuade and interest them; and, in the second place, that readiness of resource and that command of language which, if it does not do justice, or some justice, to a great cause which more carefully prepared efforts can do, is nevertheless always at his command, and can be used at moments and on occasions when perhaps a more skilful orator is not ready, has not brought his guns into position, has not brought up his great columns, is incapable of marshalling his army to the full effect: the commander of smaller but readier and more mobile forces may thus find himself able to defeat battalions bigger than his own. These suggestions are not in any sense antagonistic to those which have been laid before you. The two gifts which I have suggested are, of course, worthless unless the speaker has got something to say, has got something which he has thought before, something which is not the mere casual inspiration of the moment, but which wells out naturally from a mind stored with reflections, and which has gone over in some form or another all the ground which he is travelling in his speech.

But whatever value my observations may have, they are at all events founded on a close observation and acquaintance with speakers of all types of opinion and oratory. I have listened to men who could hardly put two sentences grammatically together, but who held the House of Commons because they persuaded the House of Commons by their personal magnetism and by their manner of speech that they knew what they were talking about. I have heard men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright—masters of their time—Mr. Gladstone above all the master of every skilful resource the orator could have at his disposal, and of whom I can only say I regret his speeches are of a kind that make it impossible for those who read them in any sense to judge of their excellence. Posterity must take it from us who heard with our own ears the extraordinary gifts of pathos, humour, invective, detailed exposition, of holding the audiences and interesting them in the most intricate and dry matters of administrative and financial detail: they must take it from us that these speeches had all these qualities. If you go and take down a volume of his speeches and read them, you will not believe what I tell you; but I am telling you the truth. It is not the speeches which read best which are the greatest speeches. I am not qualified to speak of Demosthenes and Cicero. But, at all events, of the eloquence which has held spellbound the assemblies of which I have been a member, I can truly say posterity cannot possibly judge of their merits by a mere study of the words used. They must see the man, feel the magnetism of his presence, see his gestures, the flash of his eyes. Then, and then only, will they feel what the real essential is between public-speaking on the one hand, and even the most admirable and eloquent writing on the other. I do not say which is best. I personally put the writing far above the speaking. I should tell you the test of a speaker is the audience he addresses. There is no other judge; there is no appeal from that Court. And if you judge of the verdict that Court has given on the orators of our day, I would certainly put Mr. Gladstone far above those to whom it has been my good fortune to listen. [1907.]

PURE SCIENCE

265. Another question which may perhaps be asked by some, is: Is there anything so very important in the work of standardising and measuring which should require these vast sums of public money to be spent upon them, and this great expenditure of the highest scientific, mathematical, and technical skill, such as that which is displayed by the Staff of this Laboratory? In reply, I would say that, after all, measuring is the very life-blood of physical science. It lies at the root of almost all great discoveries and their application to practice. The best things in life, no doubt, are not capable of measurement. Life itself cannot be measured. You can, indeed, estimate the transformation of energy within the living body; but life itself cannot be measured. Beauty cannot be measured. You may, if you please, analyse the air-waves produced by a great symphony into all the most remote overtones, and you may estimate the amount of energy consumed by each wave; but you are not the least nearer to any measurement of what the symphony is, however elaborately that process of dissection be carried out. You cannot measure happiness. If, indeed, the labours of an International Commission could give a standard of happiness, a unit of happiness, politics would be more nearly an exact science than it either is, or is ever likely to become.

But if you leave these higher regions of human emotions and activity, everybody, I think, would be ready to admit that one of the great advantages of human progress is our growing command over nature; that this growing command over nature is the sphere of our activities in which it is most plainly and obviously certain that immense advance has been made in the last hundred and fifty years, an advance which, instead of diminishing in its rate of progress, seems to me to be increasing. You may argue whether we have improved in this respect or that respect. You may debate whether growing social or political influences are, or are not, for the general advantage of society; but the one thing you cannot argue about is whether mankind has benefited by the command which science has given us, which science is teaching to those who are engaged in the technical work of industry. Nobody can dispute that that, at all events, has covered an immense range of progress, and that we are still moving rapidly in the right direction. Now, so far as that is concerned, such measurements as are carried on in an Institution like this are not only desirable, they are almost necessary; and a great manufacturing country like our own, if it allowed itself to neglect this work where theory and practice are so closely married, would inevitably fall behind in that noble competition between different nations on which the growth of industry necessarily depends. [1913.]

266. I have not sufficient acquaintance with the work of the Institution to know how much of the time and labour of the Staff has been devoted to pure research, but, believing as I do—it is, indeed, one of my foremost articles of social faith—that it is to the labours of the man of science working for purely scientific ends, and without any thought of the application of his doctrines to the practical needs of mankind, that

mankind will be most indebted as time goes on, I should desire that as much advance should be made in pure science in these buildings as money and space allow. I know that is right, and I am quite conscious that, perhaps through a certain lack of imagination, the general public do not realise the two quite distinct propositions which I have been advancing. They do not realise, in the first place, that it is to the results of pure science that we have owed in the past, and shall owe more and more in the future, all great advances in industrial knowledge and practice. Still less do they realise that the man of science who is working consciously towards that end is only half a man of science, and is not likely to do his scientific work nearly as well as if he were simply and solely occupied in advancing that branch of knowledge with which he is connected.

I hope these truths—and they really are truths of the greatest importance—will slowly and effectually sink into the public mind as time goes on; and, if that be so, I daresay there are many whom I am addressing who will see the time come when those responsible for the finances of the country will not feel it necessary to say, "What immediate practical results to the taxpayer are you going to get from the sacrifice which you are asking the taxpayer to make?" That is a question which, of course, in one sense must and ought to be asked by those responsible for the hard-strained finances of the country in these days. . . . Yet, if it becomes part of the ordinary creed of the ordinary citizen that the growth of pure science is, if not his greatest interest, at all events the greatest interest of his children and the generations which are to follow, I think we may see as a reflection of that new conviction a different attitude adopted by those who have to settle what expenditure shall be presented to Parliament for its sanction, and the attitude which Parliament itself may take in the face of such suggestions.

These observations look to the future, of course. As regards the present I have not asked—but I should like to ask—those responsible for this Institution whether, as a matter of fact, the elaborate instruments of measurement which have been put up, in the main for practical purposes, in the main for testing material, for fixing standards, for determining all the new subjects and measures which science is daily bringing before manufacturers of the country—whether, in carrying out that great object there is not some reaction upon science itself in a favourable direction; whether, in other words, the elaborate, scientifically-directed machinery which they have put up for practical purposes may not give indirectly, if not directly, some help to those who are pursuing scientific knowledge for its own sake. That may not have happened as yet in the history of this Institution, but it will happen if it has not happened. Nothing can be more certain than that the action of theory upon practice, and the reaction of practice upon theory, have always been, and always will be, fruitful of the most admirable results. [1913.]

READING

[See also "LITERATURE" and "NOVELS."]

267. Books are far more independent of place, of time, and of surrounding circumstances than are the masterpieces of pictorial art. It is no doubt the case that your true bibliophile has a taste for rare editions and precious bindings which cannot be satisfied in a public library. His taste, I admit, cannot be made general or popular; but I entertain very grave doubts whether the collection of a book collector ever gives much satisfaction except to its possessor. We may all enjoy—I am speaking of course of collections of rare and unique editions, and of precious bindings by old masters in the art of binding—we may all enjoy other people's parks, other people's pictures, and other people's houses—very often, I think, we enjoy them more than their actual possessors; but I have never heard of a case, nor do I believe such a case exists, in which one book collector thoroughly enjoys the collection of another book collector. If he does derive satisfaction from it, I think it is rather because he comes to contemplate that his friend may die, or be ruined, that his collection may come to the hammer, and that he may ultimately become the possessor of one or two of these coveted treasures.

But putting aside the special taste for rare books, I think that libraries like the one in which I am now speaking do appeal, and may appeal, to the tastes of the whole community. They are not limited, and ought not to be limited, to a few. One advantage of education is that every man, woman, and child in the country ought to be able to read; and to any one who can read there are open treasures of enjoyment and satisfaction which probably no other source of pleasure, be it artistic or whatever else you please, is able to confer. A great French writer once stated that he had never in his life undergone any personal trouble or affliction the thought of which he could not dissipate by half an hour's reading. I cannot promise the inhabitants of Hertford that their cares and troubles will, as doctors say, so quickly yield to treatment as that; and I entertain a suspicion that the French author I have alluded to either exaggerated in the passage, or else that his troubles were far lighter than those which ordinarily fall to the lot of humanity. Nevertheless, make what allowance we please for his opinion, the truth still remains, and will be testified to by every man who has acquired a taste for reading, that no more sovereign specific exists for dissipating the petty cares and troubles of life. And if we acquire—and recollect it is not an art easy of itself to acquire—but if we once acquire a universal curiosity into the history of mankind, into the constitution of the material universe in which we live, into the various phases of human activity, into the thoughts and beliefs by which men now long dead have been actuated in the past—if we once acquire this general and universal curiosity, we shall possess, I will not say a specific against sorrow, but certainly a specific against boredom. We obtain a power of putting our own small troubles and our own small cares in their proper place. We are able to see the history of mankind in

something like its true perspective; and we not only gain the power of diverting our thoughts from the small annoyances of the hour, but we gain further the inestimable gift of seeing how small, compared with the general sum of human interests, of human sufferings, and of human joys, are the insignificant troubles which may happen to each individual one of us. [1889.]

[*The remaining extracts are taken from the Address to St. Andrew's University, December, 1887, delivered by Mr. Balfour when Lord Rector.*]

268. Yet I am convinced that, for most persons, the views thus laid down by Mr. Harrison are wrong, and that what he describes, with characteristic vigour, as "an important voracity for desultory information" is in reality a most desirable, and a not too common form of mental appetite. I have no sympathy whatever with the horror he expresses at the "incessant accumulation of fresh books." I am never tempted to regret that Gutenberg was born into the world. I care not at all though the "cataract of printed stuff," as Mr. Harrison calls it, should flow and still flow on until the catalogues of our libraries should make libraries themselves. I am prepared, indeed, to express sympathy almost amounting to approbation for anyone who would check all writing which was *not* intended for the printer. I pay no tribute of grateful admiration to those who have oppressed mankind with the dubious blessing of the penny post. But the ground of the distinction is plain. We are always obliged to read our letters, and are sometimes obliged to answer them. But who obliges us to wade through the piled-up lumber of an ancient library, or to skim more than we like off the frothy foolishness poured forth in ceaseless streams by our circulating libraries? Dead dunces do not importune us; Grub Street does not ask for a reply by return of post. Even their living successors need hurt no one who possesses the very moderate degree of social courage required to make the admission that he has not read the last new novel or the current number of a fashionable magazine.

269. I have often heard of the individual whose excellent natural gifts have been so overloaded with huge masses of undigested and indigestible learning that they have had no chance of healthy development. But though I have often heard of this personage, I have never met him, and I believe him to be mythical. It is true, no doubt, that many learned people are dull: but there is no indication whatever that they are dull because they are learned. True dullness is seldom acquired; it is a natural grace, the manifestations of which, however modified by education, remain in

substance the same. Fill a dull man to the brim with knowledge, and he will not become less dull, as the enthusiasts for education vainly imagine; but neither will he become duller, as Mr. Harrison appears to suppose. He will remain in essence what he always has been and always must have been. But whereas his dullness would, if left to itself, have been merely vacuous, it may have become, under careful cultivation, pretentious and pedantic.

I would further point out that, while there is no ground in experience for supposing that a keen interest in those facts which Mr. Harrison describes as "merely curious," has any stupefying effect upon the mind, or has any tendency to render it insensible to the higher things of literature and art, there is positive evidence that many of those who have most deeply felt the charm of these higher things have been consumed by that omnivorous appetite for knowledge which excites Mr. Harrison's especial indignation. Dr. Johnson, for instance, though deaf to some of the most delicate harmonies of verse, was, without question, a very great critic. Yet, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, literary history, which is for the most part composed of facts which Mr. Harrison would regard as insignificant about authors whom he would regard as pernicious, was the most delightful of studies. Again, consider the case of Lord Macaulay. Lord Macaulay did everything Mr. Harrison says he ought not to have done. From youth to age he was continuously occupied in "gorging and enfeebling" his intellect, by the unlimited consumption of every species of literature, from the masterpieces of the age of Pericles, to the latest rubbish from the circulating library. It is not told of him that his intellect suffered by the process; and, though it will hardly be claimed for him that he was a great critic, none will deny that he possessed the keenest susceptibilities for literary excellence in many languages and in every form.

270. Wherever what may be called "historic sympathy" is required there will be some diminution of the enjoyment which those must have felt who were the poet's contemporaries. We look, so to speak, at the same splendid landscape as they, but distance has made it necessary for us to aid our natural vision with glasses, and some loss of light will thus inevitably be produced, and some inconvenience from the difficulty of truly adjusting the focus. Of all authors, Homer would, I suppose, be thought to suffer least from such drawbacks. But yet in order to listen to Homer's accents with the ears of an ancient Greek, we must be able, among other things, to enter into a view about the gods which is as far removed from what we should describe as

religious sentiment as it is from the frigid ingenuity of those later poets who regarded the deities of Greek mythology as so many wheels in the supernatural machinery with which it pleased them to carry on the action of their pieces.

271. The pleasures of imagination derived from the best literary models form without doubt the most exquisite portion of the enjoyment which we may extract from books; but they do not in my opinion form the largest portion if we take into account mass as well as quality in our calculation. There is the literature which appeals to the imagination or the fancy, some stray specimens of which Mr. Harrison will permit us to peruse; but is there not also the literature which satisfies the curiosity? Is this vast storehouse of pleasure to be thrown hastily aside because many of the facts which it contains are alleged to be insignificant, because the appetite to which they minister is said to be morbid? Consider a little. We are here dealing with one of the strongest intellectual impulses of rational beings. Animals, as a rule, trouble themselves but little about anything unless they want either to eat it or to run away with it. Interest in, and wonder at, the works of nature and the doings of man are products of civilisation, and excite emotions which do not diminish but increase with increasing knowledge and cultivation. Feed them and they grow; minister to them and they will greatly multiply. We hear much indeed of what is called "idle curiosity;" but I am loth to brand any form of curiosity as necessarily idle. Take, for example, one of the most singular, but, in this age, one of the most universal, forms in which it is accustomed to manifest itself: I mean that of an exhaustive study of the contents of the morning and evening papers. It is certainly remarkable that any person who has nothing to get by it should destroy his eyesight and confuse his brain by a conscientious attempt to master the dull and doubtful details of the European diary daily transmitted to us by "Our Special Correspondent." But it must be remembered that this is only a somewhat unprofitable exercise of that disinterested love of knowledge which moves men to penetrate the Polar snows, to build up systems of philosophy, or to explore the secrets of the remotest heavens. It has in it the rudiments of infinite and varied delights. It *can* be turned, and it *should* be turned, into a curiosity for which nothing that has been done, or thought, or suffered, or believed, no law which governs the world of matter or the world of mind, can be wholly alien or uninteresting.

Truly it is a subject for astonishment that, instead of expanding to the utmost the employment of this pleasure-giving faculty,

so many persons should set themselves to work to limit its exercise by all kinds of arbitrary regulations.

272. And if it be true that the desire of knowledge for the sake of knowledge was the animating motive of the great men who first wrested her secrets from Nature, why should it not also be enough for us, to whom it is not given to discover, but only to learn, as best we may, what has been discovered by others?

273. But what is this "little knowledge" which is supposed to be so dangerous? What is it "little" in relation to? If in relation to what there is to know, then all human knowledge is little. If in relation to what actually is known by somebody, then we must condemn as "dangerous" the knowledge which Archimedes possessed of Mechanics, or Copernicus of Astronomy; for a shilling primer and a few weeks' study will enable any student to outstrip in mere information some of the greatest teachers of the past. No doubt, that little knowledge which thinks itself to be great may possibly be a dangerous, as it certainly is a most ridiculous, thing. We have all suffered under that eminently absurd individual who on the strength of one or two volumes, imperfectly apprehended by himself, and long discredited in the estimation of everyone else, is prepared to supply you on the shortest notice with a dogmatic solution of every problem suggested by this "unintelligible world"; or the political variety of the same pernicious genus, whose statecraft consists in the ready application to the most complex question of national interest of some high-sounding commonplace which has done weary duty on a thousand platforms, and which even in its palmiest days was never fit for anything better than a peroration. But in our dislike of the individual do not let us mistake the diagnosis of his disease. He suffers not from ignorance but from stupidity. Give him learning and you make him not wise, but only more pretentious in his folly.

I say then that so far from a little knowledge being undesirable, a little knowledge is all that on most subjects any of us can hope to attain, and that, as a source not of worldly profit but of personal pleasure, it may be of incalculable value to its possessor. But it will naturally be asked, "How are we to select from among the infinite number of things which may be known those which it is best worth while for us to know?" We are constantly being told to concern ourselves with learning what is important, and not to waste our energies upon what is insignificant. But what are the marks by which we shall recognise the important, and how is it to be distinguished from the insig-

nificant? A precise and complete answer to this question which shall be true for all men cannot be given. I am considering knowledge, recollect, as it ministers to enjoyment, and from this point of view each unit of information is obviously of importance in proportion as it increases the general sum of enjoyment which we obtain, or expect to obtain, from knowledge. This, of course, makes it impossible to lay down precise rules which shall be an equally sure guide to all sorts and conditions of men; for in this, as in other matters, tastes must differ, and against real difference of taste there is no appeal. There is, however, one caution which it may be worth your while to keep in view—Do not be persuaded into applying any general proposition on this subject with a foolish impartiality to every kind of knowledge.

274. It is no doubt true that we are surrounded by advisers who tell us that all study of the past is barren except in so far as it enables us to determine the principles by which the evolution of human societies is governed. How far such an investigation has been up to the present time fruitful in results it would be unkind to inquire. That it will ever enable us to trace with accuracy the course which states and nations are destined to pursue in the future, or to account in detail for their history in the past, I do not in the least believe. We are borne along like travellers on some unexplored stream. We may know enough of the general configuration of the globe to be sure that we are making our way towards the ocean. We may know enough, by experience or theory, of the laws regulating the flow of liquids, to conjecture how the river will behave under the varying influences to which it may be subject. More than this we cannot know. It will depend largely upon causes which, in relation to any laws which we are ever likely to discover, may properly be called accidental, whether we are destined sluggishly to drift among fever-stricken swamps, to hurry down perilous rapids, or to glide gently through fair scenes of peaceful cultivation.

But leaving on one side ambitious sociological speculations, and even those more modest but hitherto more successful investigations into the causes which have in particular cases been principally operative in producing great political changes, there are still two modes in which we can derive what I may call "spectacular" enjoyment from the study of history. There is first the pleasure which arises from the contemplation of some great historic drama, or some broad and well-marked phase of social development. The story of the rise, greatness, and decay of a nation is like some vast epic which contains as subsidiary episodes

the varied stories of the rise, greatness, and decay of creeds, of parties, and of statesmen. The imagination is moved by the slow unrolling of this great picture of human mutability, as it is moved by the contrasting permanence of the abiding stars. The ceaseless conflict, the strange echoes of long-forgotten controversies, the confusion of purpose, the successes in which lay deep the seeds of future evils, the failures that ultimately divert the otherwise inevitable danger, the heroism which struggles to the last for a cause foredoomed to defeat, the wickedness which sides with right, and the wisdom which huzzas at the triumph of folly—fate, meanwhile, amidst this turmoil and perplexity, working silently towards the predestined end—all these form together a subject the contemplation of which need surely never weary.

275. What we are concerned to know as students of the philosophy of History is, not the character of each turn and eddy in the great social cataract, but the manner in which the currents of the upper stream drew surely in towards the final plunge, and slowly collected themselves after the catastrophe again to pursue, at a different level, their renewed and comparatively tranquil course.

Now if so much of the interest of the French Revolution depends upon our minute knowledge of each passing incident, how much more necessary is such knowledge when we are dealing with the quiet nooks and corners of history; when we are seeking an introduction, let us say, into the literary society of Johnson, or the fashionable society of Walpole. Society, dead or alive, can have no charm without intimacy, and no intimacy without interest in trifles, which I fear Mr. Harrison would describe as "merely curious." If we would feel at our ease in any company, if we wish to find humour in its jokes, and point in its repartees, we must know something of the beliefs and the prejudices of its various members, their loves and their hates, their hopes and their fears, their maladies, their marriages, and their flirtations. If these things are beneath our notice, we shall not be the less qualified to serve our queen and country, but need make no attempt to extract pleasure from one of the most delightful departments of literature.

276. The best method of guarding against the danger of reading what is useless is to read only what is interesting. A truth which will seem a paradox to a whole class of readers, fitting objects of our commiseration, who may be often recognised by their habit of asking some adviser for a list of books, and then marking out a scheme of study in the course of which all are

to be conscientiously perused. These unfortunate persons apparently read a book principally with the object of getting to the end of it. They reach the word *Finis* with the same sensation of triumph as an Indian feels who strings a fresh scalp to his girdle. They are not happy unless they mark by some definite performance each step in the weary path of self-improvement. To begin a volume and not to finish it would be to deprive themselves of this satisfaction; it would be to lose all the reward of their earlier self-denial by a lapse from virtue at the end. To skip, according to their literary code, is a species of cheating; it is a mode of obtaining credit for erudition on false pretences; a plan by which the advantages of learning are surreptitiously obtained by those who have not won them by honest toil. But all this is quite wrong. In matters literary, works have no saving efficacy. He has only half-learnt the art of reading who has not added to it the even more refined accomplishments of skipping and of skimming; and the first step has hardly been taken in the direction of making literature a pleasure until interest in the subject, and not a desire to spare (so to speak) the author's feelings, or to accomplish an appointed task, is the prevailing motive of the reader.

277. I am deliberately of opinion that it is the pleasures and not the profits, spiritual or temporal, of literature which most require to be preached in the ear of the ordinary reader. I hold, indeed, the faith that all such pleasures minister to the development of much that is best in man—mental and moral; but the charm is broken and the object lost if the remote consequence is consciously pursued to the exclusion of the immediate end. It will not, I suppose, be denied that the beauties of nature are at least as well qualified to minister to our higher needs as are the beauties of literature. Yet we do not say we are going to walk to the top of such and such a hill in order to drink in "spiritual sustenance." We say we are going to look at the view. And I am convinced that this, which is the natural and simple way of considering literature as well as nature, is also the true way. The habit of always requiring some reward for knowledge beyond the knowledge itself, be that reward some material prize or be it what is vaguely called self-improvement, is one with which I confess I have little sympathy, fostered though it is by the whole scheme of our modern education. Do not suppose that I desire the impossible. I would not, if I could, destroy the examination system. But there are times, I confess, when I feel tempted somewhat to vary the prayer of the poet, and to ask whether Heaven has not reserved in pity to this much educating genera-

tion some peaceful desert of literature as yet unclaimed by the crammer or the coach; where it might be possible for the student to wander, even perhaps to stray, at his own pleasure; without finding every beauty labelled, every difficulty engineered, every nook surveyed, and a professional cicerone standing at every corner to guide each succeeding traveller along the same well-worn round. If such a wish were granted I would further ask that the domain of knowledge thus "neutralised" should be the literature of our own country. I grant to the full that the systematic study of *some* literature must be a principal element in the education of youth. But why should that literature be our own? Why should we brush off the bloom and freshness from the works to which Englishmen and Scotchmen most naturally turn for refreshment, namely, those written in their own language? Why should we associate them with the memory of hours spent in weary study; in the effort to remember for purposes of examination what no human being would wish to remember for any other; in the struggle to learn something, not because the learner desires to know it, but because he desires someone else to know that he knows it? This is the dark side of the examination system—a system necessary and therefore excellent, but one which does, through the very efficiency and thoroughness of the drill by which it imparts knowledge, to some extent impair the most delicate pleasures by which the acquisition of knowledge should be attended.

278. It is perfectly possible for a man, not a professed student, and who only gives to reading the leisure hours of a business life, to acquire such a general knowledge of the laws of nature and the facts of history that every great advance made in either department shall be to him both intelligible and interesting; and he may besides have among his familiar friends many a departed worthy whose memory is embalmed in the pages of memoir or biography. All this is ours for the asking. All this we shall ask for if only it be our happy fortune to love for its own sake the beauty and the knowledge to be gathered from books. And if this be our fortune, the world may be kind or unkind, it may seem to us to be hastening on the wings of enlightenment and progress to an imminent millennium, or it may weigh us down with the sense of insoluble difficulty and irremediable wrong; but whatever else it be, so long as we have good health and a good library, it can hardly be dull.

SCIENCE;
AND
SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY

[*Extracts 279 to 290 are taken from "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt" (published in 1879).*
Extracts 291 to 329 from "The Foundations of Belief" (published in 1895).
Extracts 330 and 331 from the Speech delivered to the Pan-Anglican Congress, London, 1908.]

279. Granting the reality of an external world, let us ask, in the first place, what is its real nature according to modern scientific teaching?

Speaking generally, it consists, we are told, of atoms possessing mass, chemical affinity, and other qualities; and of a universally diffused medium, called ether, which, by means of certain very singular properties, transmits through space certain vibrations by which these atoms are affected.

Associated together by various laws in various groups, these atoms constitute the solid, liquid, and gaseous bodies scattered through space; from among the infinite number of which there is to each man assigned one of especial importance to himself;—I mean his own organism. The very interesting class of objects to which these belong do not differ from the rest of the material universe in the nature of their ultimate composition. In many other most important respects no doubt they do differ. But the peculiarity about them with which at this moment we are specially concerned is the fact, that they are the immediate channels of communication between the world I have just described, and the thinking beings who by their means are made acquainted directly with the appearance of that world, and indirectly with its true nature and constitution.

Before going further in the consideration of the general system of Science, it may be as well to remind the reader how unlike the world just described is to the world which we actually perceive, or can represent by an effort of the imagination. I do not of course mean to say that the world of perception and the

world of science are numerically distinct. This is evidently not so. When astronomers talk of the moon, they mean the moon we see; when chemists talk of elementary substances, they mean things we can touch and handle. But when they go on to tell us about the intimate structure of these bodies they are soon compelled to use words which have only a symbolic meaning, and to refer to objects which (it may be) can be *thought*, but which certainly cannot in their real nature be either perceived or imagined.

That knowledge, or what passes for knowledge, soon gets in this way beyond the data of perception and the powers of imagination, is a fact which comes to the surface more prominently in Theology perhaps than in Science. I am not aware that this is because there is any essential philosophic difference between these two great departments of knowledge. It arises rather from the fact that, for controversial purposes, it has been found convenient to dwell on the circumstance that our idea of the Deity is to a certain extent necessarily anthropomorphic, while the no less certain, if somewhat less obvious, truth that our idea of the external world is also anthropomorphic, does not supply any ready argumentative weapon.

There are, however, further reasons why this side of the case has not received so much attention as the other. One of them is, I think, that any person speculating on this subject is apt to slide away from it into the allied but altogether distinct questions concerning realism and idealism. These are problems, however, the solution of which has no direct bearing upon the subject we are now discussing. Whether Realism or Idealism be true, whether either of them or both of them are consistent with Science, this broad fact remains, that the world as represented to us by Science can no more be perceived or imagined than the Deity as represented to us by Theology, and that in the first case, as in the second, we must content ourselves with symbolical images, of which the thing we can most certainly say is that they are not only inadequate but incorrect.

This is not an assertion which in reality requires much argument to support it. Its truth is apparent on simple inspection, and it applies equally to the two main constituents of the external world—to Matter as well as to Force.

280. We have seen what, according to scientific teaching, is the real nature of the external world (as for convenience I here call it); and we have seen that as it really is, it can neither be perceived nor imagined. It is easy to conclude from this, what indeed is patent to everybody, that we arrive at our actual

knowledge of its real nature, not immediately, but by a process of inference. That material objects consist of minute particles; that colour is the effect of the vibration of these particles; that these vibrations are transmitted as through an elastic and imponderable medium: that, in short, the world is what it is, are truths which, far from being intuitive, must be considered as the most refined deductions, as the latest triumphs, of scientific investigation.

What, then, are these deductions founded on? Men of science, who should be authorities on this point, inform us that they are founded on facts obtained by direct observation; and that the facts obtained by direct observation consist of what we can perceive of the qualities and behaviour of objects whose persistence, for the sake of argument, we are agreed to assume. In other words, our settled view of the universe is inferred from what we know of it *immediately;* and what we know of it immediately is its *appearance.*

Now the singular thing about this sort of reasoning is, that unless the premises be true, there seems no particular ground for accepting the conclusion; while if the conclusion be accepted, it is evident that the premises cannot be entirely true. Unless appearances are to be trusted, why should we believe in Science? If Science is true, how can we trust to appearances?

From the scientific point of view it may possibly be replied that our immediate knowledge of the external world is in part to be trusted—but only in part. We know by direct observation —and know truly—of the existence of extended, resisting, and moving bodies; and we know, by a process of scientific inference, that the qualities of colour and so forth, which these extended, resisting, and moving bodies appear to possess, are really the subjective effects of the inter-action between them and our organism. So that Science may be said to provide us with a criterion by which we may distinguish between that which both seems to be and *is,* and that which seems to be, but *is not.*

Now that we do in practice so use Science to enable us to distinguish between reality and appearance, is undoubtedly the fact. But taken by itself, this circumstance affords no real solution of the difficulty, because the very thing we want more particularly to know is, how we can thus legitimately erect Science into a judge of its own cause.

281. When we are occupied with the consideration of how we come to possess the knowledge we have of the external world, if we are in a scientific rather than in a metaphysical humour, we immediately and naturally look at the question from

the point of view of the physiology of perception; and the physiology of perception, in its most general form, teaches us this—that the immediate antecedent to an act of perception is some definite change in the organism of the percipient; and that if this change occurs, no matter how it is originated, the particular perception corresponding to it will occur likewise. Now the same kind of change may at different times have different sets of causes. If on any given occasion one of the proximate causes of the physiological change producing the perception is the thing perceived, then perception is said to be *normal*. If, on the other hand, the thing perceived is *not* one of the proximate causes of the physiological change, then we are said to be *deceived by an illusion of the senses*. Supposing, for example, that I see the moon when she is actually in the field of view, and her rays are striking on my retina, then the object seen is one of the causes of my seeing it, and the immediate knowledge conveyed to me in that act of perception is so far accurate. But if (to take the opposite case) I see a ghost, then, on the supposition that there are no such things, I am suffering under an optical delusion, since, whatever may be the causes of the physiological change which results in that act of perception, it cannot at all events be the object perceived, which by hypothesis has no existence.

This is the physiological theory of perception looked at from its causal or physical side. Looked at from its cognitive or mental side, it suggests the idea that there is, on the one hand, a Material Universe, and on the other a Mind; and that the Mind obtains its information respecting the Material Universe by looking at it through the medium of the five senses—a medium which altogether excludes a great deal, and distorts much of what it allows to pass. I am not here pretending to criticise this theory. In common with most theories which give an account of the origin of knowledge, it has a logical defect, which I shall attempt to explain in the next chapter. It has also, no doubt, philosophical difficulties peculiar to itself. But what I am concerned to show here is, that so far from presenting any difficulties in the way of a belief according to which a distinction is made between what *appears* and what *is*, it actually suggests such a belief; and that therefore it is not surprising that since we habitually think in terms (so to speak) of this theory, we should be little troubled by the discrepancy I have shown to exist between the empirical premises of Science and its received conclusions.

It has been already pointed out that this discrepancy cannot be smoothed away by any principle supplied by Science itself, except at the cost of arguing in a circle. But it may perhaps be thought that the whole scientific doctrine of matter, and of the

methods by which the properties of matter become known to us, may be legitimately put forward as a *hypothesis*, and may be capable of verification, like other hypotheses, by an appeal to experience; and that in this way the objection I have been urging may be successfully evaded.

Let me consider the subject for a moment from this point of view. The reasoning to which I object asserts that the laws governing material phenomena are inferred from the immediate knowledge of matter given in perception, and at the same time that the laws so inferred show this knowledge to be in certain particulars incorrect. The reasoning which it is proposed to substitute for this asserts that some at least of the laws governing material phenomena, and more especially those which are included in the physiological theory of perception, are not inferred from the knowledge given in perception, but are adopted as a hypothesis to account for the fact that such and such perceptions exist—a function which they perform so successfully that they may be accepted as to all intents and purposes demonstrated truths.

This mode of establishing the laws of matter is identical in its general scope with that adopted by certain philosophers to prove the reality of the external world; although the difficulty which suggests its adoption is different in the two cases. The philosophers of whom I speak were of opinion that we could perceive nothing beyond our own ideas, and they sought to avoid an idealistic conclusion by supposing that an objective cause was required to account for the fact that our ideas exist. The scientific argument, on the other hand, with which I am at present concerned, is not put forward in order to avoid a psychological difficulty, but a logical one. It is not required because introspective analysis shows this thing or that thing respecting the true nature of perception, but because the conclusions of Science, if made to depend solely on the immediate knowledge given in perception, do not, as a matter of fact, harmonise with their premises.

Now, in order to estimate properly the value of the argument by which this difficulty is sought to be evaded, we must ignore the information given immediately by perception respecting the nature of the external causes by which perception is produced. This is evident because the difficulty itself arose from our attempting to rest scientific doctrine on this information.

We are expected, then, to found a theory respecting the true nature of these external causes solely on the fact that their effects, i.e., our perceptions, are of such and such a character. Now this undertaking we may, I think, boldly assert to be impossible; and if there is any doubt about the matter, it may be

set at rest by this single consideration, that if two causes capable of producing the effect to be accounted for (namely, our perceptions) be suggested, there is no possible way of deciding between them. Supposing, for example (to revive an old speculation), it was maintained that it is not matter possessed of certain properties which is the required cause, but the Deity acting directly on our minds. What reply could be made to such a supposition? The immediate answer that rises to our lips is that we know that matter exists, and that we have no such knowledge about the Deity. But how do we know that matter exists? Because we perceive it? This source of knowledge is excluded by hypothesis: nor can I imagine any other, of an empirical kind, except the one we are at the moment discussing. It must further be recollected that we have no reason to suppose that the limits of imagination represent on this subject the limits of possibility. Nor is it practicable, as I pointed out in the chapter on Historical Inference, by the mere contemplation of an effect (and it is to this that we are in the present case restricted) to discover all the causes by which it might conceivably have been produced, or to determine which of these possible causes, known or unknown, actually produced it.

If, then, we cannot argue from the mere fact that perceptions exist to the fact that material objects corresponding to them exist, neither is it possible to argue from the fact that these perceptions are of such-and-such a kind to the fact that the objects perceived have such-and-such qualities.

Before concluding this section, let me point out what it is that I have *not* attempted to do in this last argumentative portion of it. I have not in any way been concerned with theories respecting the real constitution of matter based on metaphysical speculation, nor has any part of the reasoning depended on the truth of a particular doctrine of perception. I have simply assumed that, if as we are told, Science is founded upon experience, it must be founded on experience of one of two kinds: either upon that experience which may be described as the immediate knowledge of objects given in perception, or else upon the experience which is nothing else than our knowledge of the fact that we *have* such-and-such perceptions. On the first of these assumptions, I pointed out that the conclusions of Science contradicted its premises; on the second, I showed that Science could draw no conclusions at all.

282. Has Science any claim to be set up as the standard of belief? Is there any ground whatever for regarding conformity with scientific teaching as an essential condition of truth; and

non-conformity with it as an unanswerable proof of error? If there is, it cannot be drawn from the nature of the scientific system itself. We have seen how a close examination of its philosophical structure reveals the existence of almost every possible philosophical defect. We have seen that whether Science be regarded from the point of view of its premises, its inferences, or the general relation of its parts, it is found defective; and we have seen that the ordinary proofs which philosophers and men of science have thought fit to give of its doctrines are not only mutually inconsistent, but are such as would convince nobody who did not start (as, however, we all do start) with an implicit and indestructible confidence in the truth of that which had to be proved. I am far from complaining of this confidence. I share it. My complaint rather is, that of two creeds which, from a philosophical point of view, stand, so far as I can judge, upon a perfect equality, one should be set up as a standard to which the other must necessarily conform.

283. The vast extension of Science in recent times, its new conquests in old worlds, the new worlds it has discovered to conquer, the fruitfulness of its hypotheses, the palpable witness which material results bear to the excellence of its methods, may well lead men to think that the means by which these triumphs have been attained are above the reach even of the most audacious criticism. To be told in the face of facts like these that Science stands on no higher a level of certainty than what some people seem to look on as a dying superstition, may easily excite in certain minds a momentary doubt as to the seriousness of the objector. Such a doubt is not likely to be more than transient. But if any reader, who has accompanied me so far, seriously entertains it, I can only invite him, since he regards my conclusions as absurd, to point out the fallacies which vitiate the reasoning on which those conclusions are finally based.

I have sometimes thought that the parallel between Science and Theology, regarded as systems of belief, might be conveniently illustrated by framing a refutation of the former on the model of certain attacks on the latter with which we are all familiar. We might begin by showing how crude and contradictory are the notions of primitive man, and even of the cultivated man in his unreflective moments, respecting the object-matter of scientific beliefs. We might point out the rude anthropomorphism which underlies them, and show how impossible it is to get altogether rid of this anthropomorphism, without refining away the object-matter till it becomes an unintelligible abstraction. We might then turn to the scientific apologists. We

should show how the authorities of one age differed from those of another in their treatment of the subject, and how the authorities of the same age differed among themselves; then—after taking up their systems one after another, and showing their individual errors in detail—we should comment at length on the strange obstinacy they evinced in adhering to their conclusions, whether they could prove them or not. It is at this point, perhaps, that according to usage we might pay a passing tribute to morality. With all the proper circumlocutions, we should suggest that so singular an agreement respecting some of the most difficult points requiring proof, together with so strange a divergence and so obvious a want of cogency in the nature of the proofs offered, could not be accounted for on any hypothesis consistent with the intellectual honesty of the apologists. Without attributing motives to individuals, we should hint politely, but not obscurely, that prejudice and education in some, the fear of differing from the majority, or the fear of losing a lucrative place in others, had been allowed to warp the impartial course of investigation; and we should lament that scientific philosophers, in many respects so amiable and useful a body of men, should allow themselves so often to violate principles which they openly and even ostentatiously avowed. After this moral display, we should turn from the philosophers who are occupied with the rationale of the subject to the main body of men of science who are actually engaged in teaching and research. Fully acknowledging their many merits, we should yet be compelled to ask how it comes about that they are so ignorant of the controversies which rage round the very foundations of their subject, and how they can reconcile it with their intellectual self-respect, when they are asked some vital question (say respecting the proof of the law of Universal Causation, or the existence of the external world), either to profess total ignorance of the subject, or to offer in reply some shreds of worn-out metaphysics? It is true, they might say that a profound study of these subjects is not consistent either with teaching or with otherwise advancing the cause of Science; but of course to this excuse we should make the obvious rejoinder that, before trying to advance the cause of Science, it would be as well to discover whether such a thing as true Science really existed. This done, we should have to analyse the actual body of scientific truth presented for our acceptance; to show how, while its conclusions are inconsistent, its premises are either lost in a metaphysical haze, or else are unfounded and gratuitous assumptions; after which it would only remain for us to compose an eloquent peroration on the debt which mankind owe to Science, and to the great masters who have created it, and to mourn

that the progress of criticism should have left us no choice but to count it among the beautiful but baseless dreams which have so often deluded the human race with the phantom of certain knowledge.

Of course a parody—I ought rather to say a parallel—of this sort could serve no purpose but to make people reflect on the boldness of their ordinary assumption respecting the comparative certainty of Science and Religion. But this alone would be no small gain; since in the present state of opinion a suspicion as to the truth of that assumption seems the last thing that naturally suggests itself. Why should this be so? That men of Science should exaggerate the claims of Science is natural and pardonable, but why the ordinary public, whose knowledge of Science is confined to what they can extract from fashionable lectures and popular handbooks, should do so, it is not quite easy to understand. Perhaps I shall be told that there is a very simple explanation of this strange unanimity of opinion—namely, the fact that the opinion is true. To this I reply that, even if we dismiss all the reasons I have given for thinking that the opinion is *not* true, the objector will hardly assert that the general public (of whom alone I have been speaking) have ever made themselves acquainted with the sort of reasons by which alone the opinion can be *known* to be true, still less that they have taken the trouble to weigh those reasons with care. While, if it be further suggested that they are guided by an unerring instinct in such matters, I answer that their instinct cannot always be unerring, for history sufficiently shows that it has not always been the same.

284. Without, however, making any special attack on individuals, the nature of my indictment against the general body of anti-religious controversialists may be easily stated. The force of their attack depends in the last resort upon the discrepancy they find, or think they find, between Religion and Science. It must require, therefore, a belief in, at all events, the comparative certitude of Science. On what does this belief finally depend? Are we to suppose that they rest its whole weight on the frail foundation supplied by the contradictory fragments of Philosophy we have been discussing through all these chapters? Or are we to suppose that their belief is a mere assumption, with no other recommendation than that it is agreeable to the spirit of the age? Or are we to suppose that it is established by some esoteric proof, known only to the few, and not yet published for the benefit of the world at large? The first of these alternatives implies in the thinkers of whom I speak the existence of an

easy credulity in singular contrast with the acute scepticism they display when dealing with beliefs they do not happen to share. The second is, I think, hardly worthy of a class of writers who appeal so often and so earnestly to Reason, and who particularly pride themselves on proportioning the strength of their convictions to the strength of the evidence on which they rest. But if the third alternative represents the real state of the case, we have, I think, a right to ask that the concealment which the opponents of Religion are practising with so remarkable an unanimity should come to an end, and that, since the philosophy of Science exists, it should forthwith be produced for our enlightenment.

It is but justice, however, to the philosophic and literary advocates of extreme scientific pretensions, to remark that the blame which I have been laying on them should in part be shared by theologians. I do not mean, of course, that many theologians of repute could be found prepared to assert that Religion must either be proved wholly by scientific methods, and be shown to harmonise completely with scientific conclusions, or else be summarily rejected; but I do not assert that the extreme anxiety exhibited by certain of them to establish the perfect congruity of Science and Religion—the existence of a whole class of "apologists," the end of whose labours appears to be to explain, or to explain away, every appearance of contradiction between the two —are facts which naturally suggest the conclusion that the assumption made by the Freethinkers[1] is a legitimate one.

Let me not be misunderstood. Truth is one. Therefore any attempt to reconcile inconsistent or apparently inconsistent beliefs is in itself legitimate, and in so far as apologetics aim at this and at nothing more, I have not a word to say against them; but the manner in which the controversy is carried on, even from the theological side, occasionally suggests the idea, not only that a consistent creed embracing both scientific and religious doctrines may be made at some time or other, but that it ought to be made now, and by no process more elaborate than that of lopping off from Religion everything which is not exactly agreeable with Science.

Yet the apologists should be the first to recognise the fact that this Procrustean method of reconciliation is not one which ought ever to be applied to their theological convictions. Its very

[1] It is not easy to find a single word to describe the opponents of Religion which is altogether free from objection. Most of the terms which suggest themselves have either acquired a somewhat offensive connotation, or are inexact. One or both of these defects attaches to the words "Infidel," "Atheist," "Agnostic," and "Sceptic." I have pitched upon "Freethinker" because, if it suggests comparisons not altogether flattering to the modern assailants of theology, on the other hand, this is made up for by the fact that the strict meaning of the word credits them with a virtue to which they have no exclusive title.

ground and justification is the idea that enforced consistency is the shortest road to truth.

285. My imaginary critic supposes that I regard an ultimate impulse to believe a creed as a reason for believing it; and he supposes also that this ultimate "impulse" is a better reason the more people there are who feel its influence. Neither of these opinions is accurate: on the contrary, they imply a total misconception as to the theory I am endeavouring to explain. This theory may be regarded as having two sides—one negative and the other positive. The negative side, the truth of which is capable of demonstration, amounts to an assertion that Religion is, at any rate, no worse off than Science in the matter of proof; that neither from the fact (if fact it be) that Religion only imperfectly harmonises with experience, nor from the fact that while men of science agree substantially with each other in their methods and in their results, theologians differ profoundly from each other in both, nor from any other known difference between the two systems can any legitimate conclusion be drawn as to their comparative certitude. The positive side, on the other hand, which cannot properly be held to supply any rational ground of assent, and is in no way capable of actual demonstration, amounts to this—that I and an indefinite number of other persons, if we contemplate Religion and Science as unproved systems of belief standing side by side, feel a practical need for both; and if this need is, in the case of those few and fragmentary scientific truths by which we regulate our animal actions, of an especially imperious and indestructible character—on the other hand, the need for religious truth, rooted as it is in the loftiest region of our moral nature, is one from which we would not, if we could, be freed. But as no legitimate argument can be founded on the mere existence of this need or impulse, so no legitimate argument can be founded on any differences which psychological analysis may detect between different cases of its manifestation. We are in this matter unfortunately altogether outside the sphere of Reason. It must always be useless to discuss whether a particular impulse towards a creed is either of the right strength or of the right quality to justify a belief in it; because a belief can, in strictness, be justified by no impulse, whatever be its strength or whatever its quality. On the other hand, let no man who agrees with the reasoning of this Essay say, "I cannot believe in any creed which I know to be without evidence, merely because I feel a subjective need for it," unless he is prepared to limit his beliefs to those detached scientific (or metaphysical) propositions which are, I apprehend, the only ones he must in practice accept

whether he likes it or not, or unless he can find some motive for believing in Science which is not an impulse and at the same time is not a reason. Let him, if he will, accept Science and reject Religion, but let him not give as an explanation of his behaviour an argument which would be as appropriate—or inappropriate—if he were engaged in showing why he accepted Religion and rejected Science.

The doctrine that no rational justification exists for adopting a different attitude towards the two systems of belief, depends, it should be noted, not only on the fact that we are without any rational ground for believing in Science, but also on the fact that we are without any rational ground for determining the logical relation which ought to subsist between Science and Religion. The Freethinkers habitually assume that this relation is one of dependence on the part of Religion, and that if there exist any reason for believing it at all, these reasons are to be found scattered up and down among the doctrines of Science; confusing apparently the historic reasoning by which particular religious truths are established, with the deeper sentiments by which Religion itself is produced, and in the light of which these historic reasonings are conducted. Those, however, who make this assumption offer no proof of it; nor do they, so far as I know, even indicate the kind of proof of which they conceive it to be susceptible. They accept it, as they accept so many other assumptions, not only without having any evidence for it whatever (which I should not complain of), but without being apparently conscious that any evidence whatever is required.

In the absence then of reason to the contrary, I am content to regard the two great creeds by which we attempt to regulate our lives as resting in the main upon separate bases. So long, therefore, as neither of them can lay claim to philosophic probability, discrepancies which exist or may hereafter arise between them cannot be considered as bearing more heavily against the one than they do against the other. But if a really valid philosophy, which would support Science to the exclusion of Religion, or Religion to the exclusion of Science, were discovered, the case would be somewhat different, and it would undoubtedly be difficult for that creed which is not philosophically established to exist beside the other while in contradiction to it—difficult, I say, not absolutely impossible. In the meanwhile, unfortunately, this does not seem likely to become a practical question. What has to be determined now is the course which ought to be pursued with regard to discrepancies between systems, neither of which can be regarded as philosophically established, but neither of which can we consent to surrender; and on this subject, of course,

it is only possible to make suggestions which may perhaps commend themselves to the practical instincts of the reader, though they cannot compel his intellectual assent. In my judgment, then, if these discrepancies are such that they can be smoothed away by concessions on either side which do not touch essentials, the concessions should be made; but if, which is not at present the case, consistency can only be purchased by practically destroying one or other of the conflicting creeds, I should elect in favour of inconsistency—not because I should be content with knowledge which, being self-contradictory, must needs be in some particulars false, but because a logical harmony obtained by the arbitrary destruction of all discordant elements may be bought at far too great a sacrifice of essential and necessary truth.

286. It is not necessary, I think, that I should add anything more in explanation of my attitude towards those positive beliefs which I hold in harmony with, though not as conclusions from, the negative criticisms contained in the body of this Essay. I am painfully aware of how few there are, even among those few whom the dry and abstruse character of the argument does not repel, who are likely to be the least in sympathy with the point of view I have been trying to defend. It will hardly find favour either with the ordinary believer or with the ordinary unbeliever. As regards the former, indeed, I console myself by thinking that the only practical end I desire has been in their case already attained. But as regards the latter, I am afraid that I have said nothing which they will even consider relevant to their own difficulties—if they have any—respecting the choice of a creed. They either ignore or are without that religious impulse, in the absence of which it is useless to clear away by any merely dialectical process the obstructions that, did it exist, would hinder its free development. Their case is not one that can be reached by argument, and argument is all I have to offer. Even could I command the most fervid and persuasive eloquence; could I rouse with power the slumbering feelings which find in Religion their only lasting satisfaction; could I compel every reader to long earnestly and with passion for some living share in that Faith which has been the spiritual life of millions ignorant alike of Science and Philosophy, this is not the occasion on which to do so. I should shrink from dragging into a controversy pitched throughout in another key thoughts whose full and intimate nature it is given to few adequately to express, and which, were I one of those few, would seem strangely misplaced at the conclusion of this dry and scholastic argument.

In any case, however, such a task is beyond my powers, and

therefore I cannot hope that my reasoning, even could I suppose it to be unanswerable, will produce any but a negative effect on those who approach the question of religious truth in that indifferent mood which they would perhaps themselves describe as intellectual impartiality. There may, however, be some of another temper, who would regard Religion as the most precious of all inheritances—if only it were true; who surrender slowly and unwillingly, to what they conceive to be unanswerable argument, convictions with which yet they can scarcely bear to part; who, for the sake of Truth, are prepared to give up what they had been wont to think of as their guide in this life, their hope in another, and to take refuge in some of the strange substitutes for Religion provided by the ingenuity of these latter times. It is not impossible that to some of these, hesitating between arguments to which they can find no reply and a creed which they feel to be necessary, the line of thought suggested by this chapter may be of service. Should such prove to be the case, this Essay will have an interest and a utility beyond that of pure Speculation; and I shall be more than satisfied.

287. The discord between Science and Religion has reference chiefly, if not entirely, to the interference by the supernatural with the natural, which Religion requires us to believe in; and the amount of this discord may be measured by the importance of the scientific doctrines which such a belief would require us to give up, if we were determined at all hazards to make the two systems consistent with each other. In discussing this subject, I shall assume, for the sake of argument, that this interference is not, as has been often suggested, produced immediately by the operation of some *unknown* though *natural* law; but that the common opinion is correct which attributes it to the direct action of a Supernatural Power. The question therefore we have to ask is this: What scientific beliefs do we contradict if we assert that a Supernatural Power has on various occasions interfered with the operation of natural laws? "We contradict," it will be replied, "the belief in the uniformity of Nature." Is the belief which is thus contradicted particularly important then to Science? "So important," many people would answer, "that it lies at the foundation of all our scientific reasoning, as well as all of our practical judgments." This I understand to be the opinion of the two most recent assailants of Theology who, so far as I know, have touched on the subject—namely, the author of "Supernatural Religion," and Mr. Leslie Stephen.

288. It would appear that Mr. Stephen holds, and thinks that Hume implicitly held, the doctrine that a belief in occasional

Divine interference is inconsistent with that belief in the uniformity of Nature which is "the sole guarantee of our reasoning." I doubt whether this was Hume's opinion; in any case it is incorrect.

The scientific belief which, with least impropriety, may be termed the "sole guarantee" of our reasoning, is *that* belief in the uniformity of Nature which is equivalent to a belief in the law of universal causation; which again is equivalent to a belief that similar antecedents are always followed by similar consequence. But this belief, as the least reflection will convince the reader, is in no way inconsistent with a belief in supernatural interference.

A belief in the uniformity of Nature, which is equivalent to a belief that natural effects are uniformly preceded by natural causes, no doubt *is* inconsistent with supernatural interference; but of what pieces of reasoning it is our sole guarantee, except those directed to show that in any given case the hypothesis of supernatural interference must be rejected, I am not able to say.

It is clear, then, that the most important discrepancy which has been, or could be, alleged to exist between Science and Religion has no real existence. The only great general principle on which scientific philosophers have as yet been able to rest their scientific creed is untouched.

289. Does, then, Theology require us to modify in any way our beliefs concerning the abstract part of Science? I apprehend that it does not. Such beliefs are in themselves as true and as fully proved if supernatural interference be possible as they are if such interference be impossible. A law does not do more than state that under certain circumstances (positive and negative) certain phenomena will occur. If on some occasions these circumstances, owing to supernatural interference, do *not* occur, the fact that the phenomena do not follow proves nothing as to the truth or falsehood of the law. If we believe that oxygen and hydrogen will combine under given conditions to produce water, we believe so none the less because we happen also to believe that some Supernatural Power may interpose, or has on certain occasions interposed, to prevent that result. I need not further insist on this point, which is obvious enough in itself, and on which I believe I am in agreement with Mr. Mill and others who are not commonly suspected of a theological bias.

290. Regarded in their relation to us as men, the facts which Theology asserts to have happened are unquestionably of transcendent importance. Regarded in their relation to Science, this

can hardly be maintained. *As phenomena*, the few events which are said to have occurred in Palestine and elsewhere of a supernatural character are scarcely worth noting. Being supernatural, they furnish no grounds either for believing in any new law of Nature or for disbelieving any which we had before supposed to be established; and being few, they are lost in the mass of facts which have succeeded each other since the earth came into being. "Is the supernatural creation of the world, then, nothing?" the reader may be tempted to exclaim. I have always understood[1] that this is a subject on which men of science professed to be altogether out of their sphere. "What, then, do you say about a belief in Providence, and in the possible interference of Supernatural Power in answer to prayer?" These, again, are not convictions which require us to modify our adherence to known laws. They may cast, indeed, an additional shade of doubt over our expectation of the events which are to occur in the future, as well as over the explanation of the events which have occurred in the past; and if our actual scientific inferences were (as I have shown in the fourth chapter that they are not) of a satisfactory character on these points, this might prove a matter of some, though not, I think, of very great importance. As it is, however, the Supernatural Power is only one of an indefinite number of known and unknown natural powers, which we never have seen, and perhaps can never hope to see, reduced to law, and which even if we leave miraculous interference out of account would suffice to make demonstrative prophecy or retrospection an absolute impossibility.

It would appear then that the discrepancy between Religion and Science, which vanishes altogether if we take the hypothesis most favourable to the Theologians, is comparatively insignificant in its amount even on the hypothesis most favourable to the Freethinkers: and if many writers who certainly know a great deal about Science, and may be supposed to know something about Theology, are of an altogether different opinion, this may, I apprehend, be attributed to the fact that they approach the question with their minds completely saturated with a theory of the logical relation which ought to subsist between Religion and Science, according to which the grounds, if any, for believing the first, are to be found, if anywhere, among the doctrines of the second. It is not hard to see that on any presupposition of this sort (combined as it is with the assumption that Science is philo-

[1] If the literal interpretation of the Mosaic account of the creation is to be accepted as an essential part of religion, no doubt the discrepancy between Religion and Science will be greater than that stated in the text. I have, however, assumed (in accordance with what I understand to be the opinion of theological experts) that this is not the case.

sophically established), the smallest want of harmony between the two systems may, or rather must, lead to the most important consequences; since the mere discovery that they are not rationally connected would remove all ground for accepting the dependent creed; while the least appearance of contradiction would supply a positive ground for rejecting it. As, however, I have in the preceding chapter sufficiently expressed my dissent from this view, it is not necessary that I should here any further allude to it. I merely desired to point out the principal reason which I believe exists for the great exaggeration which is occasionally to be observed in the estimate of the importance of the contradiction between current Religion and current Science put forward by thinkers of reputation.

291. The unification of all belief into an ordered whole, compacted into one coherent structure under the stress of reason, is an ideal which we can never abandon; but it is also one which, in the present condition of our knowledge, perhaps even of our faculties, we seem incapable of attaining. For the moment we must content ourselves with something less than this. The best system we can hope to construct will suffer from gaps and rents, from loose ends and ragged edges. It does not, however, follow from this that it will be without a high degree of value; and, whether valuable or worthless, it may at least represent the best within our reach.

By the best, I of course mean best in relation to reflective reason. If we have to submit, as I think we must, to an incomplete rationalisation of belief, this ought not to be because in a fit of intellectual despair we are driven to treat reason as an illusion; nor yet because we have deliberately resolved to transfer our allegiance to irrational or non-rational inclination; but because reason itself assures us that such a course is, at the lowest, the least irrational one open to us. If we have to find our way over difficult seas and under murky skies without compass or chronometer, we need not on that account allow the ship to drive at random. Rather ought we to weigh with the more anxious care every indication, be it negative or positive, and from whatever quarter it may come, which can help us to guess at our position and to lay out the course which it behoves us to steer.

292. One peculiarity there is which seems at first sight effectually to distinguish certain scientific beliefs from any which belong, say, to ethics or theology; a peculiarity which may, perhaps, be best expressed by the word "inevitableness." Everybody has, and everybody is obliged to have, some convictions about the

world in which he lives—convictions which in their narrow and particular form (as what I have before called beliefs of perception, memory, and expectation) guide us all, children, savages, and philosophers alike, in the ordinary conduct of day-to-day existence; which, when generalised and extended, supply us with some of the leading presuppositions on which the whole fabric of science appears logically to depend. No convictions quite answering to this description can, I think, be found either in ethics, æsthetics, or theology. Some kind of morality is, no doubt, required for the stability even of the rudest form of social life. Some sense of beauty, some kind of religion, is, perhaps, to be discovered (though this is disputed) in every human community. But certainly there is nothing in any of these great departments of thought quite corresponding to our habitual judgments about the things we see and handle; judgments which, with reason or without it, all mankind are practically compelled to entertain.

Compare, for example, the central truth of theology—"There is a God"—with one of the fundamental presuppositions of science (itself a generalised statement of what is given in ordinary judgments of perception)—"There is an independent material world." I am myself disposed to doubt whether so good a case can be made out for accepting the second of these propositions as can be made out for accepting the first. But while it has been found by many not only possible, but easy, to doubt the existence of God, doubts as to the independent existence of matter have assuredly been confined to the rarest moments of subjective reflection, and have dissolved like summer mists at the first touch of what we are pleased to call reality.

293. If we could suppose a community to be called into being who, in its dealings with the "external world," should permit action to wait upon speculation, and require all its metaphysical difficulties to be solved before reposing full belief in some such material surroundings as those which we habitually postulate, its members would be overwhelmed by a ruin more rapid and more complete than that which, in a preceding chapter, was prophesied for those who should succeed in ousting authority from its natural position among the causes of belief.

294. Faith or assurance, which, if not in excess of reason, is at least independent of it, seems to be a necessity in every great department of knowledge which touches on action; and what great department is there which does not? The analysis of sense-experience teaches us that we require it in our ordinary dealings with the material world. The most cursory examina-

tion into the springs of moral action shows that it is an indispensable supplement to ethical speculation. Theologians are for the most part agreed that without it religion is but the ineffectual profession of a barren creed. The comparative value, however, of these faiths is not to be measured either by their intensity or by the degree of their diffusion. It is true that all men, whatever their speculative opinions, enjoy a practical assurance with regard to what they see and touch. It is also true that few men have an assurance equally strong about matters of which their senses tell them nothing immediately, and that many men have on such subjects no assurance at all. But as this is precisely what we should expect if, in the progress of evolution, the need for other faiths had arisen under conditions very different from those which produced our innate and long-descended confidence in sense-perception, how can we regard it as a distinction in favour of the latter? We can scarcely reckon universality and necessity as badges of pre-eminence at the same moment that we recognise them as marks of the elementary and primitive character of the beliefs to which they give their all-powerful, but none the less irrational, sanction. The time has passed for believing that the further we go back towards the "state of nature," the nearer we get to Virtue and to Truth.

295. As rational necessity does not, so far as I can see, carry us at the best beyond a system of mere "solipsism," it must, somehow or other, be supplemented if we are to force an entrance into any larger and worthier inheritance. My complaint rather is, that having asked us to acquiesce in the guidance of non-rational impulse, they should then require us arbitrarily to narrow down the impulses which we may follow to the almost animal instincts lying at the root of our judgments about material phenomena. It is surely better—less repugnant, I mean, to reflective reason—to frame for ourselves some wider scheme which, though it be founded in the last resort upon our needs, shall at least take account of other needs than those we share with our brute progenitors.

And here, if not elsewhere, I may claim the support of the most famous masters of speculation. Though they have not, it may be, succeeded in supplying us with a satisfactory explanation of the Universe, at least the Universe which they have sought to explain has been something more than a mere collection of hypostatised sense-perceptions, packed side by side in space, and following each other with blind uniformity in time. All the great architects of systems have striven to provide accommodation within their schemes for ideas of wider sweep and richer

content; and whether they desired to support, to modify, or to oppose the popular theology of their day, they have at least given hospitable welcome to some of its most important conceptions.

In the case of such men as Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, this is obvious enough. It is true, I think, even in such a case as that of Spinoza. Philosophers, indeed, may find but small satisfaction in his methods or conclusions. They may see but little to admire in his elaborate but illusory show of quasi-mathematical demonstration; in the Nature which is so unlike the Nature of the physicist that we feel no surprise at its being also called God; in the God Who is so unlike the God of the theologian that we feel no surprise at His also being called Nature; in the *a priori* metaphysic which evolves the universe from definitions; in the freedom which is indistinguishable from necessity; in the volition which is indistinguishable from intellect; in the love which is indistinguishable from reasoned acquiescence; in the universe from which have been expelled purpose, morality, beauty, and causation, and which contains, therefore, but scant room for theology, ethics, æsthetics, or science. In the two hundred years and more which have elapsed since the publication of his system, it may be doubted whether two hundred persons have been convinced by his reasoning. Yet he continues to interest the world; and why? Not, surely, as a guide through the mazes of metaphysics. Not as a pioneer of "higher" criticism. Least of all because he was anything so commonplace as a heretic or an atheist. The true reason appears to me to be very different. It is partly, at least, because in despite of his positive teaching he was endowed with a religious imagination which, in however abstract and metaphysical a fashion, illumined the whole profitless bulk of inconclusive demonstration; which enabled him to find in notions most remote from sense-experience the only abiding realities; and to convert a purely rational adhesion to the conclusions supposed to flow from the nature of an inactive, impersonal, and unmoral substance, into something not quite inaptly termed the Love of God.

296. Is it true to say that, in the absence of reason, we have contentedly accepted mere desire for our guide? No doubt the theory here advocated requires us to take account, not merely of premises and their conclusions, but of needs and their satisfaction. But this is only asking us to do explicitly and on system what on the naturalistic theory is done unconsciously and at random. By the very constitution of our being we seem practically driven to assume a real world in correspondence with our

ordinary judgments of perception. A harmony of some kind between our inner selves and the universe of which we form a part is thus the tacit postulate at the root of every belief we entertain about "phenomena"; and all that I now contend for is that a like harmony should provisionally be assumed between that universe and other elements in our nature which are of a later, of a more uncertain, but of no ignobler, growth.

297. If, as is not unlikely, there are readers who are unwilling to acknowledge this kind of equality between the different branches of knowledge—who are disposed to represent Science as a Land of Goshen, bright beneath the unclouded splendours of the midday sun, while Religion lies beyond, wrapped in the impenetrable darkness of the Egyptian plague—I would suggest for their further consideration certain arguments, not drawn like those in an earlier portion of this Essay from the deficiencies which may be detected in scientific proof, but based exclusively upon an examination of fundamental scientific ideas considered in themselves. For these ideas possess a quality, exhibited no doubt equally by ideas in other departments of knowledge, which admirably illustrates our ignorance of what we know best, our blindness to what we see most clearly. This quality, indeed, is not very easy to describe in a sentence; but perhaps it may be provisionally indicated by saying that, although these ideas seem quite simple so long as we only have to handle them for the practical purposes of daily life, yet, when they are subjected to critical investigation, they appear to crumble under the process; to lose all precision of outline; to vanish like the magician in the story, leaving only an elusive mist in the grasp of those who would arrest them.

298. What are "we"? What is space? Can "we" be in space, or is it only our bodies about which any such statement can be made? What is a "thing"? and, in particular, what is a "material thing"? What is meant by saying that one "material thing" acts upon another? What is meant by saying that "material things" act upon "us"? Here are six questions all directly and obviously arising out of our most familiar acts of judgment. Yet, direct and obvious as they are, it is hardly too much to say that they involve all the leading problems of modern philosophy, and that the man who has found an answer to them is the fortunate possessor of a tolerably complete system of metaphysic.

Consider, for example, the simplest of the six questions enumerated above, namely, What is a "material thing"? Nothing could be plainer till you consider it. Nothing can be obscurer

when you do. A "thing" has qualities—hardness, weight, shape, and so forth. Is it merely the sum of these qualities, or is it something more? If it is merely the sum of its qualities, have these any independent existence? Nay, is such an independent existence even conceivable? If it is something more than the sum of its qualities, what is the relation of the "qualities" to the "something more"? Again, can we on reflection regard a "thing" as an isolated "somewhat," an entity self-sufficient and potentially solitary? Or must we not rather regard it as being what it is in virtue of its relation to other "somewhats," which, again, are what they are in virtue of their relation to it, and to each other? And if we take, as I think we must, the latter alternative, are we not driven by it into a profitless progression through parts which are unintelligible by themselves, but which yet obstinately refuse to coalesce into any fully intelligible whole?

Now, I do not serve up these cold fragments of ancient though unsolved controversies for no better purpose than to weary the reader who is familiar with metaphysical discussion, and to puzzle the reader who is not. I rather desire to direct attention to the universality of a difficulty which many persons seem glad enough to acknowledge when they come across it in theology, though they admit it only with reluctance in the case of ethics and æsthetics, and for the most part completely ignore it when they are dealing with our knowledge of "phenomena." Yet in this respect, at least, all these branches of knowledge would appear to stand very much upon an equality. In all of them conclusions seem more certain than premises, the superstructure more stable than the foundation. In all of them we move with full assurance and a practical security only among ideas which are relative and dependent. In all of them these ideas, so clear and so sufficient for purposes of everyday thought and action, become confused and but dimly intelligible when examined in the unsparing light of critical analysis.

299. Mr. Spencer's theory admits, nay, insists, that what it calls "ultimate scientific ideas" are inconsistent, and, to use his own phrase, "unthinkable." Space, time, matter, motion, force, and so forth, are each in turn shown to involve contradictions which it is beyond our power to solve, and obscurities which it is beyond our power to penetrate; while the once famous dialectic of Hamilton and Mansel is invoked for the purpose of enforcing the same lesson with regard to the Absolute and the Unconditioned, which those thinkers identified with God, but which Mr. Spencer prefers to describe as the Unknowable.

So far, so good. Though the details of the demonstration

may not be altogether to our liking, I, at least, have no particular quarrel with its general tenor, which is in obvious harmony with much that I have just been insisting on. But when we have to consider the conclusion which Mr. Spencer contrives to extract from these premises, our differences become irreconcilable. He has proved, or supposes himself to have proved, that the "ultimate ideas" of science and the "ultimate ideas" of theology are alike "unthinkable." What is the proper inference to be drawn from these statements? Why, clearly, that science and theology are so far on an equality that every proposition which considerations like these oblige us to assert about the one, we are bound to assert also about the other; and that our general theory of knowledge must take account of the fact that both these great departments of it are infected by the same weakness.

300. The truth is that Mr. Spencer, like many of his predecessors, has impaired the value of his speculations by the hesitating timidity with which he has pursued them. Nobody is required to investigate first principles; but those who voluntarily undertake the task should not shrink from its results. And if among these we have to count a theoretical scepticism about scientific knowledge, we make matters, not better, but worse, by attempting to ignore it. In Mr. Spencer's case this procedure has, among other ill consequences, caused him to miss the moral which at one moment lay ready to his hand. He has had the acuteness to see that our beliefs cannot be limited to the sequences and the co-existences of phenomena; that the ideas on which science relies, and in terms of which all science has to be expressed, break down under the stress of criticism; that beyond what we think we know, and in closest relationship with it, lies an infinite field which we do not know, and which with our present faculties we can never know, yet which cannot be ignored without making what we do know unintelligible and meaningless. But he has failed to see whither such speculations must inevitably lead him. He has failed to see that if the certitudes of science lose themselves in depths of unfathomable mystery, it may well be that out of these same depths there should emerge the certitudes of religion; and that if the dependence of the "knowable" upon the "unknowable" embarrasses us not in the one case, no reason can be assigned why it should embarrass us in the other.

Mr. Spencer, in short, has avoided the error of dividing all reality into a Perceivable which concerns us and an Unperceivable which, if it exists at all, concerns us not. Agnosticism so understood he explicitly repudiates by his theory, if not by his practice. But he has not seen that, if this simple-minded creed

be once abandoned, there is no convenient halting-place till we have swung round to a theory of things which is almost its precise opposite; a theory which, though it shrinks on its speculative side from no severity of critical analysis, yet on its practical side finds the source of its constructive energy in the deepest needs of man, and thus recognises, alike in science, in ethics, in beauty, in religion, the halting expression of a reality beyond our reach, the half-seen vision of transcendent Truth.

301. It must not be supposed that I intend either to deny that it is our business to "reconcile" all beliefs, so far as possible, into a self-consistent whole, or to assert that, because a perfectly coherent philosophy cannot as yet be attained, it is, in the meanwhile, a matter of complete indifference how many contradictions and obscurities we admit into our provisional system. Some contradictions and obscurities there needs must be. That we should not be able completely to harmonise the detached hints and isolated fragments in which alone Reality comes into relation with us; that we should but imperfectly co-ordinate what we so imperfectly comprehend, is what we might expect, and what for the present we have no choice but to submit to. Yet it will, I think, be found on examination that the discrepancies which exist between different departments of belief are less in number and importance than those which exist within the various departments themselves; that the difficulties which science, ethics, or theology have to solve in common are more formidable by far than any which divide them from each other; and that, in particular, the supposed "conflict between science and religion," which occupies so large a space in contemporary literature, is the theme of so much vigorous debate, and seems to so many earnest souls the one question worth resolving, is either concerned for the most part with matters in themselves comparatively trifling, or touches interests lying far beyond the limits of pure theology.

302. Of course it must be remembered that I am now talking of science, not of naturalism. The differences between naturalism and theology are, no doubt, irreconcilable, since naturalism is by definition the negation of theology. But science must not be dragged into every one of the many quarrels which naturalism has taken upon its shoulders. Science is in no way concerned, for instance, to deny the reality of a world unrevealed to us in sense-perception, nor the existence of a God who, however imperfectly, may be known by those who diligently seek Him. All it says, or ought to say, is that these are matters beyond its jurisdiction; to be tried, therefore, in other courts, and before

judges administering different laws. But we may go further. The being of God may be beyond the province of science, and yet it may be from a consideration of the general body of scientific knowledge that philosophy draws some important motives for accepting the doctrine. Any complete survey of the "proofs of theism" would, I need not say, be here quite out of place; yet, in order to make clear where I think the real difficulty lies in framing any system which shall include both theology and science, I may be permitted to say enough about theism to show where I think the difficulty does *not* lie. It does not lie in the doctrine that there is a supernatural or, let us say, a metaphysical ground, on which the whole system of natural phenomena depends; nor in the attribution to this ground of the quality of reason, or, it may be, of something higher than reason, in which reason is, so to speak, included. This belief, with all its inherent obscurities, is, no doubt, necessary to theology, but it is at the same time so far, in my judgment, from being repugnant to science that, without it, the scientific view of the natural world would not be less, but more, beset with difficulties than it is at present.

303. An induction which may be perfectly valid within the circle of phenomena, may be quite meaningless when it is employed to account for the circle itself. You cannot infer a God from the existence of the world as you infer an architect from the existence of a house, or a mechanic from the existence of a watch.

304. The uniformity of Nature, as I have before explained, cannot be proved by experience, for it is what makes proof from experience possible. We must bring it, or something like it, to the facts in order to infer anything from them at all. Assume it, and we shall no doubt find that, broadly speaking and in the rough, what we call the facts conform to it. But this conformity is not inductive proof, and must not be confounded with inductive proof. In the same way, I do not contend that, if we start from Nature without God, we shall be logically driven to believe in Him by a mere consideration of the examples of adaptation which Nature undoubtedly contains. It is enough that when we bring this belief with us to the study of phenomena, we can say of it, what we have just said of the principle of uniformity, namely, that, "broadly speaking and in the rough," the facts harmonise with it, and that it gives a unity and a coherence to our apprehension of the natural world which it would not otherwise possess.

305. But the argument from design, in whatever shape it is accepted, is not the only one in favour of theism with which scientific knowledge furnishes us. Nor is it, to my mind, the most important. The argument from design rests upon the world as known. But something also may be inferred from the mere fact that we know—a fact which, like every other, has to be accounted for. And how is it to be accounted for? I need not repeat again what I have already said about Authority and Reason; for it is evident that, whatever be the part played by reason among the proximate causes of belief, among the ultimate causes it plays, according to science, no part at all. On the naturalistic hypothesis, the whole premises of knowledge are clearly due to the blind operation of material causes, and in the last resort to these alone. On that hypothesis we no more possess free reason than we possess free will. As all our volitions are the inevitable product of forces which are quite alien to morality, so all our conclusions are the inevitable product of forces which are quite alien to reason. As the casual introduction of conscience, or a "good will," into the chain of causes which ends in a "virtuous action" ought not to suggest any idea of merit, so the casual introduction of a little ratiocination as a stray link in the chain of causes which ends in what we are pleased to describe as a "demonstrated conclusion," ought not to be taken as implying that the conclusion is in harmony with fact. Morality and reason are august names, which give an air of respectability to certain actions and certain arguments; but it is quite obvious on examination that, if the naturalistic hypothesis be correct, they are but unconscious tools in the hands of their unmoral and non-rational antecedents, and that the real responsibility for all they do lies in the distribution of matter and energy which happened to prevail far back in the incalculable past.

These conclusions are, no doubt, as we saw at the beginning of this Essay, embarrassing enough to Morality. But they are absolutely ruinous to Knowledge. For they require us to accept a system as rational, one of whose doctrines is that the system itself is the product of causes which have no tendency to truth rather than falsehood, or to falsehood rather than truth. Forget, if you please, that reason itself is the result, like nerves or muscles, of physical antecedents. Assume (a tolerably violent assumption) that in dealing with her premises she obeys only her own laws. Of what value is this autonomy if those premises are settled for her by purely irrational forces, which she is powerless to control, or even to comprehend? The professor of naturalism rejoicing in the display of his dialectical resources is like a voyager, pacing at his own pleasure up and

down the ship's deck, who should suppose that his movements had some important share in determining his position on the illimitable ocean. And the parallel would be complete if we can conceive such a voyager pointing to the alertness of his step and the vigour of his limbs as auguring well for the successful prosecution of his journey, while assuring you in the very same breath that the vessel, within whose narrow bounds he displays all this meaningless activity, is drifting he knows not whence nor whither, without pilot or captain, at the bidding of shifting winds and undiscovered currents.

306. Until there occurred the unexplained leap from the Inorganic to the Organic, Selection, of course, had no place among the evolutionary processes; while even after that date it was, from the nature of the case, only concerned to foster and perpetuate those chance-born beliefs which minister to the continuance of the species. But what an utterly inadequate basis for speculation is here! We are to suppose that powers which were evolved in primitive man and his animal progenitors, in order that they might kill with success and marry in security, are on that account fitted to explore the secrets of the universe. We are to suppose that the fundamental beliefs on which these powers of reasoning are to be exercised reflect with sufficient precision remote aspects of reality, though they were produced in the main by physiological processes which date from a stage of development when the only curiosities which had to be satisfied were those of fear and those of hunger. To say that instruments of research constructed solely for uses like these cannot be expected to supply us with a metaphysic or a theology, is to say far too little. They cannot be expected to give us any general view even of the phenomenal world, or to do more than guide us in comparative safety from the satisfaction of one useful appetite to the satisfaction of another. On this theory, therefore, we are again driven back to the same sceptical position in which we found ourselves left by the older forms of the "positive," or naturalistic creed. On this theory, as on the other, reason has to recognise that her rights of independent judgment and review are merely titular dignities, carrying with them no effective powers; and that, whatever her pretensions, she is, for the most part, the mere editor and interpreter of the utterances of unreason. I do not believe that any escape from these perplexities is possible, unless we are prepared to bring to the study of the world the presupposition that it was the work of a rational Being who made *it* intelligible, and at the same time made *us*, in however feeble a fashion, able to understand it. This conception does

not solve all difficulties; far from it. But, at least, it is not on the face of it incoherent. It does not attempt the impossible task of extracting reason from unreason; nor does it require us to accept among scientific conclusions any which effectually shatter the credibility of scientific premises.

307. Theism, then, whether or not it can in the strict meaning of the word be described as proved by science, is a principle which science, for a double reason, requires for its own completion. The ordered system of phenomena asks for a cause; our knowledge of that system is inexplicable unless we assume for it a rational Author. Under this head, at least, there should be no "conflict between science and religion."

It is true, of course, that if theism smooths away some of the difficulties which atheism raises, it is not on that account without difficulties of its own. We cannot, for example, form, I will not say any adequate, but even any tolerable, idea of the mode in which God is related to, and acts on, the world of phenomena. That He created it, that He sustains it, we are driven to believe. How He created it, how He sustains it, is impossible for us to imagine. But let it be observed that the difficulties which thus arise are no peculiar heritage of theology, or of a science which accepts among its presuppositions the central truth which theology teaches. Naturalism itself has to face them in a yet more embarrassing form. For they meet us not only in connection with the doctrine of God, but in connection with the doctrine of man. Not Divinity alone intervenes in the world of things. Each living soul, in its measure and degree, does the same. Each living soul which acts on its surroundings raises questions analogous to, and in some ways more perplexing than, those suggested by the action of a God immanent in a universe of phenomena.

308. According to a once prevalent theory, "innate ideas" were true because they were implanted in us by God. According to my way of putting it, there must be a God to justify our confidence in (what used to be called) innate ideas. I have given the argument in a form which avoids all discussion as to the nature of the relation between mind and body. Whatever be the mode of describing this which ultimately commends itself to naturalistic psychologists, the reasoning in the text holds good.

309. Every theory of the relation between Will, or, more strictly, the Willing Self and Matter, must come under one of two heads: (1) Either Will acts on Matter, or (2) it does not. If it does act on Matter, it must be either as Free Will or as

Determined Will. If it is as Free Will, it upsets the uniformity of Nature, and our most fundamental scientific conceptions must be recast. If it is as Determined Will, that is to say, if volition be interpolated as a necessary link between one set of material movements and another, then, indeed, it leaves the uniformity of Nature untouched, but it violates mechanical principles. According to the mechanical view of the world, the condition of any material system at one moment is absolutely determined by its condition at the preceding moment. In a world so conceived there is no room for the interpolation even of Determined Will among the causes of material change. It is mere surplusage.

(2) If the Will does not act on Matter, then we must suppose either that volition belongs to a psychic series running in a parallel stream to the physiological changes of the brain, though neither influenced by it nor influencing it—which is, of course, the ancient theory of pre-established harmony; or else we must suppose that it is a kind of superfluous consequence of certain physiological changes produced presumably without the exhaustion of any form of energy and having no effect whatever, either upon the material world or, I suppose, upon other psychic conditions. This reduces us to automata, and automata of a kind very difficult to find proper accommodation for in a world scientifically conceived.

None of these alternatives seem very attractive, but one of them would seem to be inevitable.

310. But, in truth, without going into the metaphysics of the Self, our previous discussions contain ample material for showing how impenetrable are the mists which obscure the relation of mind to matter, of things to the perception of things. Neither can be eliminated from our system. Both must perforce form elements in every adequate representation of reality. Yet the philosophic artist has still to arise who shall combine the two into a single picture, without doing serious violence to essential features, either of the one or the other. I am myself, indeed, disposed to doubt whether any concession made by the "subjective" to the "objective," or by the "objective" to the "subjective," short of the total destruction of one or the other, will avail to produce a harmonious scheme. And certainly no discord could be so barren, so unsatisfying, so practically impossible, as a harmony attained at such a cost. We must acquiesce, then, in the existence of an unsolved difficulty. But it is a difficulty which meets us, in an even more intractable form, when we strive to realise the nature of our own relations to the little world in which we move, than when we are dealing with a like problem in

respect to the Divine Spirit, Who is the Ground of all being and the Source of all change.

311. But though there should thus be no conflict between theology and science, either as to the existence of God or as to the possibility of His acting on phenomena, it by no means follows that the idea of God which is suggested by science is compatible with the idea of God which is developed by theology. Identical, of course, they need not be. Theology would be unnecessary if all we are capable of learning about God could be inferred from a study of Nature. Compatible, however, they seemingly must be, if science and religion are to be at one.

And yet I know not whether those who are most persuaded that the claims of these two powers are irreconcilable rest their case willingly upon the most striking incongruity between them which can be produced—I mean the existence of misery and the triumphs of wrong. Yet no one is, or, indeed, could be, blind to the difficulty which thence arises. From the world as presented to us by science we might conjecture a God of power and a God of reason; but we never could infer a God who was wholly loving and wholly just. So that what religion proclaims aloud to be His most essential attributes are precisely those respecting which the oracles of science are doubtful or are dumb.

One reason, I suppose, why this insistent thought does not, so far as my observation goes, supply a favourite weapon of controversial attack, is that ethics is obviously as much interested in the moral attributes of God as theology can ever be (a point to which I shall presently return). But another reason, no doubt, may be found in the fact that the difficulty is one which has been profoundly realised by religious minds ages before organised science can be said to have existed; while, on the other hand, the growth of scientific knowledge has neither increased nor diminished the burden of it by a feather-weight. The question, therefore, seems,—though not, I think, quite correctly,—to be one which is wholly, as it were, within the frontiers of theology, and which theologians may, therefore, be left to deal with as best they may, undisturbed by any arguments supplied by science. If this be not in theory strictly true, it is in practice but little wide of the mark. The facts which raise the problem in its acutest form belong, indeed, to that portion of the experience of life which is the common property of science and theology; but theology is much more deeply concerned in them than science can ever be, and has long faced the unsolved problem which they present. The weight which it has thus borne for all these centuries is not likely now to crush it; and, paradoxical

though it seems, it is yet surely true, that what is a theological stumbling-block may also be a religious aid; and that it is in part the thought of "all creation groaning and travailing in pain together, waiting for redemption," which creates in man the deepest need for faith in the love of God.

312. I conceive, then, that those who talk of the "conflict between science and religion" do not, as a rule, refer to the difficulty presented by the existence of Evil. Where, then, in their opinion, is the point of irreconcilable difference to be found? It will, I suppose, at once be replied, in Miracles. But though the answer has in it a measure of truth, though, without doubt, it is possible to approach the real kernel of the problem from the side of miracles, I confess this seems to me to be in fact but seldom accomplished; while the very term is more suggestive of controversy, wearisome, unprofitable, and unending, than any other in the language, Free Will alone being excepted. Into this Serbonian bog I scarcely dare ask the reader to follow me, though the adventure must, I am afraid, be undertaken if the purpose of this chapter is to be accomplished.

In the first place, then, it seems to me unfortunate that the principle of the Uniformity of Nature should so often be dragged into a controversy with which its connection is so dubious and obscure. For what do we mean by saying that Nature is uniform? We may mean, perhaps we ought to mean, that (leaving Free Will out of account) the condition of the world at one moment is so connected with its condition at the next, that if we could imagine it brought twice into exactly the same position, its subsequent history would in each case be exactly the same. Now no one, I suppose, imagines that uniformity in this sense has any quarrel with miracles. If a miracle is a wonder wrought by God to meet the needs arising out of the special circumstances of a particular moment, then, supposing the circumstances were to recur, as they would if the world were twice to pass through the same phase, the miracle, we cannot doubt, would recur also. It is not possible to suppose that the uniformity of Nature thus broadly interpreted would be marred by Him on Whom Nature depends, and Who is immanent in all its changes.

313. The hurried glance which I have asked the reader to take into some obscure corners of inductive theory is by no means intended to suggest that it is as easy to believe in a miracle as not; or even that on other grounds, presently to be referred to, miracles ought not to be regarded as incredible. But it does show, in my judgment, that no profit can yet be extracted from

controversies as to the precise relation in which they stand to the Order of the world. Those engaged in these controversies have not uncommonly committed a double error. They have, in the first place, chosen to assume that we have a perfectly clear and generally accepted theory as to what is meant by the Uniformity of Nature, as to what is meant by particular Laws of Nature, as to the relation in which the particular Laws stand to the general Uniformity, and as to the kind of proof by which each is to be established. And, having committed this philosophic error, they proceed to add to it the historical error of crediting primitive theology with a knowledge of this theory, and with a desire to improve upon it. They seem to suppose that apostles and prophets were in the habit of looking at the natural world in its ordinary course, with the eyes of an eighteenth-century deist, as if it were a bundle of uniformities which, once set going, went on for ever automatically repeating themselves; and that their message to mankind consisted in announcing the existence of another, or supernatural world, which occasionally upset one or two of these natural uniformities by means of a miracle. No such theory can be extracted from their writings, and no such theory should be read into them; and this not merely because such an attribution is unhistorical, nor yet because there is any ground for doubting the interaction of the "spiritual" and the "natural"; but because this account of the "natural" itself is one which, if interpreted strictly, seems open to grave philosophical objection, and is certainly deficient in philosophic proof.

The real difficulties connected with theological miracles lie elsewhere. Two qualities seem to be of their essence: they must be wonders, and they must be wonders due to the special action of Divine power; and each of these qualities raises a special problem of its own. That raised by the first is the question of evidence. What amount of evidence, if any, is sufficient to render a miracle credible? And on this, which is apart from the main track of my argument, I may perhaps content myself with pointing out that, if by evidence is meant, as it usually is, historical testimony, this is not a fixed quantity, the same for every reasonable man, no matter what may be his other opinions. It varies, and must necessarily vary, with the general views, the "psychological climate," which he brings to its consideration. It is possible to get twelve plain men to agree on the evidence which requires them to announce from the jury box a verdict of guilty or not guilty, because they start with a common stock of presuppositions, in the light of which the evidence submitted to them may, without preliminary discussion, be interpreted. But

when, as in the case of theological miracles, there is no such common stock, any agreement on a verdict can scarcely be looked for. One of the jury may hold the naturalistic view of the world. To him, of course, the occurrence of a miracle involves the abandonment of the whole philosophy in terms of which he is accustomed to interpret the universe. Argument, custom, prejudice, authority—every conviction-making machine, rational and non-rational, by which his scheme of belief has been fashioned—conspire to make this vast intellectual revolution difficult. And we need not be surprised that even the most excellent evidence for a few isolated incidents is quite insufficient to effect his conversion; nor that he occasionally shows a disposition to go very extraordinary lengths in contriving historical or critical theories for the purpose of explaining such evidence away.

Another may believe in "verbal inspiration." To him the discussion of evidence in the ordinary sense is quite superfluous. Every miracle, whatever its character, whatever the circumstances in which it occurred, whatever its relation, whether essential or accidental, to the general scheme of religion, is to be accepted with equal confidence, provided it be narrated in the works of inspired authors. It is written: it is therefore true. And in the light of this presupposition alone must the results of any merely critical or historical discussion be finally judged.

A third of our supposed jurymen may reject both naturalism and verbal inspiration. He may appraise the evidence alleged in favour of "Wonders due to the special action of Divine power" by the light of an altogether different theory of the world and of God's action therein. He may consider religion to be as necessary an element in any adequate scheme of belief as science itself. Every event, therefore, whether wonderful or not, a belief in whose occurrence is involved in that religion, every event by whose disproof the religion would be seriously impoverished or altogether destroyed, has behind it the whole combined strength of the system to which it belongs. It is not, indeed, believed independently of external evidence, any more than the most ordinary occurrences in history are believed independently of external evidence. But it does not require, as some people appear to suppose, the impossible accumulation of proof on proof, of testimony on testimony, before the presumption against it can be neutralised. For, in truth, no such presumption may exist at all. Strange as the miracle must seem, and inharmonious when considered as an alien element in an otherwise naturalistic setting, it may assume a character of inevitableness, it may almost proclaim aloud that thus it has occurred, and not otherwise, to those who consider it in its relation, not to the natural world

alone, but to the spiritual, and to the needs of man as a citizen of both.

314. Few schemes of thought which have any religious flavour about them at all wholly exclude the idea of what I will venture to call the "preferential exercise of Divine power," whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the manner in which it is manifested. There are those who reject miracles but who, at least in those fateful moments when they imaginatively realise their own helplessness, will admit what in a certain literature is called a "special Providence." There are those who reject the notion of "special Providence," but who admit a sort of Divine superintendence over the general course of history. There are those, again, who reject in its ordinary shape the idea of Divine superintendence, but who conceive that they can escape from philosophic reproach by beating out the idea yet a little thinner, and admitting that there does exist somewhere a "Power which makes for righteousness."

For my own part, I think all these various opinions are equally open to the only form of attack which it is worth while to bring against any one of them. And if we allow, as (supposing religion in any shape to be true) we must allow, that the "preferential action" of Divine power is possible, nothing is gained by qualifying the admission with all those fanciful limitations and distinctions with which different schools of thought have seen fit to encumber it. The admission itself, however, is one which, in whatever shape it may be made, no doubt suggests questions of great difficulty. How can the Divine Being Who is the Ground and Source of everything that is, Who sustains all, directs all, produces all, be connected more closely with one part of that which He has created than with another? If every event be wholly due to Him, how can we say that any single event, such as a miracle, or any tendency of events, such as "making for righteousness," is specially His? What room for difference or distinction is there within the circuit of His universal power? Since the relation between His creation and Him is throughout and in every particular one of absolute dependence, what meaning can we attach to the metaphor which represents Him as taking part with one fragment of it, or as hostile to another?

Now it has, in the first place, to be observed that ethics is as much concerned with this difficulty as theology itself. For if we cannot believe in "preferential action," neither can we believe in the moral qualities of which "preferential action" is the sign; and with the moral qualities of God is bound up the fate of anything which deserves to be called morality at all. I am not

now arguing that ethics cannot exist unsupported by theism. On this theme I have already said something, and shall have to say more. My present contention is, that though history may show plenty of examples in heathendom of ethical theory being far in advance of the recognised religion, it is yet impossible to suppose that morality would not ultimately be destroyed by the clearly realised belief in a God Who was either indifferent to good or inclined to evil.

For a universe in which all the power was on the side of the Creator, and all the morality on the side of creation, would be one compared with which the universe of naturalism would shine out a paradise indeed. Even the poet has not dared to represent Jupiter torturing Prometheus without the dim figure of Avenging Fate waiting silently in the background. But if the idea of an immoral Creator governing a world peopled with moral, or even with sentient, creatures, is a speculative nightmare, the case is not materially mended by substituting for an immoral Creator an indifferent one. Once assume a God, and we shall be obliged, sooner or later, to introduce harmony into our system by making obedience to His will coincident with the established rules of conduct. We cannot frame our advice to mankind on the hypothesis that to defy Omnipotence is the beginning of wisdom. But if this process of adjustment is to be done consistently with the maintenance of any eternal and absolute distinction between right and wrong, then must His will be a "good will," and we must suppose Him to look with favour upon some parts of this mixed world of good and evil, and with disfavour upon others. If, on the other hand, this distinction seems to us metaphysically impossible; if we cannot do otherwise than regard Him as related in precisely the same way to every portion of His creation, looking with indifferent eyes upon misery and happiness, truth and error, vice and virtue, then our theology must surely drive us, under whatever disguise, to empty ethics of all ethical significance, and to reduce virtue to a colourless acquiescence in the Appointed Order.

Systems there are which do not shrink from these speculative conclusions. But their authors will, I think, be found rather among those who approach the problem of the world from the side of a particular metaphysic, than those who approach it from the side of Science. He who sees in God no more than the Infinite Substance of which the world of phenomena constitutes the accidents, or who requires Him for no other purpose than as Infinite Subject, to supply the "unity" without which the world of phenomena would be an "unmeaning flux of unconnected particulars," may naturally suppose Him to be equally

related to everything, good or bad, that has been, is, or can be. But I do not think that the man of science is similarly situated; for the doctrine of evolution has in this respect made a change in his position which, curiously enough, brings it closer to that occupied in this matter by theology and ethics than it was in the days when "special creation" was the fashionable view.

I am not contending, be it observed, that evolution strengthens the evidence for theism. My point rather is, that if the existence of God be assumed, evolution does, to a certain extent, harmonise with that belief in His "preferential action" which religion and morality alike require us to attribute to Him. For whereas the material and organic world was once supposed to have been created "all of a piece," and to show contrivance on the part of its Author merely by the machine-like adjustment of its parts, so now science has adopted an idea which has always been an essential part of the Christian view of the Divine economy, has given to that idea an undreamed-of extension, has applied it to the whole universe of phenomena, organic and inorganic, and has returned it again to theology enriched, strengthened, and developed. Can we, then, think of evolution in a God-created world without attributing to its Author the notion of purpose slowly worked out; the striving towards something which is not, but which gradually becomes, and in the fullness of time will be? Surely not. But, if not, can it be denied that evolution—the evolution, I mean, which takes place in time, the natural evolution of science, as distinguished from the dialectical evolution of metaphysics—does involve something in the nature of that "preferential action" which it is so difficult to understand, yet so impossible to abandon?

315. But if I confined myself to saying that the belief in a God who is not merely "substance," or "subject," but is, in Biblical language, "a living God," affords no ground of quarrel between theology and science, I should much understate my thought. I hold, on the contrary, that some such presupposition is not only tolerated, but is actually required, by science; that if it be accepted in the case of science, it can hardly be refused in the case of ethics, æsthetics, or theology; and that if it be thus accepted as a general principle, applicable to the whole circuit of belief, it will be found to provide us with a working solution of some, at least, of the difficulties with which naturalism is incompetent to deal.

316. When once we have realised the scientific truth that at the root of every rational process lies an irrational one; that reason, from a scientific point of view, is itself a natural prod-

uct; and that the whole material on which it works is due to causes, physical, physiological, and social, which it neither creates nor controls, we shall (as I showed just now) be driven in mere self-defence to hold that, behind these non-rational forces, and above them, guiding them by slow degrees, and, as it were, with difficulty, to a rational issue, stands that Supreme Reason in whom we must thus believe, if we are to believe in anything.

Here, then, we are plunged at once into the middle of theology. The belief in God, the attribution to Him of reason, and of what I have called "preferential action" in relation to the world which He has created, all seem forced upon us by the single assumption that science is not an illusion, and that, with the rest of its teaching, we must accept what it has to say to us about itself as a natural product. At no smaller cost can we reconcile the origins of science with its pretensions, or relieve ourselves of the embarrassments in which we are involved by a naturalistic theory of Nature. But evidently the admission, if once made, cannot stand alone. It is impossible to refuse to ethical beliefs what we have already conceded to scientific beliefs. For the analogy between them is complete. Both are natural products. Neither rank among their remoter causes any which share their essence. And as it is easy to trace back our scientific beliefs to sources which have about them nothing which is rational, so it is easy to trace back our ethical beliefs to sources which have about them nothing which is ethical. Both require us, therefore, to seek behind these phenomenal sources for some ultimate ground with which they shall be congruous; and as we have been moved to postulate a rational God in the interests of science, so we can scarcely decline to postulate a moral God in the interests of morality.

But, manifestly, those who have gone thus far cannot rest here. If we are to assign a "providential" origin to the long and complex train of events which have resulted in the recognition of a moral law, we must embrace within the same theory those sentiments and influences without which a moral law would tend to become a mere catalogue of commandments, possessed, it may be, of an undisputed authority, but obtaining on that account but little obedience. This was the point on which I dwelt at length in the first portion of this Essay. I then showed that if the pedigrees of conscience, of our ethical ideals, of our capacity for admiration, for sympathy, for repentance, for righteous indignation, were finally to lose themselves among the accidental variations on which Selection does its work, it was inconceivable that they should retain their virtue when once the creed of naturalism had thoroughly penetrated and discoloured every mood

of thought and belief. But if, deserting naturalism we regard the evolutionary process issuing in these ethical results as an instrument for carrying out a Divine purpose, the natural history of the higher sentiments is seen under a wholly different light. They may be due, doubtless they are in fact due, to the same selective mechanism which produces the most cruel and the most disgusting of Nature's contrivances for protecting the species of some loathsome parasite. Between the two cases science cannot, and naturalism will not, draw any valid distinction. But here theology steps in, and by the conception of design revolutionises our point of view. The most unlovely germ of instinct or of appetite to which we trace back the origin of all that is most noble and of good report, no longer throws discredit upon its developed offshoots. Rather is it consecrated by them. For if, in the region of Causation, it is wholly by the earlier stages that the later are determined, in the region of Design it is only through the later stages that the earlier can be understood.

317. Naturalism, as we saw, destroys the possibility of objective beauty—of beauty as a real, persistent quality of objects; and leaves nothing but feelings of beauty on the one side, and on the other a miscellaneous assortment of objects, called beautiful in their moments of favour, by which, through the chance operation of obscure associations, at some period, and in some persons, these feelings of beauty are aroused. A conclusion of this kind no doubt leaves us chilled and depressed spectators of our own æsthetic enthusiasms. And it may be that to put the scientific theory in a theological setting, instead of in a naturalistic one, will not wholly remove the unsatisfactory effect which the theory itself may leave upon the mind. And yet it surely does something. If we cannot say that Beauty is in any particular case an "objective" fact, in the sense in which science requires us to believe that "mass," for example, and "configuration," are "objective" facts, we are not precluded on that account from referring our feeling of it to God, nor from supposing that in the thrill of some deep emotion we have for an instant caught a far-off reflection of Divine beauty. This is, indeed, my faith; and in it the differences of taste which divide mankind lose all their harshness. For we may liken ourselves to the members of some endless procession winding along the borders of a sunlit lake. Towards each individual there will shine along its surface a moving lane of splendour, where the ripples catch and deflect the light in his direction; while on either hand the waters, which to his neighbour's eyes are brilliant in the sun, for him lie dull and undistinguished. So may all possess a like enjoyment of

loveliness. So do all owe it to one unchanging Source. And if there be an endless variety of the immediate objects from which we severally derive it, I know not, after all, that this should furnish any matter for regret.

318. We cannot consent to see the "preferential working of Divine power" only in those religious manifestations which refuse to accommodate themselves to our conception (whatever that may be) of the strictly "natural" order of the world; nor can we deny a Divine origin to those aspects of religious development which natural laws seem competent to explain.

319. Whatever difference there may be between the growth of theological knowledge and of other knowledge, their resemblances are both numerous and instructive. In both we note that movement has been sometimes so rapid as to be revolutionary, sometimes so slow as to be imperceptible. In both, that it has been sometimes an advance, sometimes a retrogression. In both, that it has been sometimes on lines permitting a long, perhaps an indefinite, development, sometimes in directions where farther progress seems barred for ever. In both, that the higher is, from the point of view of science, largely produced by the lower. In both, that, from the point of view of our provisional philosophy, the lower is only to be explained by the higher. In both, that the final product counts among its causes a vast multitude of physiological, psychological, political, and social antecedents with which it has no direct rational or spiritual affiliation.

How, then, can we most completely absorb these facts into our theory of Inspiration? It would, no doubt, be inaccurate to say that inspiration is that, seen from its Divine side, which we call discovery when seen from the human side. But it is not, I think, inaccurate to say that every addition to knowledge, whether in the individual or the community, whether scientific, ethical, or theological, is due to a co-operation between the human soul which assimilates and the Divine power which inspires. Neither acts, or, as far as we can pronounce upon such matters, could act, in independent isolation. For "unassisted reason" is, as I have already said, a fiction; and pure receptivity it is impossible to conceive. Even the emptiest vessel must limit the quantity and determine the configuration of any liquid with which it may be filled.

320. All I wish here to insist on is, that the sphere of Divine influence in matters of belief exists as a whole, and may therefore be studied as a whole; and that, not improbably, to study

it as a whole would prove no unprofitable preliminary to any examination into the character of its more important parts.

So studied, it becomes evident that Inspiration, if this use of the word is to be allowed, is limited to no age, to no country, to no people. It is required by those who learn not less than by those who teach. Wherever an approach has been made to truth, wherever any individual soul has assimilated some old discovery, or has forced the secret of a new one, there is its co-operation to be discovered. Its workings are to be traced not merely in the later development of beliefs, but far back among their unhonoured beginnings. Its aid has been granted not merely along the main line of religious progress, but in the side-alleys to which there seems no issue. Are we, for example, to find a full measure of inspiration in the highest utterances of Hebrew prophet or psalmist, and to suppose that the primitive religious conceptions common to the Semitic race had in them no touch of the Divine? Hardly, if we also believe that it was these primitive conceptions which the "Chosen People" were divinely ordained to purify, to elevate, and to expand until they became fitting elements in a religion adequate to the necessities of a world. Are we, again, to deny any measure of inspiration to the ethico-religious teaching of the great Oriental reformers, because there was that in their general systems of doctrine which prevented, and still prevents, these from merging as a whole in the main stream of religious advance? Hardly, unless we are prepared to admit that men may gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. These things assuredly are of God; and whatever be the terms in which we choose to express our faith, let us not give colour to the opinion that His assistance to mankind has been narrowed down to the sources, however unique, from which we immediately, and consciously, draw our own spiritual nourishment.

321. Now, that there may be, or, rather, plainly are, many modes in which belief is assisted by Divine co-operation, I have already admitted. That the word "inspiration" may, with advantage, be confined to one or more of these I do not desire to deny. It is a question of theological phraseology, on which I am not competent to pronounce; and if I have seized upon the word for the purposes of my argument, it is with no desire to confound any distinction which ought to be preserved, but because there is no other term which so pointedly expresses that Divine element in the formation of beliefs on which it was my business to lay stress. This, if my theory be true, does, after all, exist, howsoever it may be described, to the full extent which I have

indicated; and though the beliefs which it assists in producing differ infinitely from one another in their nearness to absolute truth, the fact is not disguised, nor the honour due to the most spiritually perfect utterances in aught imperilled, by recognising in all some marks of Divine intervention.

322. What I have so far tried to establish is this—that the great body of our beliefs, scientific, ethical, theological, form a more coherent and satisfactory whole if we consider them in a Theistic setting than if we consider them in a Naturalistic one. The further question, therefore, inevitably suggests itself, Whether we can carry the process a step further, and say that they are more coherent and satisfactory if considered in a Christian setting than in a merely Theistic one?

The answer often given is in the negative. It is always assumed by those who do not accept the doctrine of the Incarnation, and it is not uncommonly conceded by those who do, that it constitutes an additional burden upon faith, a new stumbling-block to reason. And many who are prepared to accommodate their beliefs to the requirements of (so-called) "Natural Religion," shrink from the difficulties and perplexities in which this central mystery of Revealed Religion threatens to involve them. But what are these difficulties? Clearly they are not scientific. We are here altogether outside the region where scientific ideas possess any worth, or scientific categories claim any authority. It may be a realm of shadows, of empty dreams, and vain speculations. But whether it be this, or whether it be the abiding-place of the highest Reality, it evidently must be explored by methods other than those provided for us by the accepted canons of experimental research. Even when we are endeavouring to comprehend the relation of our own finite personalities to the material environment with which they are so intimately connected, we find, as we have seen, that all familiar modes of explanation break down and become meaningless. Yet we certainly exist, and presumably we have bodies. If, then, we cannot devise formulæ which shall elucidate the familiar mystery of our daily existence, we need neither be surprised nor embarrassed if the unique mystery of the Christian faith refuses to lend itself to inductive treatment.

But though the very uniqueness of the doctrine places it beyond the ordinary range of scientific criticism, the same cannot be said for the historical evidence on which, in part at least, it rests. Here, it will perhaps be urged, we are on solid and familiar ground. We have only got to ignore the arbitrary distinction between "sacred" and "secular," and apply the well-

understood methods of historic criticism to a particular set of ancient records in order to extract from them all that is necessary to satisfy our curiosity. If they break down under cross-examination, we need trouble ourselves no further about the metaphysical dogmas to which they point. No immunity or privilege claimed for the subject-matter of belief can extend to the merely human evidence adduced in its support; and as in the last resort the historical element in Christianity does evidently rest on human testimony, nothing can be simpler than to subject this to the usual scientific tests, and accept with what equanimity we may any results which they elicit.

323. Without taking any very deep plunge into the philosophy of historical criticism, we may easily perceive that our judgment as to the truth or falsity of any particular historic statement depends, partly on our estimate of the writer's trustworthiness, partly on our estimate of his means of information, partly on our estimate of the intrinsic probability of the facts to which he testifies. But these things are not "independent variables," to be measured separately before their results are balanced and summed up. On the contrary, it is manifest that, in many cases, our opinion on the trustworthiness and competence of the witnesses is modified by our opinion as to the inherent likelihood of what they tell us; and that our opinion as to the inherent likelihood of what they tell us may depend on considerations with respect to which no historical method is able to give us any conclusive information. In most cases, no doubt, these questions of antecedent probability have to be themselves decided solely, or mainly, on historic grounds, and, failing anything more scientific, by a kind of historic instinct. But other cases there are, though they be rare, to whose consideration we must bring larger principles, drawn from a wider theory of the world; and among these should be counted as first, both in speculative interest and in ethical importance, the early records of Christianity.

That this has been done, and, from their own point of view, quite rightly done, by various destructive schools of New Testament criticism, every one is aware. Starting from a philosophy which forbade them to accept much of the substance of the Gospel narrative, they very properly set to work to devise a variety of hypotheses which would account for the fact that the narrative, with all its peculiarities, was nevertheless there. Of these hypotheses there are many, and some of them have occasioned an admirable display of erudite ingenuity, fruitful of instruction from every point of view, and for all time. But it is a great, though common, error to describe these learned efforts as ex-

amples of the unbiassed application of historic methods to historic documents. It would be more correct to say that they are endeavours, by the unstinted employment of an elaborate critical apparatus, to force the testimony of existing records into conformity with theories on the truth or falsity of which it is for philosophy, not history, to pronounce.

324. If we are to possess a practical system, which shall not merely tell men what they ought to do, but assist them to do it; still more, if we are to regard the spiritual quality of the soul as possessing an intrinsic value not to be wholly measured by the external actions to which it gives rise, much more than this will be required. It will not only be necessary to claim the assistance of those ethical aspirations and ideals which are not less effectual for their purpose though nothing corresponding to them should exist, but it will also be necessary, if it be possible, to meet those ethical needs which must work more harm than good unless we can sustain the belief that there is somewhere to be found a Reality wherein they can find their satisfaction.

These are facts of moral psychology which, thus broadly stated, nobody, I think, will be disposed to dispute, although the widest differences of opinion may and do prevail as to the character, number, and relative importance of the ethical needs thus called into existence by ethical commands. It is further certain, though more difficulty may be felt in admitting it, that these needs can be satisfied in many cases but imperfectly, in some cases not at all, without the aid of theology and of theological sanctions. One commonly recognised ethical need, for example, is for harmony between the interests of the individual and those of the community. In a rude and limited fashion, and for a very narrow circle of ethical commands, this is deliberately provided by the prison and the scaffold, the whole machinery of the criminal law. It is provided, with less deliberation, but with greater delicacy of adjustment, and over a wider area of duty, by the operation of public opinion. But it can be provided, with any approach to theoretical perfection, only by a future life, such as that which is assumed in more than one system of religious belief.

325. If the reality of scientific and of ethical knowledge forces us to assume the existence of a rational and moral Deity, by whose preferential assistance they have gradually come into existence, must we not suppose that the Power which has thus produced in man the knowledge of right and wrong, and has added to it the faculty of creating ethical ideals, must have provided some satisfaction for the ethical needs which the historical

evelopment of the spiritual life has gradually called into existence?

Manifestly the argument in this shape is one which must be sed with caution. To reason purely *a priori* from our general iotions concerning the working of Divine Providence to the eality of particular historic events in time, or to the prevalence f particular conditions of existence through eternity, would imly a knowledge of Divine matters which we certainly do not ossess, and which, our faculties remaining what they are, a evelation from Heaven could not, I suppose, communicate to s. My contention, at all events, is of a much humbler kind. confine myself to asking whether, in a universe which, by ypothesis, is under moral governance, there is not a presumpion in favour of facts or events which minister, if true, to our ighest moral demands? and whether such a presumption, if it xists, is not sufficient, and more than sufficient, to neutralise he counter-presumption which has uncritically governed so much f the criticism directed in recent times against the historic laims of Christianity? For my own part, I cannot doubt that oth these questions should be answered in the affirmative; and f the reader will consider the variety of ways by which Chrisianity is, in fact, fitted effectually to minister to our ethical eeds, I find it hard to believe that he will arrive at any different onclusion.

326. Among the needs ministered to by Christianity are ome which increase rather than diminish with the growth of nowledge and the progress of science; and this Religion is therefore no mere reform, appropriate only to a vanished epoch in the istory of culture and civilisation, but a development of theism ow more necessary to us than ever.

I am aware, of course, that this may seem in strange discord ith opinions very commonly held. There are many persons who uppose that, in addition to any metaphysical or scientific objecions to Christian doctrines, there has arisen a legitimate feeling f intellectual repulsion to them, directly due to our more exended perception of the magnitude and complexity of the mateial world. The discovery of Copernicus, it has been said, is he death-blow to Christianity: in other words, the recognition y the human race of the insignificant part which they and their lanet play in the cosmic drama renders the Incarnation, as it ere, intrinsically incredible. This is not a question of logic, r science, or history. No criticism of documents, no haggling ver "natural" or "supernatural," either creates the difficulty r is able to solve it. For it arises out of what I may almost call

an æsthetic sense of disproportion. "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him; and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" is a question charged by science with a weight of meaning far beyond what it could have borne for the poet whose lips first uttered it. And those whose studies bring perpetually to their remembrance the immensity of this material world, who know how brief and how utterly imperceptible is the impress made by organic life in general, and by human life in particular, upon the mighty forces which surround them, find it hard to believe that on so small an occasion this petty satellite of no very important sun has been chosen as the theatre of an event so solitary and so stupendous.

Reflection, indeed, shows that those who thus argue have manifestly permitted their thoughts about God to be controlled by a singular theory of His relations to man and to the world, based on an unbalanced consideration of the vastness of Nature. They have conceived Him as moved by the mass of His own works; as lost in spaces of His own creation. Consciously or unconsciously, they have fallen into the absurdity of supposing that He considers His creatures, as it were, with the eyes of a contractor or a politician; that He measures their value according to their physical or intellectual importance; and that He sets store by the number of square miles they inhabit or the foot-pounds of energy they are capable of developing. In truth, the inference they should have drawn is of precisely the opposite kind. The very sense of the place occupied in the material universe by man the intelligent animal, creates in man the moral being a new need for Christianity, which, before science measured out the heavens for us, can hardly be said to have existed. Metaphysically speaking, our opinions on the magnitude and complexity of the natural world should, indeed, have no bearing on our conception of God's relation, either to us or to it. Though we supposed the sun to have been created some six thousand years ago, and to be "about the size of the Peloponnesus," yet the fundamental problems concerning time and space, matter and spirit, God and man, would not on that account have to be formally restated. But then, we are not creatures of pure reason; and those who desire the assurance of an intimate and effectual relation with the Divine life, and who look to this for strength and consolation, find that the progress of scientific knowledge makes it more and more difficult to obtain it by the aid of any merely speculative theism. The feeling of trusting dependence which was easy for the primitive tribes, who regarded themselves as their God's peculiar charge, and supposed Him in some special sense to dwell among them, is not easy for us; nor does it tend to

become easier. We can no longer share their naïve anthropomorphism. We search out God with eyes grown old in studying Nature, with minds fatigued by centuries of metaphysic, and imaginations glutted with material infinities. It is in vain that we describe Him as immanent in creation, and refuse to reduce Him to an abstraction, be it deistic or be it pantheistic. The overwhelming force and regularity of the great natural movements dull the sharp impression of an ever-present Personality deeply concerned in our spiritual well-being. He is hidden, not revealed, in the multitude of phenomena, and as our knowledge of phenomena increases, He retreats out of all realised connection with us farther and yet farther into the illimitable unknown.

Then it is that, through the aid of Christian doctrine, we are saved from the distorting influences of our own discoveries. The Incarnation throws the whole scheme of things, as we are too easily apt to represent it to ourselves, into a different and far truer proportion. It abruptly changes the whole scale on which we might be disposed to measure the magnitudes of the universe. What we should otherwise think great, we now perceive to be relatively small. What we should otherwise think trifling, we now know to be immeasurably important. And the change is not only morally needed, but is philosophically justified. Speculation by itself should be sufficient to convince us that, in the sight of a righteous God, material grandeur and moral excellences are incommensurable quantities; and that an infinite accumulation of the one cannot compensate for the smallest diminution of the other. Yet I know not whether, as a theistic speculation, this truth could effectually maintain itself against the brute pressure of external Nature. In the world looked at by the light of simple theism, the evidences of God's material power lie about us on every side, daily added to by science, universal, overwhelming. The evidences of His moral interest have to be anxiously extracted, grain by grain, through the speculative analysis of our moral nature. Mankind, however, are not given to speculative analysis; and if it be desirable that they should be enabled to obtain an imaginative grasp of this great truth; if they need to have brought home to them that, in the sight of God, the stability of the heavens is of less importance than the moral growth of a human spirit, I know not how this end could be more completely attained than by the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation.

327. Of all creeds, materialism is the one which, looked at from the inside—from the point of view of knowledge and the knowing Self—is least capable of being philosophically defended, or even coherently stated. Nevertheless, the burden of the body

is not, in practice, to be disposed of by any mere process of critical analysis. From birth to death, without pause or respite, it encumbers us on our path. We can never disentangle ourselves from its meshes, nor divide with it the responsibility for our joint performances. Conscience may tell us that we *ought* to control it, and that we *can*. But science, hinting that, after all, we are but its product and its plaything, receives ominous support from our experiences of mankind. Philosophy may assure us that the account of body and mind given by materialism is neither consistent nor intelligible. Yet body remains the most fundamental and all-pervading fact with which mind has got to deal, the one from which it can least easily shake itself free, the one that most complacently lends itself to every theory destructive of high endeavour.

328. What we need, then, is something that shall appeal to men of flesh and blood, struggling with the temptations and discouragements which flesh and blood is heir to; confused and baffled by theories of heredity; sure that the physiological view represents at least one aspect of the truth; not sure how any larger and more consoling truth can be welded on to it; yet swayed towards the materialist side less, it may be, by materialist reasoning than by the inner confirmation which a humiliating experience gives them of their own subjection to the body.

What support does the belief in a Deity ineffably remote from all human conditions bring to men thus hesitating whether they are to count themselves as beasts that perish, or among the sons of God? What bridge can be found to span the immeasurable gulf which separates Infinite Spirit from creatures who seem little more than physiological accidents? What faith is there, other than the Incarnation, which will enable us to realise that, however far apart, they are not hopelessly divided? The intellectual perplexities which haunt us in that dim region where mind and matter meet may not be thus allayed. But they who think with me that, though it is a hard thing for us to believe that we are made in the likeness of God, it is yet a very necessary thing, will not be anxious to deny that an effectual trust in this great truth, a full satisfaction of this ethical need, are among the natural fruits of a Christian theory of the world.

329. I have already said something about what is known as the "problem of evil," and the immemorial difficulty which it throws in the way of a completely coherent theory of the world on a religious or moral basis. I do not suggest now that the Doctrine of the Incarnation supplies any philosophic solution of

this difficulty. I content myself with pointing out that the difficulty is much less oppressive under the Christian than under any simpler form of Theism; and that though it may retain undiminished whatever speculative force it possesses, its moral grip is loosened, and it no longer parches up the springs of spiritual hope or crushes moral aspiration.

For where precisely does the difficulty lie? It lies in the supposition that an all-powerful Deity has chosen out of an infinite, or at least an unknown, number of possibilities to create a world in which pain is a prominent, and apparently an ineradicable, element. His action on this view is, so to speak, gratuitous. He might have done otherwise; He has done thus. He might have created sentient beings capable of nothing but happiness; He has in fact created them prone to misery, and subject by their very constitution and circumstances to extreme possibilities of physical pain and mental affliction. How can One of Whom this can be said excite our love? How can He claim our obedience? How can He be a fitting object of praise, reverence, and worship? So runs the familiar argument, accepted by some as a permanent element in their melancholy philosophy; wrung from others as a cry of anguish under the sudden stroke of bitter experience.

This reasoning is in essence an explication of what is supposed to be involved in the attribute of Omnipotence; and the sting of its conclusion lies in the inferred indifference of God to the sufferings of His creatures. There are, therefore, two points at which it may be assailed. We may argue, in the first place, that in dealing with subjects so far above our reach it is in general the height of philosophic temerity to squeeze out of every predicate the last significant drop it can apparently be forced to yield; or drive all the arguments it suggests to their extreme logical conclusions. And, in particular, it may be urged that it is erroneous, perhaps even unmeaning, to say that the universality of Omnipotence includes the power to do that which is irrational; and that, without knowing the Whole, we cannot say of any part whether it is rational or not.

These are metaphysical considerations which, so long as they are used critically, and not dogmatically, negatively, not positively, seem to me to have force. But there is a second line of attack, on which it is more my business to insist. I have already pointed out that ethics cannot permanently flourish side by side with a creed which represents God as indifferent to pain and sin; so that, if our provisional philosophy is to include morality within its circuit (and what harmony of knowledge would that be which did not?), the conclusions which apparently follow from

the co-existence of Omnipotence and of Evil are not to be accepted. Yet this speculative reply is, after all, but a fair-weather argument; too abstract easily to move mankind at large, too frail for the support, even of a philosopher, in moments of extremity. Of what use is it to those who, under the stress of sorrow, are permitting themselves to doubt the goodness of God, that such doubts must inevitably tend to wither virtue at the root? No such conclusion will frighten them. They have already almost reached it. Of what worth, they cry, is virtue in a world where sufferings like theirs fall alike on the just and on the unjust? For themselves, they know only that they are solitary and abandoned; victims of a Power too strong for them to control, too callous for them to soften, too far for them to reach, deaf to supplication, blind to pain. Tell them, with certain theologians, that their misfortunes are explained and justified by an hereditary taint; tell them, with certain philosophers, that, could they understand the world in its completeness, their agony would show itself an element necessary to the harmony of the Whole, and they will think you are mocking them. Whatever be the worth of speculations like these, it is not in the moments when they are most required that they come effectually to our rescue. What is needed is such a living faith in God's relation to Man as shall leave no place for that helpless resentment against the appointed Order so apt to rise within us at the sight of undeserved pain. And this faith is possessed by those who vividly realise the Christian form of Theism. For they worship One Who is no remote contriver of a universe to whose ills He is indifferent. If they suffer, did He not on their account suffer also? If suffering falls not always on the most guilty, was He not innocent? Shall they cry aloud that the world is ill-designed for their convenience, when He for their sakes subjected Himself to its conditions? It is true that beliefs like these do not in any narrow sense resolve our doubts nor provide us with explanations. But they give us something better than many explanations. For they minister, or rather the Reality behind them ministers, to one of our deepest ethical needs; to a need which, far from showing signs of diminution, seems to grow with the growth of civilisation, and to touch us ever more keenly as the hardness of an earlier time dissolves away.

330. I welcome this opportunity, brief though it is, of saying something upon the matter, for I have in the course of my own lifetime seen what I conceive to be a great change passing over the thinking portion of mankind upon this very subject. I remember, when it was universally thought by a large school that there was a fundamental conflict between the religious aspect of the world and the scientific aspect, that naturalism

as to be taken or rejected, and that any compromise between naturalism
· a scientific view of the world, (and the two things, though very differ-
ıt, were confused by the thinkers of whom I speak), and the aspect
: the world which we may call religious, was impossible. The persons
: whom I speak, of whom there are still many representatives among
ı, imagined that science was founded upon experience and induction;
ıat religion represented the last dying phase of a history which went
ıck and was lost among the early and savage superstitions of mankind:
ıd they further supposed that while intelligent persons holding religious
:liefs made a kind of compromise between the most recent teaching of
ience and the modified religion which they thought they could defend,
ıch compromises were doomed to early extinction, that the sphere of
ience ate into the sphere of religion as the ocean gradually eats into
›me coastline, and that though a retaining wall might be erected here or
ıere, the ultimate result was inevitable and could easily be foreseen,
result which would compel us to look out upon the universe of which
ankind is the temporary and fleeting citizen as a merely mechanical set
: causes and effects, owning no intelligent creator, having no moral pur-
›se, leading to no great end. For my own part I believe that view,
›wever widely it may yet be held among certain sections of our fellow-
›untrymen, is not the view which is gaining ground either among
ıilosophers or among men of science; that it is already antiquated, that
belongs to the past; and that it is not destined, among the many prob-
ms which are destined, to weigh upon the Christian conscience and call
›r Christian effort. This problem is not one which will long survive to
ouble us. I do not, of course, mean that the growth of scientific
ıowledge, of history, of philology, of anthropology, of the vast accu-
ıulation of learning which the last two generations have given to the
orld has no effect upon the mode in which religious men and Christians
›ld their beliefs; on the contrary, the effect is manifest. If we suppose
theologian of the twentieth century discussing these questions with a
ıeologian of the sixteenth century—they might both belong to the same
hurch, both honestly subscribe to the same symbols, both look forward
› the same hopes, both share the same faith—do we not all know that the
nguage in which they would speak to each other upon some aspects of
:ligion would be widely divergent? [1908.]

331. The issue I wish to put before you is this. Has the growth of
ience, or has it not, made it easier to believe that the world had a
ıtional and benevolent Creator, or has it rendered that belief entirely
ıperfluous—to be added to, if you please, by the theist or the deist, but
ı addition in any case superfluous, and wholly unfounded upon any
ıtional or philosophic ground? I think the progress of thought has been
ı the direction that we all in this great hall desire. Consider the old argu-
ıent from Design. But that argument from Design was based mainly
ı the fact that material nature was orderly, was uniform, showed the
arks (as Maxwell said of the atom) of having been manufactured, of
ıving come out of one mould, or of having been designed by one mind.
ut the real strength of that argument from Design rested upon adapta-
on between the living animals, whether man or the lower animals, and
ıe mechanical world which they inhabited. The religious philosopher said:
Can you suppose that animals would be created so happily adapted to
ıeir surroundings unless created by an intelligent Creator? Could that be
ıe result of chance, due to a fortuitous concurrence of atoms?" And the
·gument seemed extremely strong. But then came natural selection, then
ıme the Darwinian doctrine, which indicated that all these wonderful

adaptations were explained, or were explainable, by an action between the living organism and its environment, and that what had been supposed to be due to design really had nothing in it of final causes, but was due to action and interaction of the living organism with its dead environment. And that discovery gave great pain, caused profound perturbation in the minds of vast numbers of those who were told that the discoveries of science were inconsistent with the fundamental truths of religion: and I am not surprised, because I think that the argument from design, though I should hesitate to say it was worthless, had lost much of its old efficacy in the stress of recent biological discoveries.

But there is one thing, one phenomenon, one fact perhaps I ought to say, which wholly escapes this criticism; and that fact is the existence of Reason. Now, if we all look at the Universe simply from the naturalistic point of view, what is Reason? Reason is nothing more than one among many of the expedients by which Nature has blindly adapted a very small and numerically insignificant number of living organisms to adapt themselves somewhat better to the surroundings into which they are born. That is all that naturalism can say of human reason. It is the only account it can give of the existence upon this planet of *homo sapiens*. But it is an utterly inadequate reason—and its inadequacy must be evident to the man of science himself—on this ground, that if Reason be really only the product of irrational and mechanical causes going back to some illimitable past, reaching forward to some illimitable future, and, accidentally, in the course of that endless chain, producing for a brief moment in the history of the Universe a few individuals capable of understanding the world in which they live, what confidence can you place in Reason if you use it for any purpose beyond the merely life-preserving or race-preserving qualities for which alone, on this theory, it was brought into existence? And yet, every day some new scientific discovery carries us further and further from the petty world in which we live, and teaches us to reinterpret the material surroundings in which we find ourselves; so that the very experience by which we direct our daily lives in the eye of science is the coarsest and crudest symbolism of reality. Is the reason which has reached, and is reaching more and more, these conclusions, is it a reason to be trusted or to be spurned? If it is to be spurned, the fabric of science falls with the reason which creates it. If you take the other alternative, and say that we are indeed the possessors of powers far in excess of, or used for, purposes far outside those for which that reason was called into existence, if we are to regard ourselves as rational beings understanding a rational world, I ask you: Can we believe that that Reason is purely the product of merely mechanical forces, of gases coalescing, of worlds forming, of unknown combinations of organic particles, of the creation, by some process hitherto undreamed of, of life which has gradually worked up through every species of lower and irrational organism to the reason which now reaches out beyond the furthest star? That is a conclusion which, I think, is wholly impossible; and the contrary inference, the inference to which I ask your assent, though I know it to be given already, is an inference to which more and more science and philosophy are driving us, and making an apologetic for a theistic and religious view of the world undreamed of in the time when the human outlook was narrowed by its ignorance of the material Universe.

Briefly, and most imperfectly, I have attempted to lay before you one argument, not perhaps very easy of comprehension, but leading up, as I think, to a conclusion absolutely necessary if we are to be saved from a hopeless pessimism. For my own part I cannot conceive human society permanently deprived of the religious element; and, on the other hand, I

look to science far more than to the work of statesmen or to the creation of constitutions, or to the elaboration of social systems, or to the study of sociology, I look to science more than anything else as the great ameliorator of the human lot in the future. If I had to believe that those two great powers were, indeed, in immutable and perpetual antagonism, it would be impossible for me to avoid that hopeless despair which makes effort impossible, which deprives labour of all its fruit for the future, whether we live to see it, or not, which makes the travail and struggle of mankind for the happy and better conditions of society utterly beyond any reasonable expectations that we could form; and I at least should hardly think it worth while to spend effort to waste time in doing that which I know would be a fruitless task—namely, to make a race such as we are, men such as ourselves, the forefathers of future generations who are to attempt the impossible task of either abandoning all religious outlook upon the world or of rejecting all ministrations of that science which, more and more I am driven to believe, is the greatest mundane agent for good. [1908.]

332. Another telegram arrives from nearer home; that remarkable man, Professor Blackie, who is, it appears, presiding over some such dinner of such Scotchmen as we have here to-night in the city of Bradford, telegraphs as follows: "God bless you all; with three cheers for John Knox and Jenny Geddes." Such a telegram compels a comparison between this age and the age near about the time when this Society was founded. I believe the Society was founded about 1613, and I believe the gentleman who first obtained a charter for it was the Duke of Lauderdale, in Charles the Second's reign, some fifty years later. What would the Duke have thought of a telegram which announced that three cheers were to be given for John Knox and for Jenny Geddes? I think he would probably put some of us in the boot for such a proceeding as that. But the truth is that nothing is more astonishing, and nothing would cause more astonishment to us, if we were not familiar with it, than the astonishing change that has come over the relations between Scotland and England since the year 1613, when this Society was founded. At that time we Scotchmen were looked upon as needy adventurers, speaking a strange and uncouth tongue, coming from a barren country, after James the Sixth, seeking for fortune in southern lands. Real amity between the two nations, accidentally associated by a dynastic alliance, was not then thought possible, and might have seemed to those who lived at that time to be for ever impossible. Just conceive what the state of things was. Every glorious event in the annals of Scotland was a victory over England. The whole policy of Scotland had been dominated by animosity to England. Its one ally was France, and France was its ally because France was chronically hostile to England. There may have been men present at that meeting in 1613, when this Society was founded, whose fathers fought at Pinkie, and whose sons may have perished at Dunbar. Conceive the change that has come over this island since then. Imagine now the feelings of our ancestors, could they be present with us to-night, and see a united people from one end of the island to the other, in whose breasts the memory of Bannockburn and Flodden arouses no bitterness of feeling, but serves merely as a colouring for romance. That union of feeling, of sympathy, of a common patriotism, has been accomplished, and it never, never can be destroyed. [1886.]

333. We Scotchmen have always succeeded in doing what constituent elements of other great Empires have not succeeded in doing—namely, combining into a perfect whole our loyalty to that great community of which we form a part, and what I may describe as that lesser loyalty to that Scotland to which we all belong, and to whose traditions we are profoundly attached. You can have no distinction between the feeling which a Scotchman has for Scotland and the feeling he has for that Empire of which Scotland is no small part. Each reacts upon the other, each moves the other, and turns it into a motive for ever more strenuous efforts for the great cause in which both Scotland and the Empire are interested.

Thus it is that, while Scotchmen are serving the Empire in all parts of the world, they yet turn with undiminished feelings of love and affection to that relatively minute geographical area, the smallest portion of our island, whose influence extends from one end of the earth to the other. They turn to that part and feel that all their love and all their loyalty of Scotland make them all serve their country in the British Empire with ever more fervent devotion. [1896.]

334. I was trying to think, in reference to this theme on which I am now addressing you, what relics there were of Scottish science, or Scottish literature in the seventeenth century—that is to say, long after the Reformation had been established within these shores. I was trying to think what there was in science or in literature which any of us would care at this moment to remember. There was one great man of science, Napier of Merchiston. But putting him aside, and putting aside also such annalists as Spottiswoode at the beginning of the century, or Bishop Burnet at the end of the century—though I suppose his work really belongs to the eighteenth century—putting these aside, I really know not what there is to remember, except a record of conversations by Drummond of Hawthornden, a single lyric by the great Montrose, and one sentence of Fletcher of Saltoun. There was also—I ought not to forget it—in a century given up to theological battles, there was one Scottish theologian whose works we should not willingly let die, and yet who, strangely enough, did not, at all events in the latter part of his life, belong to the dominant religious body of his countrymen—I mean Archbishop Leighton. I know not whether anybody can add to that meagre category of Scottish performances in the seventeenth century, that meagre intellectual heritage that they have left to us. If they can, I hope they will communicate their treasure-trove to me in due season. If that be the tragic beginning and middle of our history, what I want to call your attention to is the sudden blossoming out which followed the Revolution settlement and the union with our sister kingdom. It was as some Alpine upland when the snows have disappeared bursting out into a carpet of wild and brilliant blossom; so sudden, so immediate, and so great was the change that took place. We did not love the union—we must admit that. But we used it, and we used it to the infinite advantage of Scotland and of England, and—of what is more than either Scotland and England—of the British Empire. Immediately our countrymen took their places in the true succession, in the true literary succession of British literature. Arbuthnot, Thomson the poet, flourished in the first quarter of the eighteenth century.

But it is not merely in literature, it is in every department of activity that Scotland, which had done nothing up to the eighteenth century, after the eighteenth century began seemed almost to do everything. In commerce, in banking, in farming, on the material side of life, a country whose poverty was proverbial, where whole regions were starved by successive inroads of hostile invaders, Scotland took the lead. And it took the lead in many other ways. It is curious to reflect that we gave to England the greatest Judge I think she has ever possessed—Lord Mansfield; that we gave to England the greatest advocate she has ever possessed—Lord Erskine; that we gave to England a Lord Chancellor, of whose intellectual qualifications I could say much, but on whose moral qualifications I prefer to be silent; that it was a Scotchman who was the only rival in eloquence to the elder Pitt; and that it was another Scotchman—afterwards Lord Melville—who was the right-hand man of the younger Pitt in his great Parliamentary struggles. But that is not all; that is not, indeed, nearly all. We may truly say of philosophy that with

the exception—the great exception, as I admit it to be—with the exception of Bishop Berkeley, all British philosophy in the eighteenth century was Scottish philosophy, and that the title of Britain to take its rank among the thinking nations of the world was a title which it derived rather from those who were born north of the Tweed than from those who were born south of it. As a mere curiosity it may be worth reminding you that the countrymen of Shakespeare had to come to a Scottish manse for the most successful dramatic tragedy composed in the eighteenth century; and that the countrymen of South and Tillotson had to come to another Scottish manse for their reading in sermons.

I do not wish to recall names which, though they will always retain their place in the history of our country, are relatively insignificant compared to other titles to the gratitude of Britain and the world. For, mark you, our intellectual activities did not merely burst the narrow barrier of Scotland and overspead England in that century, but within the hundred years or less which followed the Union we produced at least five names whose fame was not merely Scotch, or merely English, or merely insular, but which took their places in different departments of history and civilisation.

There was a man—I fancy some of you may never have heard of him—who was a great scientific physical chemist, nevertheless, and Professor in this city, Black; there was the great scientific engineer, Watt; there was the great philosopher, Hume; there was the great poet, Burns; and I had almost omitted one, not the least famous of the five—there was the great economist, Adam Smith. And those five names stand, and will always stand, as great land-marks in the history of human culture as men who opened new epochs, each in his respective department; will stand not merely as useful labourers in the field, but as those who guided the labours of their successors. Now, is not this one of the most remarkable and most modern changes of which national history gives any record—I at least know nothing like it. It is as sudden as the contrast between the cliffs on which the Castle stands, and the gardens of Princes Street into which they fall.

And that brings me from my long and wandering parenthesis to what I hoped would be the theme of the few remarks on which I intended to address you. What I feel is that the history, the character of which I have thus indicated to you, finds permanent expression in this city as the history of no other country finds expression in its capital. In Rome, the mistress of the world, you will find no doubt its history, but you will find it by the aid of elaborate excavation, the work of antiquaries, vast expenditure, ingenious reconstruction. Paris—which has had at least as close a connection with the history of France as had Edinburgh itself with the history of Scotland—Paris has been improved out of all recognition, so that no man visiting that great capital would be able in imagination to picture to himself what the Paris was of, let us say, Francis the First or Henry the Third or the Fronde. It is not so with Edinburgh. Not, indeed, by our own labours, but by the mere physical formation of the city we see the different epochs still represented before us. We see what was old and what was new. At a glance we can take in the limits and picture to ourselves the character of the old walled city, the Castle at one end of the long street, Holyrood at the other, and can without any antiquarian assistance imagine the bloody and intolerant struggles which too often disgraced our streets; and at the same time we can see the new city spread out at its feet, we can see the whole evolution of Scottish civilisation, from the time when the pre-occupation of every Scotchman was how to defend his home from the overwhelming

power of his nearest neighbour till the present day, when, still dominated by the Castle, the New Town gives proof that we have joined in heart and in civilisation with our ancient antagonists, that we have learned from them all that they had to teach us, and, I would venture to say, have largely improved upon the lessons of our masters. [1905.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT

335. If we can hardly expect that the author of "Sartor Resartus" and of the "French Revolution" should be a popular favourite and popular friend in the same sense that Burns was and is a popular friend, the case is not so easy when we come to Sir Walter Scott; for Sir Walter Scott was not only one of the greatest men of letters who have ever lived in any country, but he was also one of the best and most lovable of men who have ever adorned any society. And as time goes on, so far from his fame becoming dimmed or the knowledge of him becoming the property only of the few, it seems to me, so far as I can judge, that he is more likely to defy the ravages of time than almost any other of the writers who have adorned the present century. [1897.]

336. Sir Walter Scott was not only a great poet and a great novelist, but, even apart from his originality as an author of creative imagination, he was a man of letters of no small magnitude. He would have had a place—a comparatively humble place, it may be, but still a recognised and a permanent place—among those who have interested themselves in the progress of English literature, even had he never written a single line of original verse or been the author of one of the immortal novels which have made his name famous throughout the world Of course it is as a novelist that Scott specially lives in the hearts of his countrymen, and as a novelist he has undoubtedly the greatest claim upon those who profess to be interested in literature. [1897.]

337.[1] The chairman has already indicated to you the justification by which I take part in the ceremony of this afternoon. He has called upon me to speak as a Scotchman, and as one who was born and has lived in those regions from which Sir Walter Scott drew his inspiration, which gave the early bent to his genius, and which provided so large a material which that genius worked up into immortal stories. And yet, though Scott was essentially a Scotchman—by which I mean that his inspiration was drawn from the place of his birth and the surroundings of his childhood—we are not here simply, or even principally, to celebrate the memory of a Scotchman, but of a man of letters whose works are the heritage of the whole English-speaking race throughout the world, and who had an almost unique position even during his own lifetime upon the Continent of Europe among men of letters speaking another language than his own.

In truth, in this last respect I do not know that any English man of letters, except perhaps Byron, and Richardson the novelist, have during

[1] It is of interest to note that at the unveiling of the Bust in Westminster Abbey at which this speech was made a speech was also made by the then American Ambassador (Colonel John Hay), who expressed the view that "the life of Sir Walter Scott had gone out to all the world, and his words to the end of the world," and that it was "fitting that his Bust should be placed among those of his mighty peers in this great Pantheon of immortal names." He added that he spoke "as the representative of a large section of Sir Walter Scott's immense constituency, because nowhere were his writings received with a more lively welcome than in America."

their own lifetime produced so great and so direct an effect upon the course of literature in other countries. It would be a curious and interesting subject of speculation, were this the time to indulge in it, to analyse the causes by which this rather peculiar result was obtained. I do not put it before you as any special mark of great literary distinction. I would only say that, if Scott possessed it, it was no doubt in part due to the fact that his great merits did not turn upon delicacies of style inappreciable even by the most accurate foreign students of our literature, but that his merit depended upon broader effects and greater issues which all were capable of understanding. I must not be supposed in these words to imply that I join myself to that mistaken band of critics—mistaken as I think them—who tell you that Scott's style ought not to be a subject of literary admiration. I take a very different view. It is true that it was always hasty, and sometimes careless; but for his purposes—the purposes which he had in view and the ends which he desired to serve—the style was admirable, and admirably married to the matter which it had to put into literary shape and to which it had to give literary currency. Yet it must be so far admitted that the merits of his style are not particularly his claim to the affectionate admiration of late posterity; that depends upon greater and larger things. In what, then, did Scott's greatness permanently consist? His greatness was due, I venture to think, to the same general cause to which all greatness is due—namely, the coincidence of special and exceptional gifts with those special and exceptional opportunities in which those gifts may have the greatest and the freest play. He reached his literary maturity when the reaction against the eighteenth century was at its height. That reaction had already acquired the domain of poetry. It had made large advances in the glorious domain of politics.

The historical movement, which has so greatly distinguished the nineteenth century, had already shown its first fruitful beginnings, and of that historical movement Scott was the artistic representative. I do not, of course, mean to say that Scott's history was always accurate history. He took many liberties—some intentional, others unintentional—with the history of the many various periods with which he dealt and which he used as artistic material. But Sir Walter Scott had, as no man before him has ever had, and no man who comes after is ever likely to have, the power of conceiving, and making live, characters in the historic past, and making those characters organic elements in the historic setting in which he had placed them. The eighteenth century delighted in the abstract man, abstract institutions. Scott gave artistic expression to the more modern, the more concrete, and the more fruitful view which sees all institutions as the growth of an historic past, and all individuals as the creatures and the creations of the age in which they were formed; and he, and he alone, had the power of making his creations not only the vehicle for antiquarian learning, but living representatives of a long dead past—representatives the characters of which his genius was able to read in the romantic stories which are our delight, were the delight of our forefathers, and will long be the delight of the generations which will come afterwards. I am told, indeed, that the present generation do not read Scott. That is not a subject upon which I can speak with authority. Still, of course, nobody pretends that Scott has broken loose, or can break loose, from that law to which every literary author is subjected; but, while nobody pretends that his works alone, of all works of genius, are free from the limits of fashion, it still remains a fact, as far as I can judge, that the pleasure which his page still gives, not merely to the man of letters by profession, not merely to the student of literary his-

tory, but to the generally cultivated public, is undiminished, and has stood, as very few works have been able to stand, the test of time.

It may perhaps be thought that the ceremony in which we are assembled here to take part has been too long deferred. Two generations have passed since Scott sank to his rest, and it might well seem that long before the present occasion some memorial should have been raised to his memory, that he should have found his place among his great literary predecessors. The Dean has explained how this came about, and I would add that, speaking for myself, I can hardly regret the delay. Memorials are of two kinds. The most common kind—the one with which we all have sympathy—consists in the pathetic effort to preserve some recollection of a man who has done good work in his generation, to preserve something of his memory to an age and a period when that work, though not fruitless, may yet probably be forgotten. In this unequal struggle with oblivion many of us have probably taken part on other occasions. But there is another kind of memorial, of which this is one, in which we pretend not to do anything to preserve a memory which will last without our efforts, or to add to a fame which has reached its maturity and is likely to remain whether we take part in proclaiming it or leave it alone. We are here to-day, not to add to Scott's fame, not to do that for him which he has done for himself—namely, to make succeeding generations of his own countrymen honour his memory—but to satisfy the need which we ourselves feel of placing the bust of one of the greatest literary men whom this island has ever produced amid the great galaxy of talent and genius enshrined within the walls of this historic building. Surely none has left a character more lovable, a character which gains more the more it is known, and which now, more than sixty years after his death, has won for him not merely admirers, but intimate and loving friends. And as his character stands out in its broad outlines of humanity above all, or almost all, of those with whom it will be associated within the Abbey, so, I think, we may claim for him that none of those have exceeded him in genius, none of those have been more richly endowed with the gifts of imagination than he was, and none has made a better use of his unique inspiration for the benefit and for the happiness of his own and succeeding generations. [1897.]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

338. Robert Louis Stevenson is, in my judgment, one of the greatest—if not the very greatest—of our writers whose career lies wholly within the second half of the present century. He is also, I suppose, the most distinguished man of letters whom Edinburgh has produced since Scott. [1896.]

339. It is impossible to make literary comparisons between such diverse geniuses as Burns, Scott, Carlyle, and Stevenson, with any hope of arriving at a fruitful result; and, indeed, Stevenson has been too recently dead, too recently taken from us, for even the hardiest critic to venture to prophesy the exact position which he is destined ultimately to occupy in the literary history of his country. This, I think, however, we may say of him,—we may say that he was a man of the finest and the most delicate imagination, and that he wielded in the service of that imagination a style which for grace, for suppleness, for its power of being at once turned to any purpose which the author desired, has seldom been matched—in my judgment it has hardly been equalled—by any writer, English or Scotch. [1897.]

TRIBUTES

NOTE.—These Tributes were not "written" tributes, but Speeches delivered in the House of Commons. In view, however, of their exceptional character, it has been thought desirable to print them in the larger type.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria

340. The history of this House is not a brief or an uneventful one, but I think it has never met in sadder circumstances than to-day, or had the melancholy duty laid more clearly upon it of expressing a universal sorrow—a sorrow extending from one end of the Empire to the other, a sorrow which fills every heart and which every citizen feels, not merely as a national, but also as a personal loss. I do not know how it may seem to others, but, for my own part, I can hardly yet realise the magnitude of the blow which has fallen upon the country—a blow, indeed, sorrowfully expected, but not, on that account, less heavy when it falls. I suppose that in all the history of the British Monarchy there never has been a case in which the feeling of national grief was so deep-seated as it is at present, so universal, so spontaneous. And that grief affects us not merely because we have lost a great personality, but because we feel that the end of a great epoch has come upon us—an epoch the beginning of which stretches beyond the memory, I suppose, of any individual whom I am now addressing, and which embraces with its compass sixty-three years, more important, more crowded with epoch-making change, than almost any other period of like length that could be selected in the history of the world. It is wonderful to reflect that, before these great changes, now familiar and almost vulgarised by constant discussion, were thought of or developed —great industrial inventions, great economic changes, great discoveries in science which are now in all men's mouths—Queen Victoria reigned over this Empire. Yet, Sir, it is not this reflection, striking though it be, which now moves us most deeply. It is not simply the length of the reign, it is not simply the magnitude of the events with which that reign is filled, which have produced the deep and abiding emotion which stirs every heart throughout this kingdom. The reign of Queen Victoria is no

mere chronological landmark. It is no mere convenient division of time, useful to the historian or the chronicler. No, Sir, we feel as we do feel for our great loss because we intimately associate the personality of Queen Victoria with the great succession of events which have filled her reign, with the growth, moral and material, of the Empire over which she ruled. And, in so doing, surely we do well. In my judgment, the importance of the Crown in our Constitution is not a diminishing but an increasing factor. It increases, and must increase with the development of those free, self-governing communities, those new commonwealths beyond the sea, who are constitutionally linked to us through the person of the Sovereign, the living symbol of Imperial unity. But, Sir, it is not given, it cannot, in ordinary course, be given, to a constitutional Monarch to signalise his reign by any great isolated action. His influence, great as it may be, can only be produced by the slow, constant, and cumulative results of a great ideal and a great example; and in presenting effectively that great ideal and that great example to her people, Queen Victoria surely was the first of all constitutional Monarchs whom the world has yet seen. Where shall we find any ideal so lofty in itself, so constantly and consistently maintained, through two generations, through more than two generations, of her subjects, through many generations of her Ministers and public men?

Sir, it would be almost impertinent for me were I to attempt to express to the House in words the effect which the character of our late Sovereign produced upon all who were in any degree, however remote, brought in contact with her. In the simple dignity, befitting a Monarch of this realm, she could never fail, because it arose from her inherent sense of the fitness of things. And because it was no artificial ornament of office, because it was natural and inevitable, this queenly dignity only served to throw into a stronger relief, into a brighter light, those admirable virtues of the wife, the mother, and the woman, with which she was so richly endowed. Those kindly graces, those admirable qualities, have endeared her to every class in the community, and are known to all. Perhaps less known was the life of continuous labour which her position as Queen threw upon her. Short as was the interval between the last trembling signature affixed to a public document and the final and perfect rest, it was yet long enough to clog and hamper the wheels of administration; and when I saw the accumulating mass of untouched documents which awaited the attention of the Sovereign, I marvelled at the unostentatious patience which for sixty-three years, through sorrow, through suffering, in moments of weariness, in moments of despondency, had enabled her to carry on without break or pause

her share in the government of this great Empire. For her there was no holiday, to her there was no intermission of toil. Domestic sorrow, domestic sickness, made no difference in her labours, and they were continued from the hour at which she became our Sovereign to within a few days—I had almost said a few hours—of her death. It is easy to chronicle the growth of Empire, the course of discovery, the progress of trade, the triumphs of war, all the events that make history interesting or exciting; but who is there that will dare to weigh in the balance the effect which such an example, continued over sixty-three years, has produced on the highest life of her people?

It was a great life, and surely it had a happy ending. She found her reward in the undying affection and the passionate devotion of all her subjects, wheresoever their lot might be cast. This has not always been the fate of her ancestors. It has not been the fate of some of the greatest among them. It has been their less happy destiny to outlive contemporary fame, to see their people's love grow cold, to find new generations growing up who know them not, and burdens to be lifted too heavy for their aged arms. Their sun, once so bright, has set amid darkening clouds and the muttering of threatening tempests. Such was not the lot of Queen Victoria. She passed away with her children and her children's children, to the third generation, around her, beloved and cherished of all. She passed away without, I well believe, a single enemy in the world—for even those who loved not England loved her; and she passed away not only knowing that she was—I had almost said adored by her people, but that their feelings towards her had grown in depth and intensity with every year in which she was spared to rule over them. No such reign, no such ending, can the history of this country show us.

Mr. Speaker, the Message from the King which you have read from the Chair calls forth, according to the immemorial usage of this House, a double response. We condole with His Majesty upon the irreparable loss which he and the country have sustained. We congratulate him upon his accession to the ancient dignities of his House. I suppose at this moment there is no sadder heart in this kingdom than that of its Sovereign; and it may seem, therefore, to savour of bitter irony that we should offer him on such a melancholy occasion the congratulations of his people. Yet, Sir, it is not so. Each generation must bear its own burdens; and in the course of nature it is right that the burden of Monarchy should fall upon the Heir to the Throne. He is therefore to be congratulated, as every man is to be congratulated who, in obedience to plain duty, takes upon himself the weight of great responsibilities, filled with the earnest hope

of worthily fulfilling his task to the end, or, in his own words, "while life shall last." It is for us on this occasion so momentous in the history of the Monarchy, so momentous in the history of the King, to express to him our unfailing confidence that the great interests committed to his charge are safe in his keeping, to assure him of the ungrudging support which his loyal subjects are ever prepared to give him, to wish him honour, to wish him long life, to wish him the greatest of all blessings, the blessings of reigning over a happy and a contented people, and to wish, above all, that his reign may, in the eyes of an envious posterity, fitly compare with that great epoch which has just drawn to a close. Mr. Speaker, I now beg to read the Address which I shall ask you to put from the Chair, and to which I shall ask the House to assent. I move—

"That a humble Address be presented to His Majesty, to assure His Majesty that this House deeply sympathises in the great sorrow which His Majesty has sustained by the death of our beloved Sovereign, the late Queen, whose unfailing devotion to the duties of Her high estate and to the welfare of Her people will ever cause Her reign to be remembered with reverence and affection; to submit to His Majesty our respectful congratulations on His Accession to the Throne; to assure His Majesty of our loyal attachment to His person; and further to assure Him of our earnest conviction that His reign will be distinguished under the blessing of Providence by an anxious desire to maintain the Laws of the Kingdom, and to promote the happiness and liberty of His subjects." [1901.]

His Majesty King Edward the Seventh

341. Twice in ten years we have been assembled on the saddest and most moving occasion which can call the representatives of the Commons together. I do not think anything which any of us can remember can exceed in its pathos the sudden grief which has befallen the whole of the community within these islands and the whole of the Empire of which these islands are the centre, and which has found an echo in every civilised nation in the world. I do not think that the deep feelings which move us all are accounted for merely by our sense of the great public loss which this nation has sustained, nor of the tragic circumstances by which that great loss has been accompanied. There are far deeper feelings moved in us all than any based merely upon the careful weighing of public gains and public losses, for all of us feel that we have lost one who loved us, and who desired

to serve the people whom we represent; and we have lost one with regard to whom we separately and individually feel a personal affection, in addition to our respectful loyalty. I have often wondered at the depth of the personal feeling of affection and devotion which it is possible for a Sovereign, circumstanced as our Sovereigns are, to excite among those over whom they reign.

It is easy for those who, like the Prime Minister and myself and many others, have been brought into personal contact with the late King, to appreciate his kindliness, his readiness to understand the difficulties of those who were endeavouring to serve him, the unfailing tact and all the admirable qualities which the Prime Minister has so eloquently described. But, Sir, when I ask myself who of the great community over which King Edward ruled could feel as those felt who were brought into immediate contact with him, then I say it is due, and can only be due, to some incommunicable and unanalysable power of genius which enabled the King, by the perfect simplicity of his personality, to make all men love him and understand him.

Sir, genius keeps its counsels, and I think no mere attempt of analysing character, no weighing of merits, no attempt to catalogue great gifts really touches the root of that great secret which made King Edward one of the most beloved monarchs that ever ruled over this great Empire. This power of communicating with all mankind, this power of bringing them into sympathy is surely the most kingly of all qualities, the one most valuable in a Sovereign. The duties of kingship are not becoming easier as time goes on, while, as I think, they are also becoming, under the conditions of modern Empire, even more necessary to the health, and even to the existence, of the State. The King has few or none of the powers of explaining and communicating himself by ordinary channels to those over whom he rules. In these democratic days we all of us spend our lives in explaining. The King cannot; he has no opportunity such as we possess of laying his views before the judgment seat of public opinion. And, Sir, while those are difficulties which nobody who thinks over them will be inclined to undervalue, I think it is becoming more and more apparent to everybody who considers the circumstances of this great Empire, that our Sovereign, the Monarch of this country, is one of its most valued possessions. For what are we in these islands? We are part of an Empire which in one Continent is the heir of great Oriental monarchies, in other Continents is one of a brotherhood of democracies; and of this strangely-compacted whole the Sovereign, the hereditary Sovereign of Great Britain, is the embodiment, and the only embodiment of Imperial unity. He it is to whom all eyes from across

the ocean look as the embodiment of their Imperial ideal, while we, the politicians of the hour, are but dim and shadowy figures to our fellow-subjects in other lands. While they but half-understand our controversies, and but imperfectly appreciate or realise our characteristics, the Monarch, the Constitutional Monarch, of this great Empire is the sign and symbol that we are all united together as one Empire to carry out great and common interests. The burden, therefore, which is thrown upon the Sovereign, could never have been foreseen by our forefathers before this Empire came into being, and I think that even we ourselves at this very moment, and at this late state of Imperial development, are only half-beginning to understand its vital importance. Sir, if I am right in what I have said (and I think I am), these marvellous gifts which King Edward possessed are, as I have said, the great kingly qualities which we most desire to see in our Monarch; and he used them to the utmost and to the full, as the Prime Minister has told us, and they had their effect not merely among his subjects wherever they might dwell, but also among people belonging to other nations, our neighbours —happily our friends—in other countries.

Sir, there have been, I think, strange misunderstandings with regard to the relation of the great King who has just departed with the administration of our foreign affairs. There are people who suppose he took upon himself duties commonly left to his servants, and that when the secrets of diplomacy are revealed to the historian it will be found that he took a part not known, but half-suspected, in the transactions of his reign. Sir, that is to belittle the King; it is not to pay him the tribute which in this connection he so greatly deserves. We must not think of him as a dexterous diplomatist—he was a great Monarch; and it was because he was able naturally, simply through the incommunicable gift of personality, to make all feel, to embody for all men, the friendly policy of this country, that he was able to do a work in the bringing together of nations which has fallen to the lot of few men, be they kings, or be they subjects, to accomplish. He did what no Minister, no Cabinet, no Ambassadors, neither treaties, nor protocols, nor understandings, no debates, no banquets, and no speeches were able to perform. He, by his personality, and by his personality alone, brought home to the minds of millions on the Continent, as nothing we could have done would have brought home to them, the friendly feeling of the country over which King Edward ruled. He has gone. He has gone in the plenitude of his powers, in the noontide of his popularity, in the ripeness of his experience. He has gone, but he will never be absent either from the memory or the affections of

those who were his subjects. He has gone, but the Empire remains; and the burden which he so nobly bore now falls to another to sustain.

It is right that we at the beginning of the reign, conscious of what the labours, difficulties, and responsibilities of a Constitutional Monarch are, it is right that we should go forward, and, in words such as those which have been read from the Chair, assure King George of that loyal support and affection which we and the nation whom we represent unvaryingly gave to his father, and which will still most assuredly not be withheld from him. He brings to the great task which has thus been unexpectedly thrust upon him the greatest of all qualities—the qualities of deep-rooted patriotism and love for that Empire of which he is called upon to be the head, and the earnest desire he has constantly shown to do his duty. These are virtues which neither the country nor the House will be slow to appreciate. We may look forward in his person to finding again that great exemplar of constitutional monarchy of which his two great predecessors have given such illustrious examples.

The Prime Minister has referred to another Resolution which you, Sir, have not yet put, and which touches on a matter almost too sacred for public speech: but our hearts are so full of deep sympathy for the bereaved lady, the Queen-Mother, that we cannot withhold some public form of expression of it on an occasion like the present. The Queen-Mother has been adored by the people of this country ever since she came amongst us. She was adored by them in the heyday of youth and prosperity, and she may be well-assured that in these days of adversity the affection and respect of the people of this country will gain rather than diminish in strength. We are surely right in laying before her a tribute of our deep sympathy. We know, or we can guess, how much she has felt. We know how irremediable is her grief, and in that grief she will ever have the warmest sympathy and affection both of this House and of those whom this House represents. [1910.]

The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone

342. Mr. Lowther, it is now seventeen years and more since a Minister rose in his place to discharge the melancholy duty which now devolves upon me. It then fell to the survivor of two great contemporaries, divided in political opinion, opposed to each other for more than a generation, separated it may be even more conclusively by differences of temperament, to propose a

national memorial of the other. The task which then fell to Mr. Gladstone was one of infinite difficulty, for he had to propose an address similar to that which you, Sir, will shortly read from the Chair, at a time when the controversies which had just been ended by death were still living in the immediate recollection of his audience, before the dust of battle had had time to sink, and when the noise of it was still in every ear. How Mr. Gladstone performed that delicate duty is in the memory of all who heard him, and I am only glad to think that, difficult as is the task which I have to perform to-day, impossible, indeed, from certain aspects, at all events the difficulties with which he had to contend do not beset my path. No persuasion need be exercised by me in inducing even the most scrupulous to join in an Address which we shall, I believe, unanimously vote this afternoon, for all feel that the great career which has just drawn to its close is a career already in large part a matter of history, and none of us will find even a momentary difficulty in forgetting any of the controversial aspects of his life, even though we ourselves may to some extent have been involved in them.

I have said that Mr. Gladstone's great career is already in large part and to the vast majority of this House a matter of history; and is it not so? He was Cabinet Minister before most of us were born; I believe there is in this House at the present time but one man who served under Mr. Gladstone in the first Cabinet over which he presided as Prime Minister; and even Members of the House not colleagues of Mr. Gladstone who were Members of the Parliament of 1868 to 1874—even those form now but a small and ever-dwindling band. This is not the place, nor this the occasion, on which to attempt any estimate of such a career; a career which began on the morrow of the first Reform Bill, which lasted for two generations, and which, so far as politics were concerned, was brought to a close a few years ago, during a fourth tenure of office as Prime Minister. But, Sir, during those two generations, during those sixty years, this country went through a series of changes, revolutionary in amount if not by procedure, changes scientific, changes theological, changes social, changes political. In all these phases of contemporary evolution Mr. Gladstone took the liveliest interest. All of them he watched closely; in many of them he took a part—in some of them the part he took was supreme, that of a governing and guiding influence. Sir, how is it possible for us on the present occasion to form an estimate of a life so complex—a life so little to be measured by a purely political standard, a life so rich in results outside the work of this House, the work of Party politics, the work of Imperial Administration

—how is it possible, I say, for any man to pretend to exhaust the many-sided aspects of such a life even on such an occasion as this?

Sir, I feel myself unequal even to dealing with what is perhaps more strictly germane to this Address—I mean, Mr. Gladstone as a politician, as a Minister, as a leader of public thought, as an eminent servant of the Queen; and if I venture to say anything to the House, it is rather of Mr. Gladstone as the greatest member of the greatest deliberative assembly which, so far, the world has seen, that I would wish to speak. Sir, I think it is the language of sober and of unexaggerated truth to say that there is no gift which would enable a man to move, to influence, to adorn an assembly like this that Mr. Gladstone did not possess in a super-eminent degree. Debaters as ready there may have been, orators as finished; it may have been given to others to sway as skilfully this critical assembly, or to appeal with as much directness and force to the simple instincts of the great masses of our countrymen: but, Sir, it has been given to no man to combine all those great gifts as they were combined in the person of Mr. Gladstone. From the conversational discussion appropriate to our work in Committee, to the most sustained eloquence befitting some high argument and some great historic occasion, every weapon of Parliamentary warfare was wielded by him with the sureness and the ease of perfect, absolute, and complete mastery. I would not venture myself to pronounce an opinion as to whether he was most excellent in the exposition of some complicated project of finance or legislation, or whether he shone most in the heat of extemporary debate. At least this we may say, that from the humbler arts of ridicule or invective to the subtlest dialectic, the most persuasive eloquence, the most moving appeals to everything that was highest and best in the audience he was addressing—every instrument which could find place in the armoury of a Member of this House he had at his command without premeditation, without forethought, at the moment, and in the form which was best suited to carry out his purpose.

I suppose each one of us who has had the good fortune to be able to watch any part of that wonderful career must have in mind some particular example which seems to him to embody the greatest excellences of this most excellent member of Parliament. Sir, the scene which comes back to my mind is one relating to an outworn and half-forgotten controversy now more than twenty years past, in which, as it happened, Mr. Gladstone was placed in the most difficult position which it is possible for a man to occupy—a position in which he finds himself opposed to the united and vigorous forces of his ordinary opponents, but

does not happen at the moment to have behind him more than the hesitating sympathy or the veiled opposition of his friends. On this particular occasion I remember there occurred one of those preliminary debates which preceded the main business of the evening. In these Mr. Gladstone had to speak, not once, nor twice only, but several times, and it was not until hour after hour had passed in this preliminary skirmishing that, to a House hostile, impatient, and utterly weary, he rose to present his case with that unhesitating conviction in the righteousness of his cause, which was his great strength as a speaker in and out of this House. I never, Sir, shall forget the impression that that scene left on my mind. As a mere feat of physical endurance it was unsurpassed; as a feat of Parliamentary courage, of Parliamentary skill, of Parliamentary endurance, and Parliamentary eloquence, I believe that it was almost unique. Alas! let no man hope to be able to reconstruct from our records any living likeness of these great works of genius. The words, indeed, are there, lying side by side with the words of lesser men in an equality as if of death; but the spirit, the fire, the inspiration has gone, and he who could alone revive them, he who could alone show us what these works really were, by reproducing their like—he, alas! has now gone from us for ever. Posterity must take it on our testimony what he was to those, friends or foes, whose fortune it was to be able to hear him. We who thus heard him know that, though our days be prolonged, and though it may be our fortune to see the dawn or even the meridian of other men destined to illustrate this House and do great and glorious service to their Sovereign and their country, we shall never again in this Assembly see any man who can reproduce for us what Mr. Gladstone was—who can show to those who never heard him how much they have lost.

It may, perhaps, Sir, be asked whether I have nothing to say about Mr. Gladstone's work as a statesman, about the judgment we ought to pass upon the part which he has played in the history of his country and the history of the world during the many years in which he held the foremost place in this Assembly. These questions are legitimate questions. But they are not to be discussed by me to-day. Nor, indeed, do I think that the final answer can be given to them—the final judgment pronounced—in the course of this generation. But one service he did—in my opinion incalculable—which is altogether apart from the verdicts which we may be disposed to pass upon particular opinions or particular lines of policy which Mr. Gladstone may from time to time have adopted. Sir, he added a dignity, and he added a weight, to the deliberations of this House by his genius, for

which I think it is impossible to be sufficiently grateful. It is not enough for us simply to keep up a level, though it be a high level, of probity and of patriotism. The mere average of civic virtue is not sufficient to preserve this assembly from the fate which has overtaken so many other assemblies like us—the products of democratic forces. More than this is required, more than this was given to us by Mr. Gladstone. He brought to our debates a genius which raised in the general estimation the whole level of our proceedings; and they will be the most ready to admit the infinite value of this service who realise how much of public well-being is involved in maintaining the dignity and interest of public life, how perilously difficult most democracies apparently find it to avoid the opposite dangers into which so many of them have fallen. Sir, that is a consideration which, perhaps, has not occurred to persons unfamiliar with our debates, or unwatchful of the course of contemporary thought; but to me it seems that it places the services of Mr. Gladstone to this Assembly, which he loved so well, and of which he was so great an ornament, in as clear a light and on as firm a basis as it is perhaps possible to place them.

In drawing the terms of the Address which will shortly be read from the Chair we have thought it our duty—and in that, at all events, we know that we are pursuing the course which Mr. Gladstone himself would most earnestly have approved—to adhere closely to former precedent. Not one phrase in this address is there which has not at least on one occasion been employed by this House when it was doing honour to some of the greatest of Mr. Gladstone's predecessors. But surely these consecrated phrases never have received a happier application than they have in the case of the great statesman whose loss we are lamenting. We talk of the "admiration" and of the "attachment" of the country. These words have, Sir, perhaps been used with some slight stretch of their meaning with regard to politicians who, falling in the very midst of party contests, can hardly be described as having commanded the universal admiration and attachment of their fellow-countrymen. But I think these words applied to Mr. Gladstone at the present time are words wholly and absolutely appropriate, without a tinge of exaggeration. Then we go on to speak of the "high sense entertained of his rare and splendid gifts," of his "devoted labours in Parliament and in the great offices of State." We cast our eyes back over those sixty years which divided his first tenure of office from his last, and we feel that in those two generations he did indeed, if any man ever did, make full display of rare and splendid gifts, and did with ungrudging devotion give his labours to Parliament

and to great offices of State. Therefore, Sir, it is with an absolute confidence that the Address is one which, not merely in its general purport, but in its particular terms, will meet with the sympathy and approval of every man in all parts of the House, whatever be his opinions, that I now venture to move:—

"That an humble Address be presented to Her Majesty, that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to give directions that the remains of the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone be interred at the public charge, and that a monument be erected in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter's, Westminster, with an inscription expressive of the public admiration and attachment, and of the high sense entertained of his rare and splendid gifts and his devoted labours in Parliament and in great offices of State, and to assure Her Majesty that this House will make good the expenses attending the same." [1898.]

The Marquis of Salisbury

(1903-04)

343. I believe the people of this country revered Lord Salisbury not only for his great intellectual gifts, but on account of the profound conviction they had in his honesty of purpose and in the breadth of vision which he applied to our great national interests. But though I think they gave him an unstinted admiration, I do not think they always felt that they understood him in the full sense in which they understood other great public characters, such as, let me say, taking illustration at random, Lord Palmerston or Mr. Bright, or other great English politicians who have figured in our own time on the public stage; and if that was so, I think it was due partly to the fact that in no man whom I have ever known was there so great a detachment of judgment combined with so keen an interest in the day-to-day work of politics, which are, after all, in this country inevitably party politics. To be a detached student of public affairs, if you take very little interest in public affairs, is a very easy task. To watch with indifference the mutations of fortune and the revolutions which make the dramatic interest in our political life is easy enough to one who simply sits in the stalls and watches what goes on on the stage. Lord Salisbury's detachment of judgment was of a very different kind. He took the deepest and the keenest interest not merely in the larger movements of opinion, the underlying currents which mould our destinies, but he took the keenest interest in every one of those relatively insignificant

skirmishes, the things that fill our minds and thoughts for a day and are forgotten on the morrow even by the chief actors—the bye-elections, the debates in the House of Commons, or whatever it might be. He took an interest in these things which could be surpassed in keenness by no observer, by no politician, by no man engaged in any capacity in public affairs. But with all that he was able to associate it with what I have tried to describe as a detachment of judgment, which made every word he uttered, in private as in public, on public affairs, a lesson to the listener. He rarely volunteered an opinion that was not asked; in an opinion which was asked he did not always give a full and complete statement of the grounds of his opinion; but no man could hear that opinion given and doubt for a moment that it was no mere chance observation, no mere casual utterance of a casual observer, but that it had its roots deep down in fundamental principles, and that by those fundamental principles it could ultimately be judged.

I need not speak to you who have often heard him of his marvellous gifts of oratory. Other speakers may spend anxious hours in finding the epigram which is to give some lightness to the heavy oration. With Lord Salisbury the difficulty was not to find epigrams, but to restrain them. They flowed from him. They flowed from that acute and subtle brain without difficulty, without labour, to the delight of all who heard him in public; and to the greater delight of those privileged to have private access to his conversation. And though all of us knew him as a great speaker and a great statesman, I never can restrain my own regret that we have had so little opportunity of knowing him as what he was and might have been in an even greater measure—namely, a brilliant writer. I know of no man whose natural literary gift was greater, or perhaps, in its measure, as great as Lord Salisbury's; but, unfortunately, it was too rarely exercised in later life, and in his earlier years it was too often buried under the anonymity of journalism. The loss is the greater; and, though for reasons which I have seen most brilliantly expounded in an article by Lord Salisbury, many, many years before he became Foreign Minister, it is impossible for the British public to know how much the influence of a statesman who has charge of their foreign affairs has done, or can do, to modify for his country's and the world's good the policies of nations, still I think the more Lord Salisbury's career is studied in the light of our increasing knowledge of foreign relations, the greater will seem the services he has done for mankind. His fame as a great English party leader and as a great British statesman is dear to his countrymen, because, if we have no other virtue, at all events this virtue we do possess, that, irrespective of party, we claim the virtues

of our great men as part of our national heritage; and I think, perhaps, you can only judge of how great is the place which Lord Salisbury occupies in modern history if you try and gauge the opinions of those best qualified to tell you what he has done in foreign affairs. I speak to-night not merely to the City of London, but to distinguished representatives of the *Corps Diplomatique,* and I think I may say in their presence, without fear of contradiction, that no name among recent British statesmen who have lived within the memory of us sitting in this hall—no name stands so high in competent foreign opinion as the name of the great man who was at once the Prime Minister of England and for so many years the guide of its destinies in foreign affairs. [1903.]

344. I rise with, I believe, the general concurrence of honourable gentlemen in all parts of the House to move this national recognition to a man who held the office of Prime Minister, I believe for a longer time than any one who has served the Crown in that capacity since the great Reform Bill. When a vote similar to this was proposed on the last two occasions it was proposed by a Leader of the House differing in politics, and often brought into political conflict with the statesmen to whom it was desired to do honour. That position was not without difficulty to the mover, yet I am not sure it was not easier than the one which falls to me; for I am perhaps hampered in saying all that comes into my thoughts on such a subject not merely by political agreement, but by personal relationship, and by a connection, a close connection, in politics which dates from my earliest political experience; since, indeed, I do not think that I should ever have been a Member of this House had it not been for Lord Salisbury's advice and influence. That does not make it easier for me to attempt with that impartiality of spirit which befits the occasion to recommend this Vote to the House.

The task, difficult in itself, difficult from its accompanying circumstances, is certainly not made easier for any man who desires to give a portrait of the late Lord Salisbury by the difficulties inherent in the subject. The three great statesmen, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury, who have within living memory been the subject of such a vote as this, not only differed from each other to a degree which it is difficult to exaggerate, but were in themselves, I think, men very hard to classify. It may be that the perspective of time makes a difference; but I should not have said the same, for instance, of Sir Robert Peel, of Lord Palmerston, or of Lord Russell. They seem to fall more easily into the ordinary categories of descrip-

tion and criticism. That is no condemnation of them, far from it; but Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury were all men struck in so particular and special a mould that it is very difficult for any of the great artists, even with unlimited opportunities before him, to present to his fellow-countrymen a living portrait of the manner of men they were. And perhaps it is most difficult in the case of Lord Salisbury, because Lord Salisbury was by nature reticent. I have never known him to speak of himself. He seldom, even in practical life, gave a reason for or against any course of action which went beyond the actual needs of the moment; and where other men revealed themselves in easy generalities, he was apt to illuminate the subject with, but to shroud himself behind, some brilliant epigram. There was also a peculiarity which, I think, he possessed more than any man I have ever known—a certain self-contained simplicity which made it not easy for other men quite to understand him. It would be most unfair, I think, to say of Lord Beaconsfield that he was theatrical; but it would not be unfair to say that he had no objection to a picturesque or dramatic situation in which he was an important figure. It would be most unfair to say of Mr. Gladstone that he was greedy of popular applause; yet, rightly, I think, he I am sure was moved by the fervour of popular admiration which his genius was so eminently fitted to elicit. Lord Salisbury was, I believe, absolutely without any feelings of that kind at all. For good or for evil—and I do not say that it was wholly for good—he was completely indifferent to popular applause, or to applause of any kind, popular or otherwise; and that is so apart from the ordinary feelings, or it may sometimes be the weaknesses, of humanity that it makes his portraiture very difficult to draw.

And there was another reason which must stand in the way of any man moving this Vote. It is that to the present generation his House of Commons life is now merely a matter of history. A few there are, but a very few, who knew him in the culminating period of his House of Commons career, when by dint of sheer debating ability he had won his way to the very forefront of Parliamentary statesmen. But he was almost immediately carried away by what he regarded as an unhappy accident of birth to another place; and he so profoundly felt the loss that (if the story that we have always believed be true), although there was many a notable battle fought across the floor of this House in which his opinions, his convictions, and his Government were at stake, never once could he bring himself to watch from that Gallery the contest in which he was born to be a protagonist. And yet, Mr. Speaker, it is a singular reflection to make, that had Lord

Salisbury been able to have his way, had he indeed remained what he was born to be, an ornament of the debates of this House, it would have been quite impossible for him to have been Foreign Minister through all the long and troubled years during which he directed our foreign policy; for that most laborious Department can never be filled, in my judgment, by any man who does his work both in his office and in this House. I think, therefore, that, however great the loss may have been to him, the gain to the nation from the change was great. I admit that it is impossible to form a full and fair judgment of the foreign policy of any statesman until his career be run and until the secret documents by which alone he can be judged become common property. There are bold individuals who write the history of their own time. But those histories, however great their literary skill, can, unless the writer have access to special information, have but little interest for posterity; and what is true of domestic history is doubly true of the history of international relations. It is not until the Chancelleries of Europe have given up to future historians their secrets; it is not until the controversies in which we have been engaged have lost all living interest and have become the property of the student and the historian, that our children will be able to judge how great was the part played by Lord Salisbury, and how beneficent was the part he played in the foreign history of this country. And yet, Sir, I think it is by a sound instinct that men of all parties, though they have differed, and may yet differ, from this or that action of Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister and as Foreign Secretary—it is by a sound instinct that both the House and the country regarded him with great confidence as a man earnestly desirous of maintaining the honour of his country, and not less desirous of maintaining the peace of the world, zealously bent on combining those two surely not antagonistic interests. Therefore, it is, Sir, that with some confidence I ask the House, in the traditional terms which time has consecrated to occasions like this, to express the national gratitude for Lord Salisbury's services. Certainly this I will say, with universal concurrence, that never did any man bring to the service of his country an intellect of greater distinction, and never did any man spend himself in that service with more single-minded and whole-hearted devotion. [1904.]

The Duke of Devonshire

345. I think all who have heard the Chancellor of the Exchequer will admit not only that he has done well to ask this House to join, informally, indeed, but none the less really, in expressing its profound regret at the loss which public life in this country has sustained, but they will agree with me in thinking that that tribute to a great man departed could not have been proferred in terms more exquisitely or more fittingly chosen, or that more aptly illustrated and expressed the feelings of every gentleman who heard it. This it not the time nor is it the place when we can attempt any survey of the position which the Duke of Devonshire held in, and the effect which he produced upon, the great movements of politics and parties during the long period in which he bore a prominent place in the councils of his country. I certainly do not mean to touch upon that theme.

But if, as all will admit, his influence was great, I think he owed it not merely to those abilities with which he was so richly endowed, but to that transparent honesty and simplicity of purpose which not only existed in him in an exceptional measure, but was quite obvious to every man with whom he came in personal contact, to every audience which he addressed, and which, when it is real and plain, is one of the most potent factors in public influence. I think that of all the great statesmen I have known the Duke of Devonshire was the most persuasive speaker, and he was persuasive because he never attempted to conceal the strength of the case against him. As I put that, it might be regarded as a rhetorical art, but as a rhetorical art it would have been wholly ineffective. In the Duke of Devonshire it was effective because he brought before the public in absolutely clear, transparent, and unmistakable terms the very arguments he had been going through patiently and honestly before he arrived at his conclusions. He had seen all the difficulties which he ultimately had to pursue. He knew as we all know, that there are arguments, real and strong arguments, to be urged on both sides of almost every practical question that has to be decided. What made the Duke of Devonshire persuasive to friends and foes alike was that when he came before the House of Commons or any other Assembly he told them the processes through which his own mind had gone in arriving at the conclusion at which he ultimately had arrived. Every man felt that this was no rhetorical device, but that he had shown in clear and unmistakable terms the very intimate processes by which he had arrived at the conclusion which he then honestly supported without fear or

favour, without dread of criticism, without hope of applause. He had that quality in a far greater measure than any man I have ever known; and it gave him a dominant position in any Assembly. In the Cabinet, in the House of Commons, in the House of Lords, on the public platform, wherever it was, every man said, "Here is one addressing us who has done his best to master every aspect of this question, who has been driven by logic to arrive at certain conclusions, and who is disguising from us no argument on either side which either weighed with him or moved him to come to the conclusion at which he has arrived. How can we hope to have a more clear-sighted or honest guide in the course we ought to pursue?" That was the secret of his great strength as an orator. As a man he had a singular gift. He had that transparent simplicity of character which gave him the power of arousing and retaining the affections of all those with whom he came into personal contact.

As to his public life, that is before us. We all know it. Part of it is a matter of history, part of it has come under our own observation; and whether we regard it as historians, or look at it by the light of our personal experience, there can be but one verdict on the great career now drawn to its close—that he was a man of singularly transparent honesty and public spirit, and that in his death the whole public life of England has diminished in dignity and has suffered a loss which it is impossible in our time it can ever wholly repair. [1908.]

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3. Speech at "Anglo-American Arbitration" Meeting, Guildhall, London, April 25, 1911 (*Times*).
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